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① May 1, 1937

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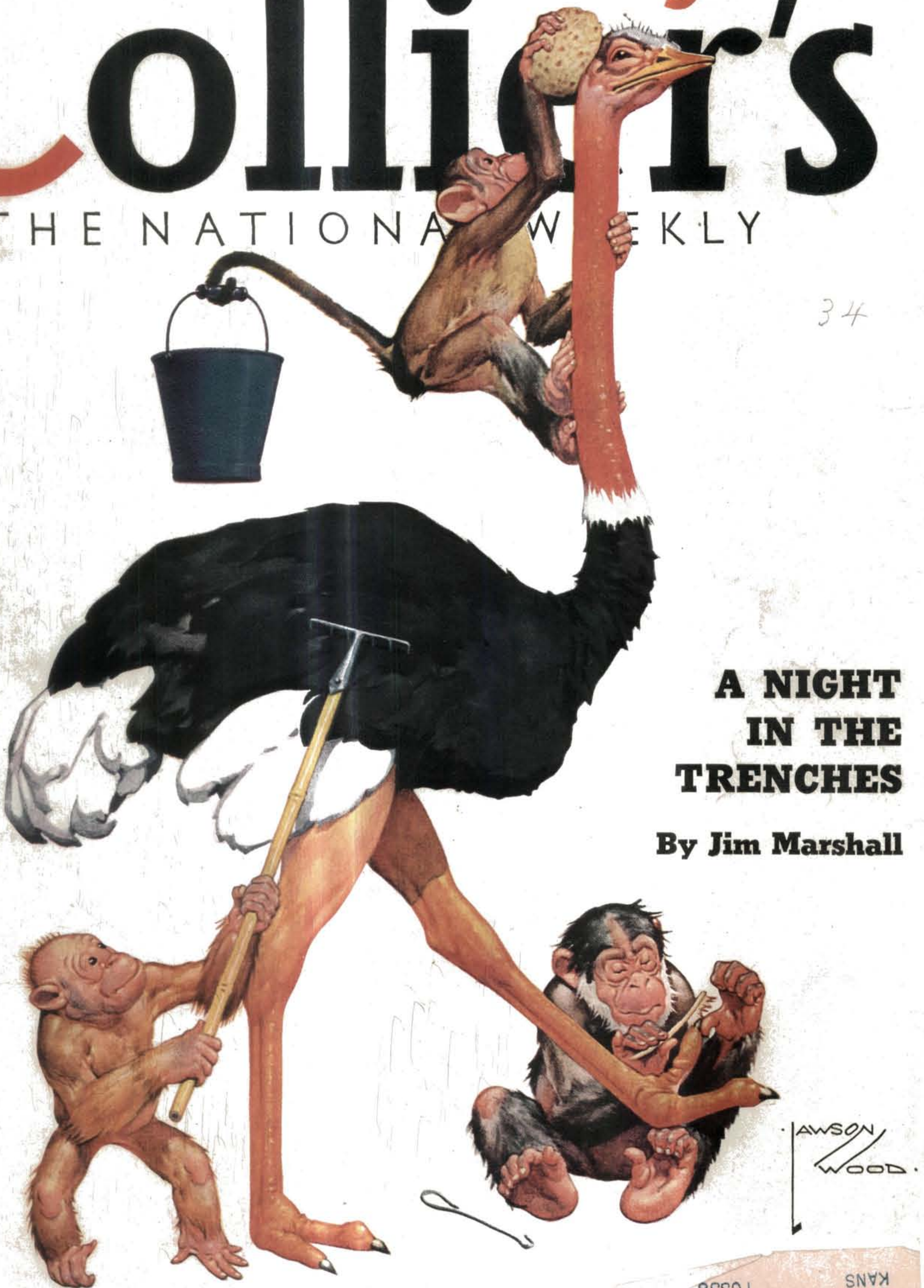
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

34


LAWSON WOOD.

A NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES

By Jim Marshall

GREED AND HIGH WATER

By Wa

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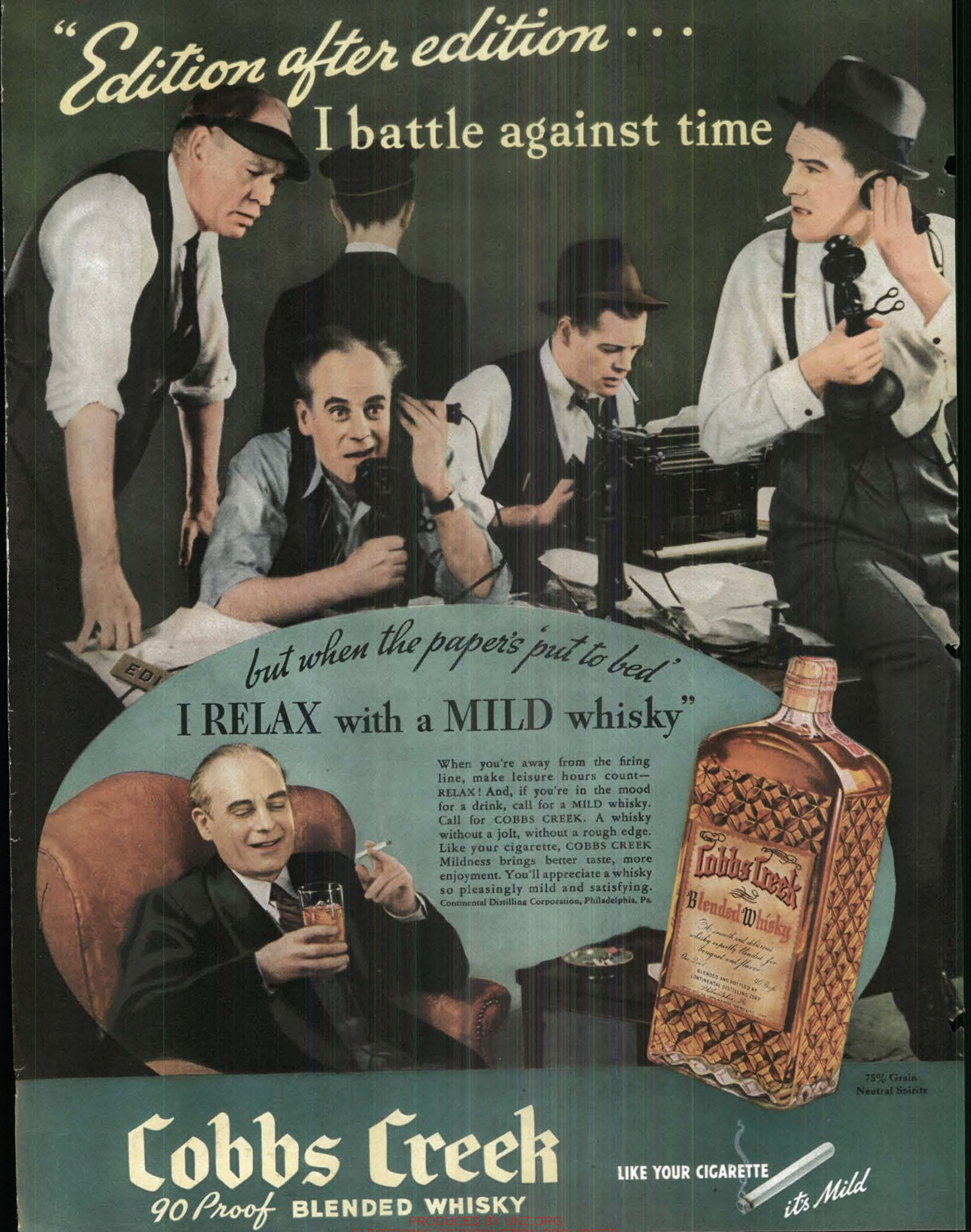

"*Edition after edition* . . . I battle against time

but when the paper's 'put to bed'

I RELAX with a MILD whisky"

When you're away from the firing line, make leisure hours count—RELAX! And, if you're in the mood for a drink, call for a MILD whisky. Call for COBBS CREEK. A whisky without a jolt, without a rough edge. Like your cigarette, COBBS CREEK Mildness brings better taste, more enjoyment. You'll appreciate a whisky so pleasingly mild and satisfying.

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Cobbs Creek

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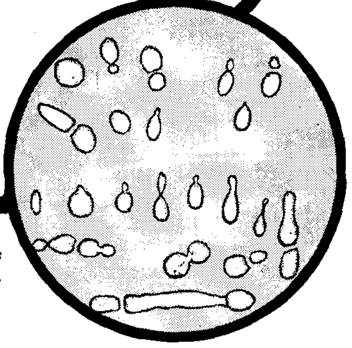
AT LAST—THE TRUTH ABOUT DANDRUFF

AT LAST—A METHOD THAT WILL CURE!



Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff, magnified many times.

Ten years' research shows queer bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff. Listerine treatment brings quick relief to 76% of patients in New Jersey clinic.

I LOVE THE WAY LISTERINE KEEPS MY SCALP SWEET, MY HAIR IMMACULATE—NOT A TRACE OF DANDRUFF

ARE you troubled with dandruff? Itching, burning scalp? Lifeless or falling hair? If so, remember:

Instead of merely treating the *symptoms* of dandruff, you can now attack the *cause* with Listerine Antiseptic.

Instead of momentarily ridding scalp surfaces of dandruff accumulations, you may now look for quick and more lasting relief and, in many cases, complete cure.

These benefits are now possible following one of the most searching studies ever undertaken on the subject of dandruff. It revealed the true cause of dandruff and a successful method of treating it.*

Pityrosporum Ovale Causes Dandruff

In this study, test tube and microscope proved that a savage little bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, caused dandruff. It is always present on the scalp, in hair follicles, and dandruff scales.

No less important to you than this startling discovery are the results of prolonged clinical research on the treatment for dandruff. First, rabbits suffering from dandruff were treated on one side only with Listerine Antiseptic. Within an average of 14 days, there was *complete cure* of dandruff on the sides treated with Listerine. On the sides not thus treated, dandruff was in evidence *nearly a month later.*

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW QUICK LISTERINE STOPS THAT AWFUL SCALING, ITCHING, AND BURNING

76% Got Relief

In a midwestern and an eastern skin clinic, definitely satisfactory results were obtained on men and women suffering from dandruff. In the midwestern clinic, a substantial number of those using Listerine once a day, obtained marked relief in the first two weeks. In some cases a complete cure was noted in from three to eight weeks.

In the eastern clinic, 76% of the patients who had used Listerine twice a day showed marked improvement in or complete disappearance of the symptoms of dandruff within three weeks.

These brilliant results were accomplished on cases more advanced, in many instances, than the average dandruff case.

Be Patient, It's Deep-Seated

If you have any evidence of a dandruff condition, start today with full-strength Listerine once or twice a day. After applying Listerine, massage the scalp and hair vigorously.

Listerine surrounds each hair, penetrates infected hair follicles, attacking Pityrosporum ovale. As Listerine spreads its soothing medication over the troubled scalp, note how wonderfully fresh and clean, how healthy, vigorous and full of life both hair and scalp feel. See how quickly unsightly scales and flakes are removed.

We caution you not to expect the overnight miracles promised by remedies which have never been put to clinical test. Dandruff is a germ disease and like all germ diseases requires persistent treatment. Listerine's marked curative properties are due to certain ingredients in a unique combination shared by no other antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

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*For many years an odd bottle-shaped germ, Pityrosporum ovale, had been suspected of causing dandruff. No bacteriologist, however, had been able to isolate it and keep it sufficiently alive for dandruff experiments. Where older men had failed, modern technicians succeeded. Pityrosporum ovale was not only isolated and kept alive, but produced dandruff, by inoculation, in rabbits, guinea pigs, and man. From the dandruff thus artificially created, Pityrosporum ovale was re-isolated and again, by inoculation, produced dandruff. This sounds like a simple accomplishment, but actually it required years of application.

LISTERINE
Tested and Approved 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau

LISTERINE

Once a day . . . for Dandruff

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

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Collier's

May 1, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

LINNET MARCH was the smartest business girl in London. Sometimes it seemed to make life harder for her. She had dependents who looked to her for support and she had Kenneth, who loved her—and earned only half as much as she did.

Then came Kenneth's chance, a big one but open only to a married man. Still Linnet couldn't marry him, but there was one thing she could do. She could masquerade as his wife. It was a risky move which led to suspicion, heartbreak and almost to disaster. May Edginton begins the very modern story of "The Emergency Wife."

OF ALL those who have profited by Mark Twain's comment and done something about the weather, no one has been more successful than the commanders of the dirigible Hindenburg. They play with the weather in a way that isn't possible for surface craft or airplanes. With the detachment of scientists plotting a curve, they catch the counterclockwise spin of a hurricane and come rocketing down across Canada. Or they side-step a storm at sea and listen sympathetically to reports of Atlantic liners bucking head seas. It's all part of the amazing efficiency which W. B. Courtney describes in "Sky Cruise."

SPRING, it has been observed, sometimes occasions strange but intense emotions in the young feminine breast. This is the only explanation we can offer for the bitter flare-up between Miss Pinky Bachelder and Miss Maida Thompson. The long-range result was a magnificent tennis game in which Skipe Albro was defeated. Stanley Paul writes the story.

UNTIL recently there has been a belief that the Supreme Court was constituted of minds unhampered by such human frailties as temperaments or tempers. Now that this bit of folklore has been exposed, Mr. Creel presents the Justices as they really are in "If the Court Please."

WHEN Miles Fanning went back to Powder Valley it was to say "Farewell to the Years." At least Miles thought so. An outside observer might have said that Miles was caught between two girls—a girl who rode the rodeo circuit with him and a girl who haunted his memory. The story is by Ernest Haycox.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN, Kyle Crichton, Frederick Nebel, Quentin Reynolds, Max Brand, Freling Foster and others supply fact and fiction. All for you.

This Week

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COVER LAWSON WOOD

Any Week

YOU'VE no idea how good it makes us feel to discover that even Mr. Shepard Barclay, our bridge expert, makes occasional mistakes. He's just been in our office begging us to beg you to forgive him. He says that it has caused him almost as much pain as we did the day when he tried to teach us the game. We'll never forget what he said. Said he: "If I say nothing about this to anybody you must promise me never, never to try to learn this game again." So we never have—and you've no idea how pleasant it is not to know how to play bridge. But now Mr. Barclay finds that in compiling the first ten contract bridge players, published in this practically matchless magazine, he omitted the name of Mr. Merwin D. Maier. Mr. Maier, says Mr. Barclay, should have been in sixth place in his ratings.

AND Mrs. C. B. Oliver of Worcester, Massachusetts, reminds us of another mistake we made. Mrs. Oliver wants to know whether Octavus Roy Cohen is living. "If not," writes she, "please state when and where he passed on." Mr. Cohen is alive and, happily, well. Our mistake was engaging in a game of chance with Mr. Cohen one evening. A simple game called craps. That night Mr. Cohen passed on and on. Never in our lightly lurid career have we seen anything like the way he picked up those dice and made money-making passes. Mrs. Oliver says that she asked two librarians whether Mr. Cohen was still living and they didn't know. Our advice to them is, if they shoot craps and Mr. Cohen muscles into the game, to just pretend that there isn't any such guy and go home.

AND then there are people who consider that the government as a whole has embarked upon what will presently turn out to be a dismal, all-enveloping failure. We got to talking to a learned gentleman in Washington. An economist, sociologist and philosopher, all in one. Our topic, oddly enough, was the latest shufflings of the New Deal. He was not pleased. "What are they doing?" he demanded. "I shall tell you. Look at the country. The patient has smallpox and we're painting each little pimple with iodine. Baaaah."

A DISCLAIMER comes from Vancouver, British Columbia—Mr. Edmond T. Lasser being the author. Mr. Lasser took a pinch of umbrage when he found in Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's "Fists Across the Sea" a Canadian girl referred to as British. A Canadian, says Mr. Lasser, is a Canadian and "if he is worthy of the name he will resent being called British, which he certainly is not. It is true," goes on Mr. Lasser, "that Canada holds membership in the British Empire but we are not mere Colonials. It is an odd thing that *Englishmen regard it as complimentary* to be mistaken for Canadians—or Australians, New Zealanders or South Africans. We're as far from Europe as the States are, in more ways than one, thank God."

WHICH reminds us that we have a letter from Miss Ruth O'Fallon of London, England, reporting that she's just returned from Italy, where, says she, "it would do your heart good to see the Duce's police gathering in, at the muzzles of their revolvers, patriotic lovers of Fascism and persuading them with their boots and blackjacks to volunteer for service in Spain."

YOU'LL be very glad to know that we may look the Messrs McLaughlin, Russell and Bullock of New York City in the eyes without flinching. We're not guilty. Yet we publish their letter merely that you too may rejoice in a noble lady's good fortune. "In a number of publications recently," write the Messrs, "our client, Her Grace the Duchess of Leinster, formerly Mrs. Clare Van Neck (née Rafaelle Kennedy), has been referred to as a former jazz-band leader and the latest mention of this sort described her as the former wife of an American band leader. The duchess has never had any connection with or interest in a jazz band or any other kind of band whatever, nor have either of her husbands. Please note this in your files."

"FROM the study of the human mind," writes Mrs. R. L. Crumb of O'Neill, Nebraska, "learned men have discovered that the line between sanity and insanity is very indistinct and indefinite."

YOU'RE telling us?

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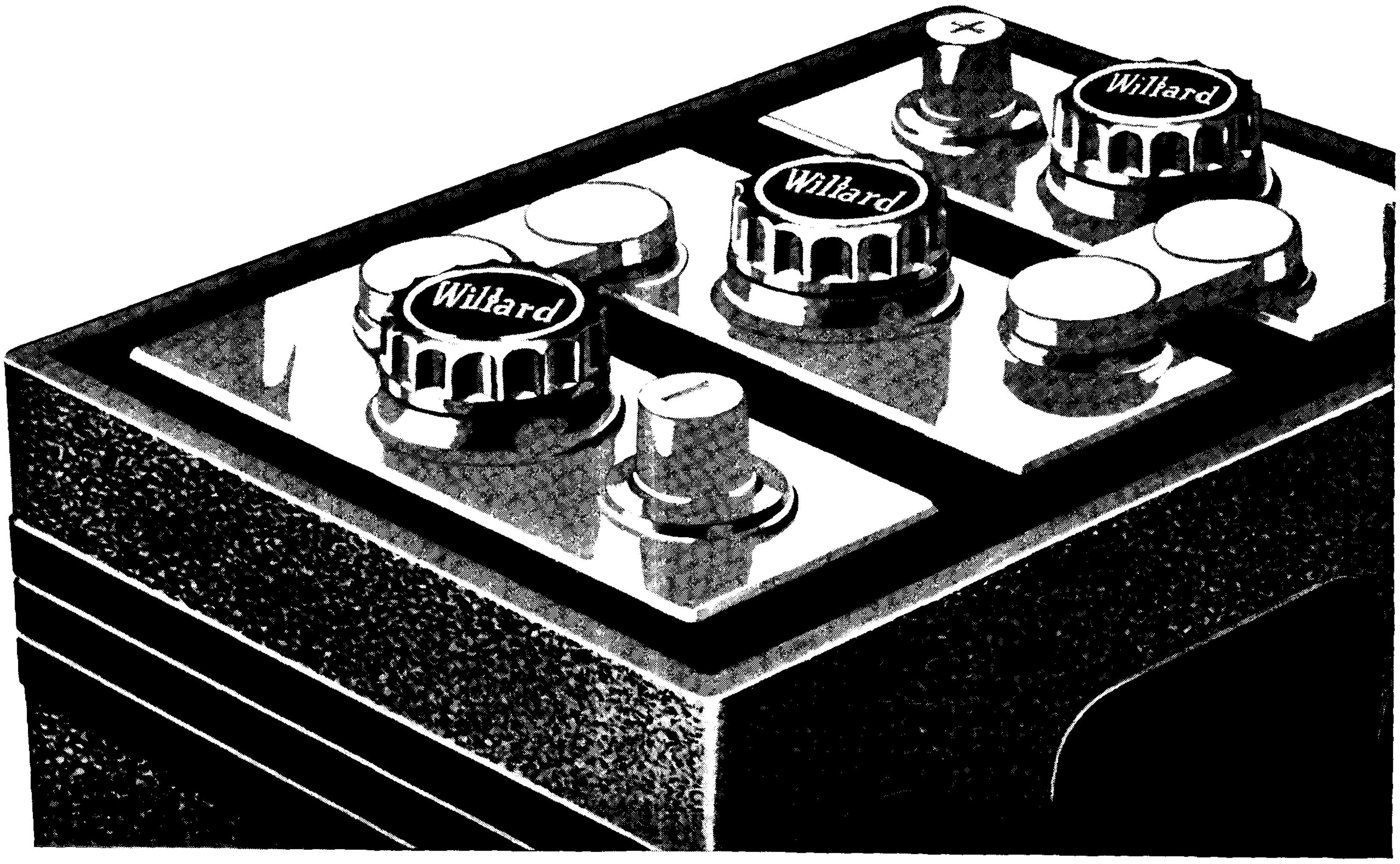
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Even motors with pistons collapsed and cylinders out of round respond like magic to a Ramco Overhaul. You stop adding oil between drains, you save gallons of gas, enjoy a quiet, responsive, powerful motor again.

Actually, you'll probably save the entire cost in a few months. As countless others have done. For a Ramco job—unlike its many imitations—is no new, untried experiment. Millions of cars for many years have been literally reborn—given many thousands of extra miles of economical, trouble-free life. Other manufacturers have tried to duplicate this record. The market is flooded with imitations. Thus you must *insist* on Ramco if you want to play safe.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A prosperous company in France makes a specialty of "aging" cellars of new wine for the newly rich. Within a few days, this organization is able to add decades of age and prestige to the bottles by dusting each one with a fine, gray powder and then having it enmeshed in a silken web, spun by the firm's industrious spiders.—*By Mrs. Mae Knudson, Chicago, Illinois.*

Probably the maddest migrations in animal life take place in West Africa at a certain time each year when millions of land crabs rush to the seashore to lay their eggs. Closely packed together and traveling at maximum speed, they produce a noise, through bumping one another with their hard shells, comparable to that of a cavalry regiment.

The susceptibility of the mass mind to superstition is typically illustrated by its attitude toward the opal. Up to 1829 this gem stone was believed to bring luck to its owner. Ever since, however, it has been considered a magnet of misfortune merely because a character in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Anne of Geierstein," happened to express this belief.—*By Lucille Alberts, Brookline, Massachusetts.*

The most popular dress model ever produced in Paris was "La Garconne," designed by Premet several years ago. Not only were a thousand originals sold by the designer, but more than a million copies were made and retailed by fashion pirates.

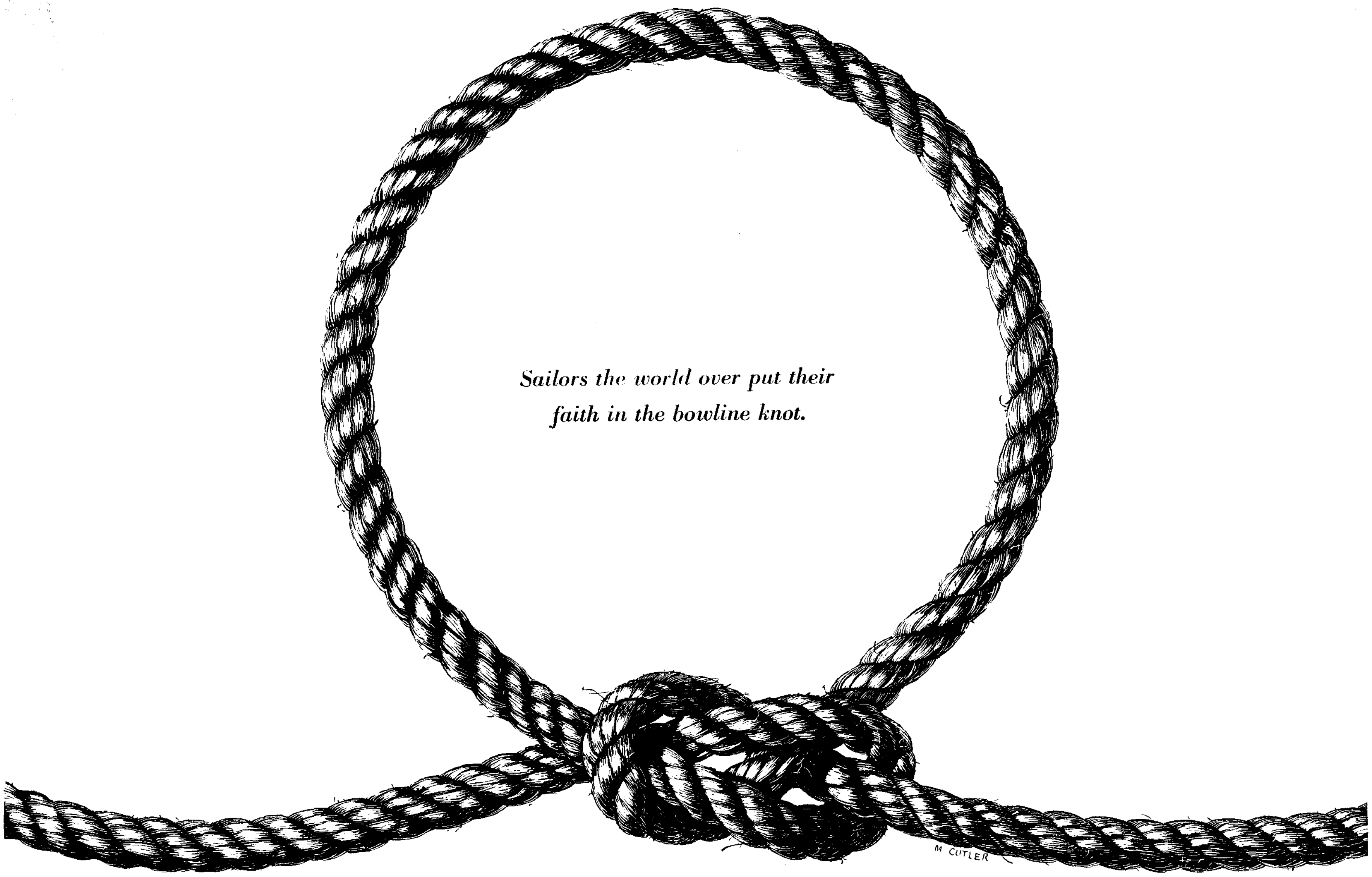
In a small town in West Virginia, the telephone directory, evidently through someone's overwhelming desire to do a thorough job, includes each subscriber's nickname such as Babe, Butch, Red, Duke, Slim, Hippo and Toots.—*By Harry A. Durbin, Cameron, West Virginia.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. *None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers*

One of the costliest cases of intoxication on record occurred in Gold City, Nevada, in 1857. A miner, upon being informed by the Assay Office that soil from his claim was rich in precious metals, celebrated the big event by getting gloriously groggy. During the course of the evening some "crazy sucker" gave him $2,000 for the claim which, within a short time, yielded more than $100,000,000 worth of silver alone.

A strange case of the lack of observation occurred during the assassination of President Marie Carnot of France in Lyons on June 24, 1894. Accompanied by three friends, two grooms and surrounded by mounted police, he was riding in his state carriage when a man jumped on the running board and fatally stabbed him. The first inkling of the tragedy came from the murderer, who attracted attention to himself when, running down the street, he shouted, "*Vive l'anarchie!*"

One of the largest and most successful kennels is the Alderbourne in Amersham, England. This establishment, which is only thirty years old and confines its activity to the Pekingese dog, has won more than 24,000 prizes, carries a stock valued at $100,000 and recently produced a navy-blue Peke, the only one of its kind ever known in the history of this breed.



Sailors the world over put their faith in the bowline knot.

A Bowline Knot on the Future

ALL sailors know that a bowline is dependable. It can be used for many purposes. A bowline knot never slips nor jams, and can be quickly and easily readjusted in an emergency.

Life insurance is a "bowline knot" with which you can secure the future for yourself and family. It serves many purposes and from time to time can be adapted to meet changing needs.

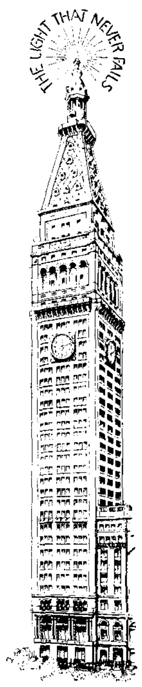
When you plan security for your wife and children, many possibilities must be considered. Your family will need an income whether you are here or not. Your children will need an education. Life insurance will give them that protection.

Your life insurance may never be needed for these purposes. In that case it can be used to provide you, personally, with an income which will help you to enjoy your sunset years.

Invite a Metropolitan Field-Man to assist you in preparing a Program that will really protect your family. Ask him to include in your Program plans for your own retirement. It will give you a "bowline knot" on the future.

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.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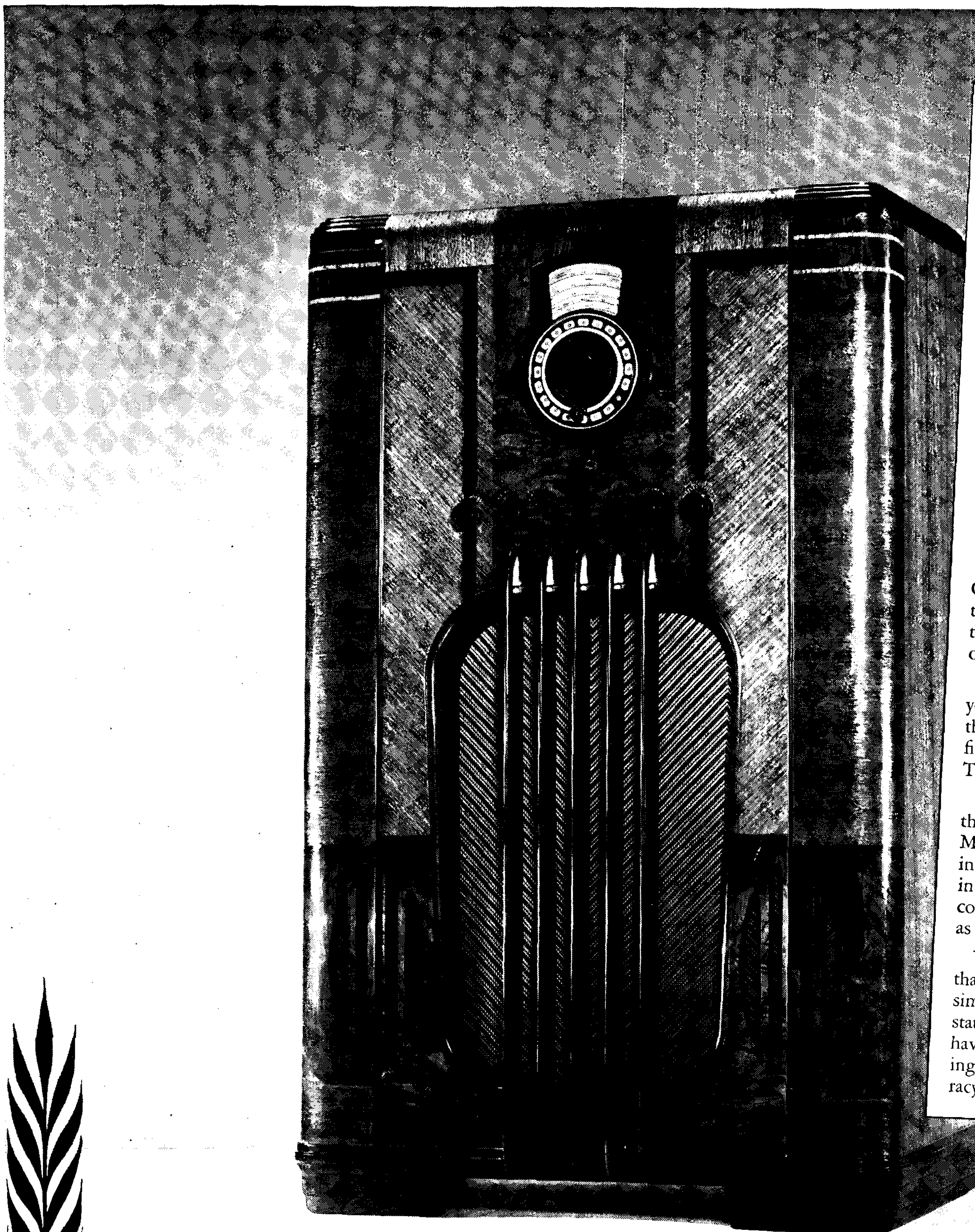

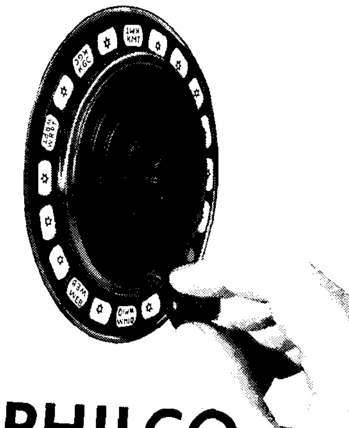

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On every Automatic Tuning Philco, there's a dial like that on an automatic telephone. Around it are the call letters of all your favorite stations.

But with Philco Automatic Tuning you dial only *once!* One glance shows the station you want. A flick of your fingers . . . and *CLICK* . . . there it is! Tuned *instantly, silently, perfectly!*

One motion is all you make. Back of the dial, the invisible fingers of Philco Magnetic Tuning complete the job with infallible precision. The program comes in more perfectly tuned than eye or ear could do it . . . and stays perfectly tuned as long as you choose to listen!

When you want American stations that you listen to less frequently . . . you simply tune the ordinary way. Foreign stations are tuned by name. Once you have the station, Philco Magnetic Tuning assures the greatest possible accuracy, the finest possible tone!

$10 DOWN brings you *any* Automatic Tuning PHILCO

Why not begin enjoying all the convenience of Philco Automatic Tuning in your own home? For a down payment of only ten dollars, you can have *any* Automatic Tuning Philco installed and playing in your own living-room. By special arrangement with the Commercial Credit Company, your Philco dealer will install even the Philco 116X DeLuxe for ten dollars down!

In this model Philco Automatic Tuning is combined with Philco High-Fidelity and the Philco Foreign Tuning System! Favorite American Stations are tuned *automatically.*

You enjoy all the realism of Philco High-Fidelity reception with all the tones *and overtones* that make voices and instruments so thrillingly true to life. Acoustic Clarifiers eliminate "boom" from the low notes, while every note is brought up to ear level by the Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Five Spread-Band Tuning Ranges cover all that's interesting in the air . . . with all important overseas stations named, located and spread six times farther apart on the Philco Spread-Band Dial!

See your classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer.

PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING MODELS . . . $100 up ● PHILCO TABLE MODELS . . . $20 up ● PHILCO CONSOLES . . . $39.95 up ● PHILCO AUTO RADIOS . . . $39.95 up ● *All prices less Aerial*

Collier's The National Weekly for May 1, 1937

GLORY BUTTONS

By Clifford Dowdey

The reconstruction of Happy Mace, being the complete history of the only war the United States ever lost. When last seen the victor was heading westward with a lady

IN THOSE days there was no double line of trees shading the walk up to the courthouse and no grass lawn. The square was just red clay, real old Virginia clay, and there were a few scattered poplars and chestnuts around, just like they'd been left when the square was cleared out of the wilderness. The courthouse is the same building except then it didn't have the veranda with the tall columns, and it wasn't so prettily painted in red with green blinds. It was yellow brick with weather-grayed blinds that sagged a little, and it had a dinky porch where the big planters used to gather when they were in town.

In those days we didn't really have a sidewalk, just a boardwalk built about a foot from the street. It was dangerous getting up and down when it rained because the sloping red clay was a mire of mud. The only real building was Tibe Lafferty's store. The post office was in there and the telegraph operator, too. You could get all the news in there, sometimes a week before it came out in Lafoon Meredith's Saturday Argus. Tibe Lafferty's was where all the fellows hung out.

On good days they used to sit at the head of the steps on his porch. It was built up from the ground as high as a man's head and it had a halfway roof over it that didn't give much shade, but it was a nice place because you could see everything that was going on. Looking north toward Richmond, you could see the road stretching ahead for miles. Southward, you looked square into Judge Brandon's house, where the Yankee officers had their quarters after the war.

Today there's a big white gas station there, like a Spanish villa, and you come right at it and almost hit the pumps when you turn off the main street following Route 1. Old Judge Brandon's house was white, too, but there wasn't anything Spanish about it. It was a fine old place, right at the head of the street, and it had iron balconies in front of the windows. The old-timers used to say that Judge Brandon's daughter, Sally, would stand on the balcony and look over the whole town when she was waiting for Lafoon Meredith to come to see her. He kept her waiting, they say, because he'd get to haranguing about his horses, which he set great store by, though not one of them was worth a dang. But all that was long before the war.

When the Yankee officers lived there, both the judge and Miss Sally were dead, and Lafoon Meredith didn't have nary horse, good or bad. He lived with his daughter, Miss Evie, in a house his father had left him a little north of town, and spent all his time haranguing people for news to put in the Argus.

In those days we were going through what folks called Reconstruction, but we didn't know anything about it because the town was a heap quieter than it is today. Colonel Hollis was a mighty fine man and a lot of people liked him, even if he was a Yankee. After he'd been in the store a few times, Tibe Lafferty said, "I reckon they is *some* good Yanks." Of course, some of the colonel's young officers were snippety, but they didn't bother us any.

The town did sort of look like Saturday all the time the way so many fellows were hanging around, but you'd never have known it was different from any other Saturday if most of the fellows hadn't been wearing pieces of uniform. But these were so old and patched and dirty you could hardly tell what they were, especially as none of them had any Confederate buttons on the coats or hats. That's one thing Colonel Hollis was strict about, carrying out the law against our boys wearing their Reb buttons. But, like I said, everything was so quiet that I reckon nobody would ever have known what Reconstruction was if it hadn't been for Happy Mace.

HAPPY didn't come home until some while after all the fighting was over; even Kirby Smith had surrendered out West. The day Happy got back, all the fellows were sitting on Tibe's porch and having a good time because it'd been raining for nearly a week before. Happy was so late getting home, we learned afterward, on account of staying in Richmond to see the sights. He'd been in a Richmond regiment and spent a lot of time in the city, but during the war he hadn't been able to see it rightly, he said. Anyway, we all figured there wasn't anything to bring him home.

His mother had died when he was a kid and he had grown up with his pappy in a shack on about a hundred acres, mostly of second-growth pine, out there west of Lafoon Meredith's place. His pappy was the most no-account man in the county and Happy got his name because he was always so cheerful in spite of having Booger for a pappy. Booger got his name, so they say, because he was as strong as a bull and twice as mean, and he raised so much hell when he was a yonker that they used to say he was a real he-booger. Booger got killed during the war and the boys said the Yanks were sure foolish to waste gunpowder on him because he ate so much he kept the Reb commissary

poor feeding him. Happy himself was as big and strong as his pappy, but he was a quiet fellow and never gave anybody trouble. All the same, because he was such a big fellow, and Booger's boy, nobody wanted any trouble with Happy either. That's the only reason the boys didn't laugh when they saw him coming down the road.

He was riding one of the finest horses ever seen in the county and he was sitting up in a nice U. S. saddle same like he was on parade. He had the same old shoes, without ary sole, as everybody else, and the "regulation" home-dyed butternut shirt, patched and held together down the front with locust thorns. His hide showed through the knee of a pair of faded Yank breeches and his hair stuck out of holes in a floppy old hat. But, on top of those rags, he was wearing the most beautiful coat you ever saw in your life. It was made of cadet gray cloth, like our boys wore at the beginning of the war, and it was braided with gold facing down the front and on the collar, and on each sleeve was the *galon* of second lieutenant. And right down the front was a double row of gilt Rebel buttons! They were all polished up and shining like new gold dollars, and to the fellows on the porch they looked as big as a hundred-dollar piece.

BY THE time the fellows recovered and started to warn him about the law against wearing Confederate buttons, who should come running up but one of Colonel Hollis' most snippety captains. He had two soldiers with bayoneted rifles right behind him, and it looked like he would reach Happy about the time Happy reached the hitching rail. The boys didn't know how they could warn him, so they all yelled, "Ho, Happy," and pointed to his buttons. He didn't know what they meant and he pulled up at the store and swung from his horse to the boardwalk. Just as he turned around, the captain stepped in front of him. This captain was a tall fellow with a waxed mustache and he kept his uniform so nice that Tibe Lafferty used to say, "Sech a purty rooster ought ter git down 'n' scratch." The rooster, with his two soldiers behind him, snapped his finger at Happy and said:

"What're you doing with those buttons on your coat?"

Happy just gaped at him, because Happy wasn't too quick. This made the rooster mad and he spoke sarcastic to Happy in a loud voice.

"Maybe you didn't know the war was over," he said.

You could almost see Happy's mind working. He didn't know what the captain had against him, but he knew he wasn't his friend, and he said, sort of slow, "When I see the likes of you, I ain't sho hit is."

The rooster got red in the face then and he yelled, "The war won't be over for you if you don't take those buttons off your coat!"

Happy looked at the buttons on his beautiful coat and he looked back at the captain. "You mean these buttons got to come off'n this coat?" Happy asked.

"Right now."

Happy shook his head. "Naw, bub, you're wrong—"

"Either you take them off this minute or I will," and he nodded to the two soldiers. In a second they had their rifles pointed at Happy, with the bayonets not six inches from his gizzard.

Happy understood that. He wasn't puzzled any more. His face sort of set and all at once he looked bigger. "These buttons ain't *nevuh* comin' off'n this yere coat," he said, and he sounded proud.

"We'll see," the rooster said, and took the rifle away from one of the soldiers.

Everybody on the porch drew in his breath and didn't do anything but look, but from the time the captain took the rifle that's the last anybody agrees on about what happened. The fact is, things went so fast that nobody could rightly tell what did happen.

All at once Happy had his hand on the rifle barrel, just below the captain's, and he pulled the musket toward him and pushed the captain away at the same time with his other hand. The soldier who still had his rifle had to jerk it away to keep from sticking the captain in the backsides. The next thing was that Happy had the rifle away from the captain and, holding it with one hand near the end of the barrel, he was swinging it over his head. It cracked off the skull of the soldier who was trying to get his rifle into play and the poor fellow dropped same as a pole-axed steer. Then there was the captain with his pistol out. Just as the captain got the pistol up, Happy's left fist shot out and took him spang on the jaw. He fell backward right into the mire off that boardwalk that was so deep even the hogs wouldn't wallow in it.

The pistol sailed out of his hand and disappeared in the bog. The rooster floundered around in there, threshing and heaving, and his head popped out like a drowning man coming up for air. All you could see was his eyes peeking out of a ball of sticky red clay. He just stood there a minute, covered from head to foot, looking at Happy and the two soldiers. The poor fellow Happy had cracked with the rifle was moving and groaning. The other one, who didn't have ary weapon after the captain took his gun, hadn't budged since Happy went into action. Happy beckoned to the soldier on the ground and said to the other soldier, "Han' me that muskit, bub."

The young soldier gave it to him and then Happy said, "Now you look aftuh yoh friend theah. He ain't hurt bad, I vow."

Then Happy looked at the captain. Not one word passed between them. Happy pulled his chestnut around sidewise to the boardwalk and the horse was hock-deep in that mud. Happy held the two rifles in one hand and swung up in the saddle. He looked at the fellows on the porch.

"I reckon I'll be moseying along now, but I'll see you 'foh very long, boys."

The boys sort of choked over some sounds in their throats and the only one who moved was Tibe Lafferty. He gave a little wave and said, "So long, Happy," in such a puny voice you couldn't hear him three feet away. Happy rode off and the captain started pulling himself out of the oozy mud. He was sure a sorry-looking rooster when he climbed up on the boardwalk. He asked if the soldier Happy had gun-whipped was all right, and the other man nodded, and the captain stalked up the street toward Colonel Hollis'.

The boys all breathed a heap easier when they learned that Colonel Hollis wasn't going to bother anybody for what Happy had done. He wasn't even going to bother Happy if he would come in without his buttons and sign the oath of allegiance. The colonel asked Lafoon Meredith to persuade Happy to do this. Lafoon Meredith was the most important man in town since Judge Brandon had died, even if he was as poor as a church mouse. He was the judge's son-in-law and he ran the Argus and he was a friend of all the planters. He said he would be glad to talk sense into Happy.

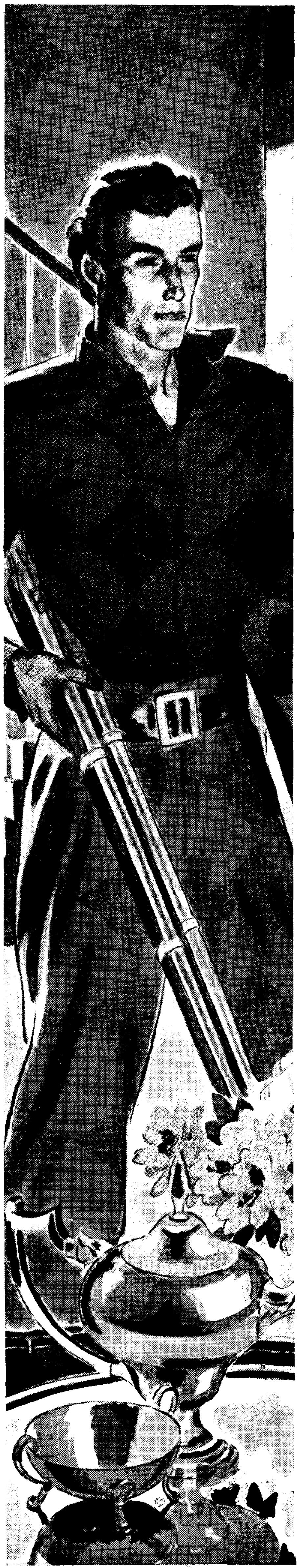
WE HEARD about Happy's visit to the Merediths' through Uncle Clem. Uncle Clem was an old Negro who'd been with the Merediths since before anybody in town was born.

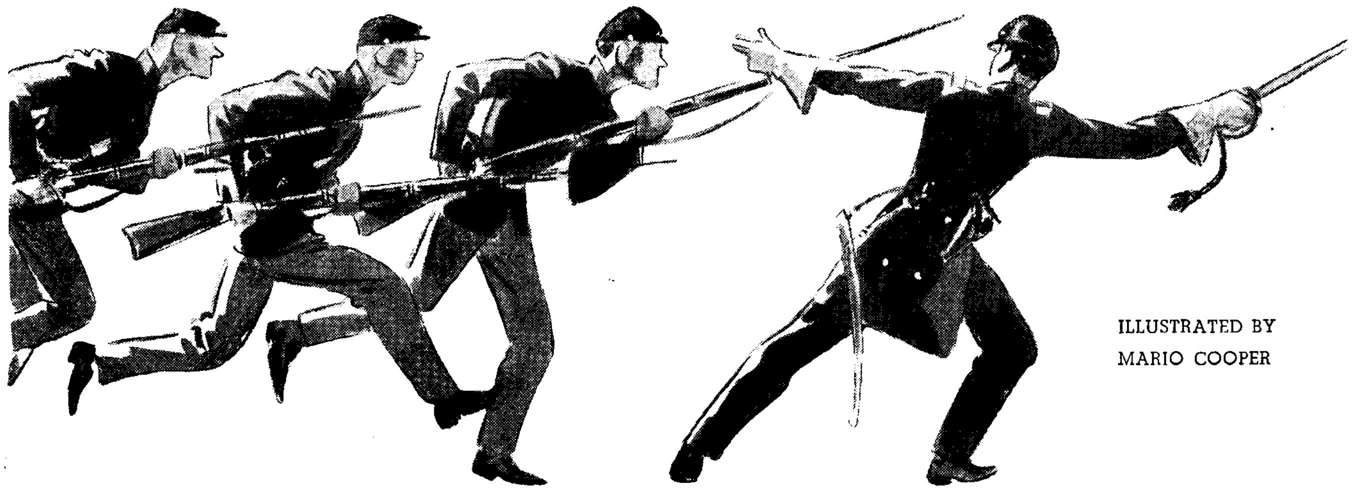
It seems that Lafoon Meredith was upstairs shaving when he saw Happy riding past on his shiny-coated chestnut, and he sent a couple of the colored boys to bring Happy in. Uncle Clem met him at the door and Happy had the two Yankee rifles in one hand. Uncle Clem was going to keep him waiting there in the hall, but Miss Evie heard them talking and invited Happy into the parlor. That was just like Miss Evie—her name was really Miss Evelyn—because she was the friendliest little thing you ever saw in your life. The folks she knew thought she was the sweetest thing that ever lived; and she was pretty, too, with great big eyes and hair as yellow as a little girl's, though Miss Evie must have been close to twenty.

According to Uncle Clem, Happy got jumpy right off, the way they just stood there and looked at each other. Happy didn't have on his beautiful coat, but he wore the rest of the rags he'd worn home and, standing there with the two rifles through the crook of one arm, he was a strange sight to be in the same parlor with Miss Evie. Miss Evie looked like a little child beside him. And she looked Happy over in the same curious way a child looks at something. Then she said:

"I know what my father wants to talk with you about, Lieutenant Mace."

Happy never let on anything. He just





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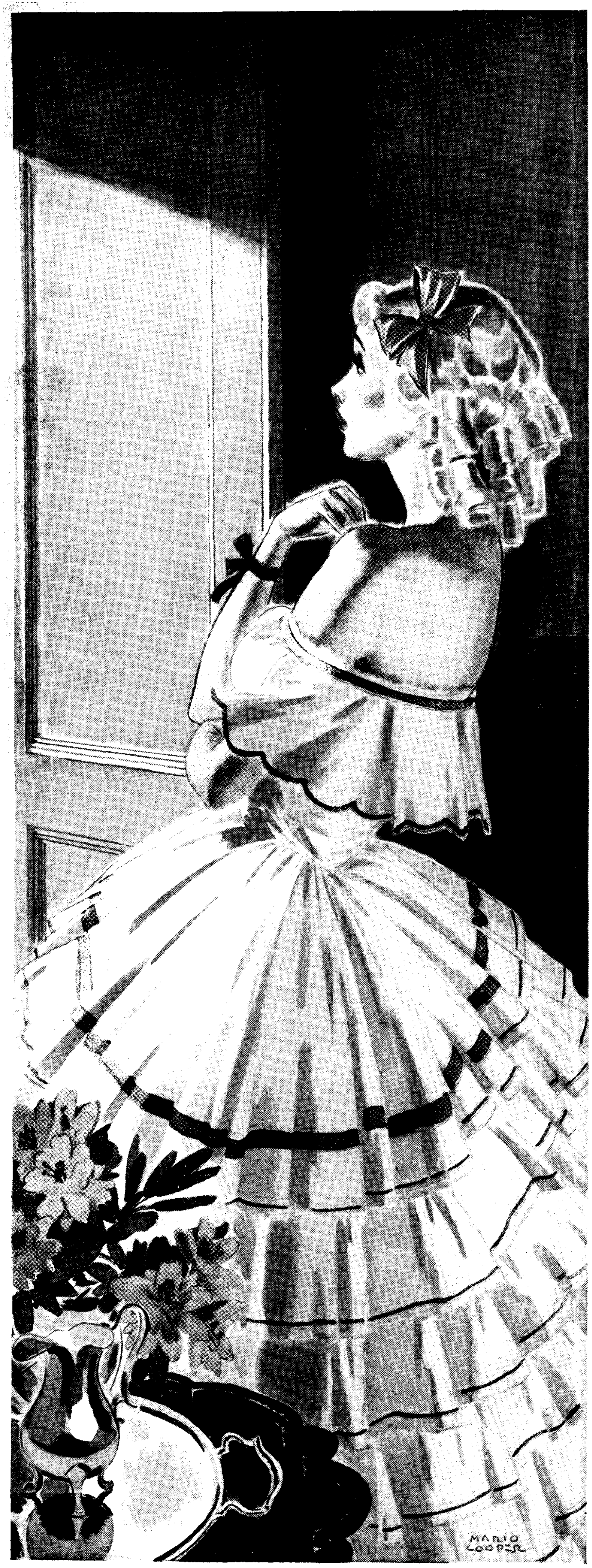


Then she said: "I know what my father wants to talk with you about, Lieutenant Mace." Happy never let on anything. He just gaped at her like he'd never seen her like before

gaped at her like he'd never seen her like before. Miss Evie had a soft little voice that she could make sound very serious when she really wasn't and was just making out like she was. She used that voice on Happy then.

"You see," she said, "there's a law here against wearing your Confederate buttons and if you don't remove yours you will make us all have trouble. Now you want us to have peace, don't you?"

He sort of jumped. "Yes, ma'am, I sho do want peace." He sounded like he was shouting, after her little voice. "When the Old Marse surrenduhed, he said we must devote ourse'fes to peaceful puhsuits, and I come home to do that se'f-same thing."

SHE smiled up at him and said, "Then if you want to do like General Lee, you'll remove your buttons, won't you?"

"No, ma'am!" Happy was as near excited as anybody ever heard of him being. He was about as excited as an ox could get. "When the Old Marse surrenduhed he wore his dress coat with all his Reb buttons shinin' bright as day on it. I nevuh will forget the look of the Old Marse all dressed up like that. An' he said foh us to follow his peaceful example, and I aim foh to do that, jest like he done."

Then a funny change came over Miss Evie. That twinkle went out of her big eyes and she looked up at Happy like she hadn't rightly seen him the first time. When she spoke again, she wasn't making out like she was serious any more, and Uncle Clem never heard her so soft except when she was nursing a sick horse or something like that.

"Well, Lieutenant Mace," she said in that little voice, "the Yankees here in town just don't understand about you and General Lee. You keep your buttons and follow his example—only don't wear your coat in public. You wouldn't mind that, would you?"

"You mean don't *nevuh* wear my coat?"

"Oh, not never, but just wait until things quiet down. Anyway, summer is here and you wouldn't want to be wearing it in the hot weather."

"Yes, ma'am, I would. I always wore my coat in town, no matter how hot it was. That's the onliest time I ever would wear it, though. Rest of the time I kept it folded in my blanket roll, and I wore that blanket roll 'round me, even in July in them swamps 'round Richmond. I've had my coat two year now and it's most like new the way I kept it. I wouldn't even wear that coat last wintuh when I didn't have nuthin' over my shirt but a ole piece of cawpet, and I come nigh freezin' to death, I vow I did. You see, ma'am, the ladies of Richmond give me that coat when they give our whole regiment new uniforms, and I set moh store by that coat than anything I ever had, I reckon—'cept my hawss."

Nobody in the county ever heard Happy talk that much before and nobody could blame Miss Evie for not knowing what to say. Somehow what Happy said seemed to make her sad, but that wasn't strange because she was always being sorry for things. But she was so sad she just couldn't bear to be there with Happy no longer. She backed toward the door and said, "You just tell my father that, Lieutenant Mace, and see what he says. He's coming now. . . . Excuse me," and she turned and ran out.

Happy moved as if to follow her, but he stopped and just stood there looking after where she had gone, like a hound dog who sees his bone taken away. Then Lafoon Meredith came in and asked Happy to tell him what he told Miss Evie. Happy mumbled through it, not talking like he did before, though he told about the same things. Mr. Lafoon thought it over a while and then he said:

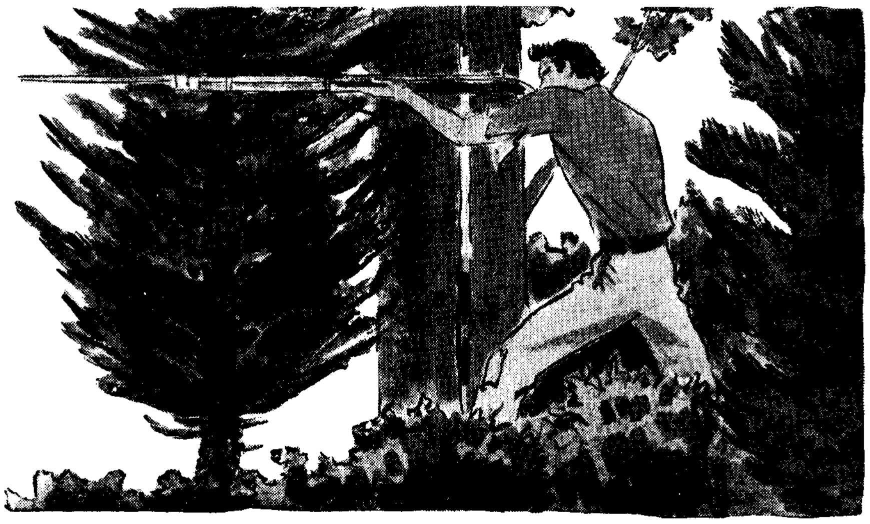
"I tell you what you do, Happy. You keep your coat hidden until the Yankees leave town and I think I can straighten it out with Colonel Hollis. Now let me look at that horse of yours." Lafoon Meredith hadn't ever gotten over the way he felt about horses, even if he didn't have ary one to his name now, and never did have a good one.

"Yes, suh," Happy said, "that's a right nice hawss. I set moh store by that hawss than anything I ever had, I reckon—'cept my coat."

THAT was the last Uncle Clem heard, but what followed the whole town soon knew. First off, Lafoon Meredith wasn't able to straighten it out with Colonel Hollis about Happy. The colonel said the dignity of the United States Army had been hurt some, and nothing would do but that Happy must come in with his buttons off and sign the oath. Besides, the colonel said, Happy had two rifles belonging to the government. The next thing was they were going out to get Happy.

That was how our town happened to know about Reconstruction and that's all they could talk about on Tibe Lafferty's porch. All the fellows were there when the Yankees marched out, and even the gentlemen on the courthouse porch watched them. The snippety captain who'd gotten the mud bath from Happy marched at the head of a squad. They went straight up the road leading

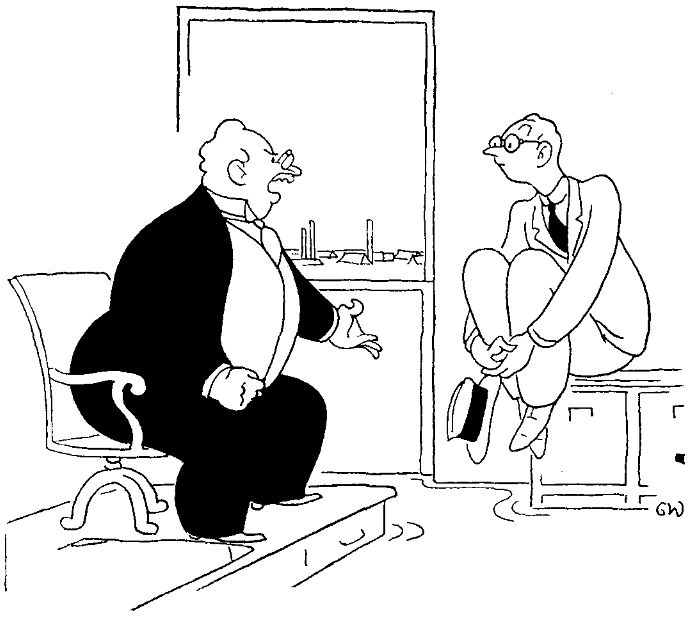
(Continued on page 57)



Greed and High Water

By Walter Davenport

In the wake of this year's flood Mr. Davenport traveled along the Ohio River, talking to the people who are busily settling in the path of next year's flood. Next year is a long way off—and maybe the water won't rise so high. Even industries are situated along the low river banks. There must be a reason and there is. Mr. Davenport explains it and tells what might be done—if only flood control were as showy as a monument or a new post-office building



What right has anyone to compel a businessman to pay the extra cost of haulage?

TO Mrs. Cahoon on the cracked clay flats the latest flood had been considerably less than disaster. She had come out of the torrent with a caracul coat, a plush sofa, the framed portrait of a dyspeptic-looking patriarch done in oils and, among many other unexpected gifts of chance, a large humpback trunk full of red window curtains. All these and more the subsiding Ohio had cast at her rubber-booted feet—except the caracul coat. And that had come out of the magic mountain of clothing that had risen overnight at the exhortation of the Red Cross. In any direction it didn't fit Mrs. Cahoon by numerous inches but a fur coat was a fur coat and anyway it didn't make a body look like a squaw like Mrs. Cahoon's neighbors. They were scurrying around prospecting the debris, wrapped in blankets.

Mrs. Cahoon and her neighbors were back again on the flats. Their men were digging out. Of course some of the jerry-built houses they had lived in had surrendered to the water and were now scattered down along the floodway in crazy piles of warped planking and smashed clapboard. But miraculously the majority had survived. They bulged in queer places, of course, and many of them had taken on precarious slants and sudden angles, reminding you of the crooked house built by the crooked man who had walked a crooked mile. But what had happened downriver had happened above and there were plenty of vagrant timbers and other materials with which to patch and brace.

Anyway Mrs. Cahoon and her neighbors were back on the river flats, from Maysville to Cairo. And there, as far as they knew, they were going to stay. Floods came and floods went and it was forever the same. When the waters entered your front door you merely retreated to the second floor (if there was a second floor) and when the river came lapping at the sills of the second floor you took to the boats. Home was home as it always will be and you clung to it to the ultimate end whether it was a slab-sided shack or a brass and granite palace. You left it fighting. And when the terror had gone you moved back—or rebuilt the ruins.

It was all very well for haughty ones living on dry heights to raise eyebrows to the skies and want to know why the Cahoons persisted in dwelling on the flats. Where else would they go? And high-minded lovers of reason and beauty might lift white hands demanding to know why those flats were not made into public parks, public recreation fields and the like of that. Who was to pay the owners mansion prices for slapped-up shebangs? And again, where were the Cahoons to live?

So you see how it is. And you behold the Ohio River Cahoons back on the flats settling down for next year's flood and knowing perfectly well there will be one. Already the latest deluge had been talked to death. Already they had shoveled and sluiced the Ohio's silt out of their bedrooms and even thus soon the landlord was trudging through the slime to collect his rents. It was a what-the-hell existence in a what-the-hell civilization and tomorrow's another day. And when you have seen one clay flat you have seen them all from Maysville, Kentucky, to Cairo, Illinois.

Already a swiftly generous, breast-beating, sentimental country was proceeding to forget. It had given the Red Cross $21,000,000 and had shuddered to its heart's content over its newspapers and newsreels. The Red Cross had fed and sheltered 140,000 persons in 373 tent colonies and boxcar cities. It had set up 152 field hospitals. Thirty thousand head of livestock had been rescued and fed. And 160,000 families had been given money and materials with which to reconstruct their homes—and await next year's flood. When next year's flood came the Red Cross would get $21,000,000 more and the same tears would be shed, the same hands wrung and the same vows be taken to "take steps." And Mrs. Cahoon would have a new coat, a new plush sofa, another gobby mug of somebody's chin-whiskered ancestor and perhaps a bird cage with a draggle of wet yellow feathers caught in the wire. Why not? This has been going on for a hundred years. And the Ohio River, Mother Mississippi's most lavish flood contributor, has been going on water benders for centuries—for unnumbered years before the first Cahoon took up his insane abode on the river's brim. The first record we have is a thirty-nine-foot flood at what is now Pittsburgh, in January, 1762. Nobody knows what the crest was where the Ohio gives its all to the Mississippi. And nobody need care. The Indians had too much sense to live with their feet in the water.

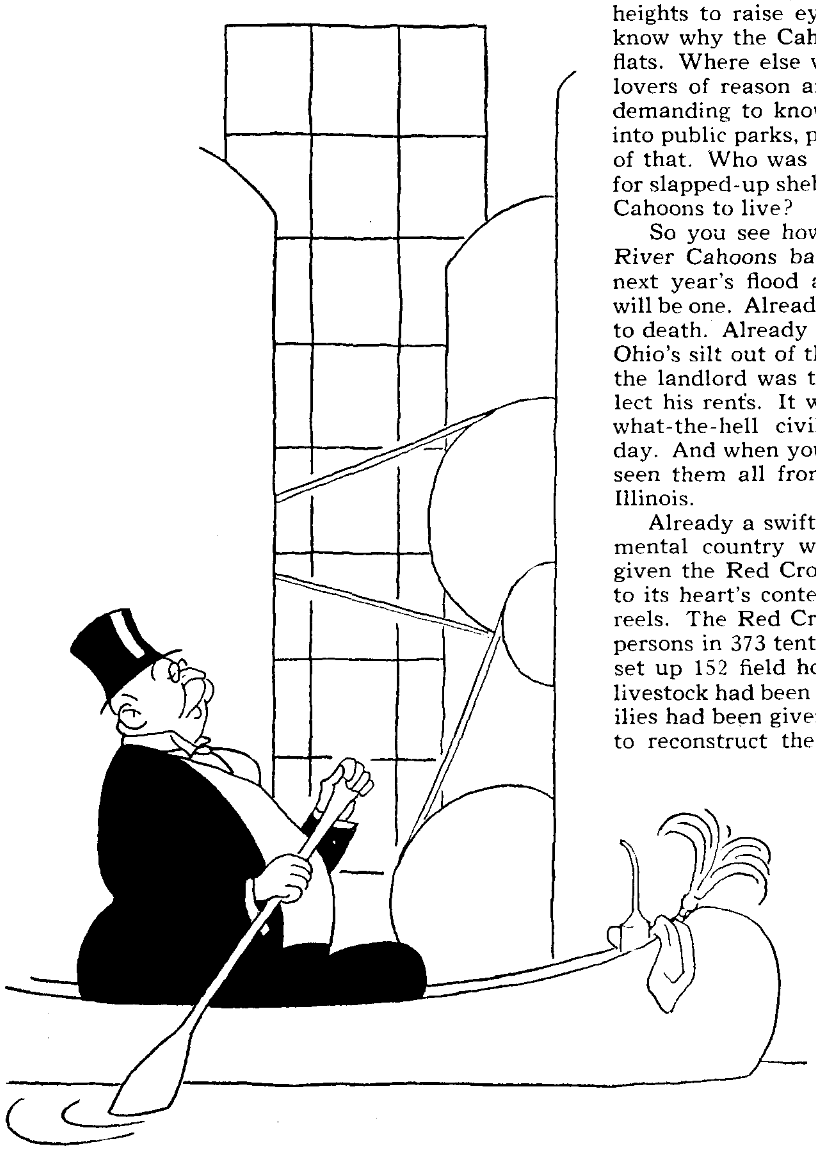
Everybody Howls but the Cahoons

Now, while we were sloshing down the still sullen Ohio pretty well convinced that we weren't the only crazy person in the country, we could almost hear the screamed protests of taxpayers, real-estate dopesters, city planners with land-owning uncles, congressmen baying for pork, and industrialists with river plants. These important persons were howling in relative splendor, some of them as far away as Washington. And while they weren't saying so in so many words, you had but to listen attentively to catch the undertones.

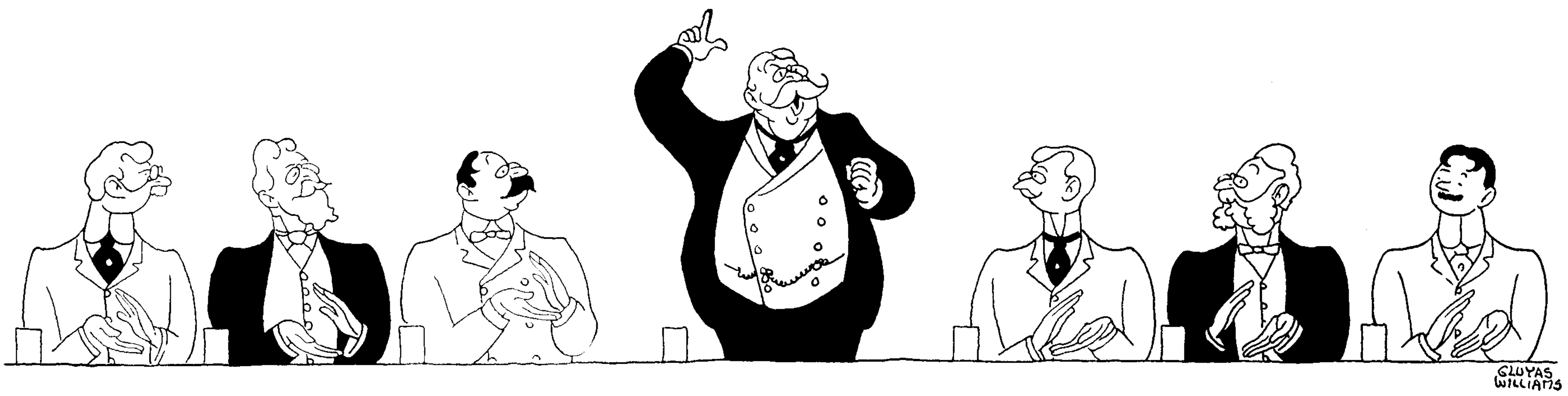
If condemnation and improvement of the annually flooded clay banks on which the Cahoons squat were going to boost their towering taxes another inch they wanted none of it. If the government was not prepared to pay them Mayfair prices for cabbage-patch acres—well, let the floods come again. It cost less. The floods didn't dampen the landlord's spats. And the Cahoons always did whatever patching, shoring, reroofing and demiring the hog-wallow properties needed after each inundation.

And city planners, meeting over Martinis and tea, could spin fine dreams but do nothing about appropriations nor about cunning gentlemen who were buying acres of property to be sold to government for stacks of Treasury certificates. Nor could they do anything to stop spies from telling speculators what the plannings would be and where, therefore, to buy land.

If the government was going to spend two and three quarter billion dollars to build dams and dikes Congressman Heelsneaker was determined that some of that money was going to build something expensive on Little Dribble Run, the only stream in his district which ever had water in it after the Fourth of July. Or if he couldn't get a dam, dike or nine-foot channel for Little Dribble he insisted upon something to show his constituents—a new, floodproof courthouse, post office or veterans' hospital. Otherwise he could not possibly see the value of ten great catchment basins to imprison floodwaters on the upper tributaries of the Ohio. He could, you see, always fetch deafening cheers from the taxpayers by eulogizing economy and, when the floods came again



The foundryman tells you that floods cannot damage his stocks much. It is cheaper to rub rust off castings than to move



and his constituency was called upon again to donate its quota of $21,000,000 to the Red Cross, he could always fly the demagogue's yellow flag and blame everything on the Power Trust and the Republicans.

We may as well step aside for a moment to report that except for a few misguided individuals we found nothing resembling a concerted opposition to dams and catchment basins by the power people. There was some viewing with alarm by power officials and more by owners of thick bundles of power-company shares. They wanted no Tennessee Valley Authority Marxism defiling the Beautiful Ohio. They would stand for no government power plants and dams in their neighborhoods with a resulting raping of rates, interest and profits.

And they weren't in any mood either to listen to the ball-bearing tongues of New Dealers or read the romanceless reports of Army engineers, both aimed at assuring them that dams and reservoirs built for flood control would be as useless as a dust storm in the manufacture of electric power. They were positively not to be fooled, hoodwinked, bunked or lured. Let this Roosevelt man and his shamelessly socialistic National Resources Committee and his Resettlement Administration have their ways and—

Oh, well, never mind. They were against dams and catchment basins unless it were specifically stated in the authorization that such reservoirs might not, under penalty of something lastingly nasty, be used for the generation of power. Of course such flood-control dams and reservoirs could not be used for power generation because to be of any service in times of flood they would have to be kept empty in normal times.

However, let's get back where we belong.

River, Come Back to My Door

Among the doubtful are industrialists of all calibers. We talked to a few of them. They were willing enough that the federal government should do something about flood control provided it cost them nothing. But if the federal government followed precedent and did either nothing or something expensively futile they would continue to conduct their businesses on the river's banks as long as there were any banks. Therefore they were wholly out of sympathy with any Maypole foolishness such as chasing folks off the flats and transforming such lands into playgrounds, botanical gardens, community forests and other green pastures.

Rents were cheap on the flats. Ideal places for iron foundries, lumber yards, coal pockets and steel manufactories were these flats. There they had the direct benefit of river transportation of raw and finished materials. There too they had the river to carry off waste materials and thereby evade the great expense of waste-disposal plants. Of course this particular misuse of the river violated rules against stream pollution although nobody seemed to know just what those rules, if any, are.

Further, constant dumping of solid waste into the river did nothing worth while to maintain a nine-foot channel in the interests of navigation. And the steady growth of the size of the industrial plants on the river was an equally steady encroachment upon the stream's width, thus adding with every brick, stone, girder and concrete slab to the flood menace. Not even the Army engineers can convince these river-front industrialists that a river's true right of way is much greater than the distance between its two banks. Yet let the Army engineers refuse to permit a manufacturer to encroach further upon the river and in a day or so a power higher than a mere soldier's is invoked. And the industrialist gets his permit. At least that is how it has been in the past.

The Midwest is still ringing with the high words of delegations which have vowed that it must not happen again

The foundryman will tell you that floods cannot damage his stocks much. It is cheaper to rub rust off castings than to move the foundry. After all, major floods like January's come but once every six, eight or ten years. They can absorb such raids by an outraged nature and write off the incurred losses—losses which don't amount to much anyway.

Protection That Comes Too High

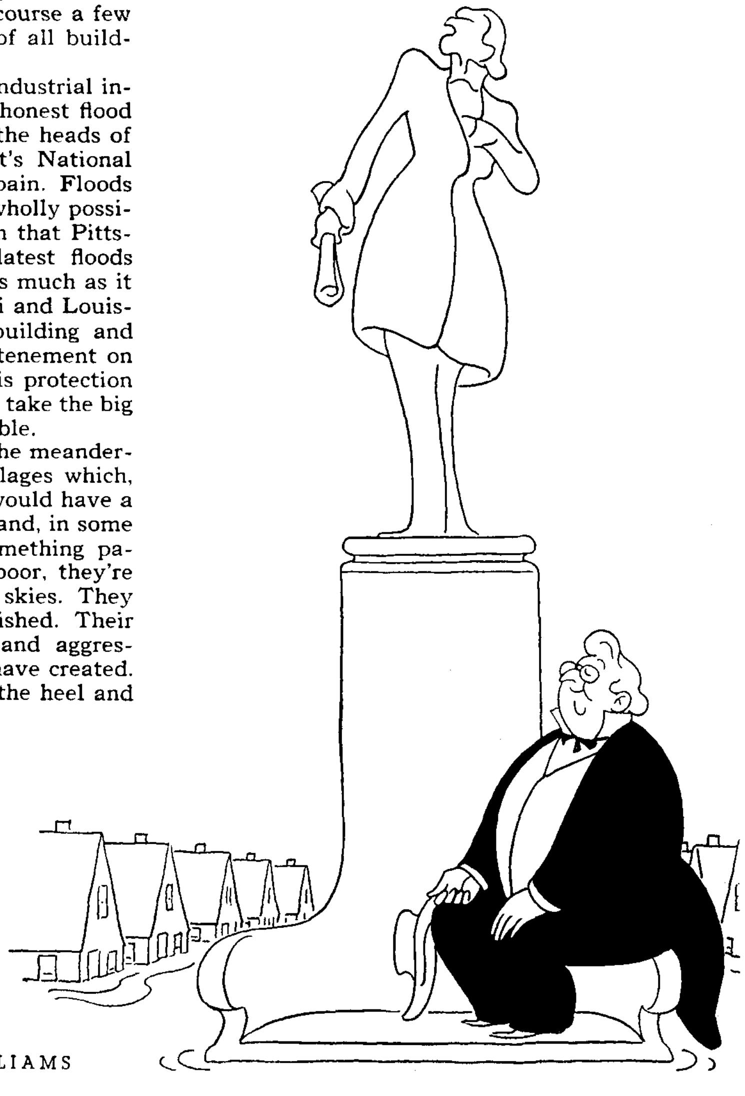
Produce commission merchants tell you similar stories. Why move? Rents are cheap. Commission merchants have no stocks to jeopardize. Besides, what right has anybody to compel a businessman to pay the extra cost of additional haulage from the river wharf to a more remote spot? Of course a few businessmen favored clearing the flats of all buildings—but only a few.

Yet, all the personal selfishness and industrial inconvenience which stand in the way of honest flood control are the least of the causes why the heads of the Army engineers and Mr. Roosevelt's National Resources Committee are splitting with pain. Floods can be controlled to the last drop. It is wholly possible so to rearrange the face of the earth that Pittsburgh's, Cincinnati's and Louisville's latest floods would be their last. But it would cost as much as it would to move all Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville, from the richest palace, tallest building and heaviest railroad to the most wretched tenement on the flats. The most they can hope for is protection against moderate floods. They'll have to take the big ones and hope they'll be few and reasonable.

But all along the thousand miles of the meandering Ohio there are small towns and villages which, subjected to unemotional examination, would have a nasty time of it justifying their location and, in some instances, their existence. There is something pathetically heroic about them. They're poor, they're shabby, forlorn even under the balmiest skies. They represent a progress long since accomplished. Their people still are sturdy, hard-working and aggressively, if futilely, jealous of what they have created. The towns themselves may be down at the heel and slack-jawed, free forage for every flood that happens by, and it is inevitable that some of the natives should have surrendered to their environment, but we talked to numerous residents of these river colonies who seem ready to do anything reasonable to concede victory to the river and retreat.

They can't afford dikes, many of them having been bankrupt so long that it no longer worries them. Even the cheapest sewage system is far beyond the gaudiest dreams of their real-estate ballyhoos and chambers of commerce. A town has to be poorer than any we've seen to lack a chamber of commerce even if it's a self-appointed one and there is no commerce. After all there are always land and houses to sell and there seem always to be suckers to sell to.

Their state governments plead a poverty too great to come to their rescue. Many of them cannot take care of their unemployed, unemployable and helpless—and they waste their breath when they appeal to their state capitals. They're Lazarus towns, subconsciously resigned to their lot, although on the surface there may be some (Continued on page 46)



A monument, unlike flood control, is easily-seen evidence of a congressman's zeal in behalf of his constituency

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

HE BROUGHT her flowers. It was the only thing he could think of for a kid sister minus an appendix. She was doing fine, the nurse said. Would he wait just a minute? So he stood at the head of the hospital stairs and waited. He felt that if he moved he might break something. And he'd been in such a hurry. Not that he'd been scared. They'd telegraphed him she was all right. But he'd cut a couple of classes and come just the same. He hadn't waited for the elevator. He'd run up the short flight three steps at a time. Nothing like that could make the captain of the freshman football team breathless. All the same, he was breathing quickly. Something had startled him. He'd never been in a hospital before. One minute he'd been in his cheerful everyday world. And then a door had snapped behind and he was in a strange place. He was cut off. The smell had given him a sharp jolt over the heart. It was a clean smell. But it didn't go deep. It just covered up things. It was like the gay challenging vase of flowers in the entrance hall. It was like the quiet.

A white nurse fluttered down the corridor and glanced at him incuriously. She was used to breathless, startled people—to all sorts of things. She opened one of the closed doors and he caught a glimpse of a white screen. So behind the doors were screens and behind the screens, people. Quiet people, hidden away.

The doors were square, blank-faced. They moved without a sound. Two of them, side by side, were singled out from the rest. They wore black printed notices. "No visitors." He found himself staring at them and wondering. Why no visitors? Were they tired? Hadn't they slept well? Didn't they want to be bothered? Or if so—how silent they were. Suddenly he became aware of his heart. It was beating steadily but heavily. For the first time he realized that he was alive and well and young.

The nurse came out again. She was young too. She smiled shyly at him. "Just one more minute—" She saw him looking at the two black notices. "Such a sad case. Mother and daughter. Pneumonia. The daughter's doing well. But the mother's dreadfully sick. She was cyanized already when they brought her in. They're all alone in the world. No friends in these parts—no relations."

"Gosh!" he whispered. "That's tough."

The nurse nodded. He could see she wasn't used to things. Perhaps she never would be.

"When they first came in they tapped to each other on the wall. But now—the mother can't. So we tap for her. Or we say she's asleep—"

"Oh, gosh!" he said.

Then the other nurse came out. She was grave and elderly. She was used to everything. She nodded at him.

"You can go in now. But not more than five minutes—"

He almost ran. His hands were sticky. But when the door closed behind him he felt safe again. Everything was all right. There was the kid sister, a little pale, but otherwise not changed at all. She smiled shamefacedly and he grinned back.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!" he said.

JUST five minutes. He had to go. The corridor outside was empty. He stood dead still. He wanted to run down the stairs, out into the fresh air. But he couldn't. It was a sort of fascination. And then too he knew he mustn't run. If he did he'd never get free again. He had to face those two doors. He had to think them through, as it were. People died. Sure. He'd always known that. But behind one door a real woman was dying, and behind the other was a real girl who loved her. That was different. That was something he hadn't realized before. He thought of his own mother. Presently he'd dash home and take firm hold of her. "Mums, you're all right, aren't you? You haven't got a pain or anything? Promise you never will—" And then she'd laugh at him. But suppose she didn't? Suppose she were in that room and he next door to her? He'd keep on asking, "How is she?" They wouldn't tell him. They'd say, "She's doing fine." And outside they'd just look at each other. They'd be sorry. But then it happened so often.

A door had been opened while he was gone and in the corner of an empty room he saw a tall green-painted tank. A sinister metal thing. He'd heard of oxygen tanks. They were supposed to help—but this tank didn't look as though it had helped anyone. It looked as though it had been pushed aside because it couldn't.

What was the word the nurse had used? Cyanized. It sounded ugly—poisonous—hopeless. It was night now. He'd read somewhere that about dawn was the zero hour when people gave up. The tide carried them out. So perhaps tomorrow when he came she— And the girl didn't know. She'd send loving good-night messages. And first thing in the morning she'd ask. Maybe even then they wouldn't tell her. She'd lie there, listening. . . .

He ran headlong down the stairs into the darkness.

It was raining but he stopped to look up at the girl's window. He could pick it out because of the light which burned so steadily. She was going to live. Maybe that would be the hardest thing of all. She'd be quite alone. "They're all alone in the world," the nurse had said.

"That's tough," he whispered. "That's tough."

It was such a queer business. He didn't know her. But because he knew what lay in wait for her he was closer to her than anyone in the world. She didn't know that he stood out there in the dark. But he was sharing things with her. He wouldn't sleep much that night. He'd be thinking about her. First thing in the morning he'd be awake. . . . His thoughts would jump to her side—trying to prepare her, to stand by when the time came and she'd know that it was no use tapping any more.

He put his hand to his face. Gosh. It was just the rain. He was too old to cry.

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COM AGE

ILLUSTR McLEOD

IT WAS morning. Everything was very bright and white and shining. He went up the stairs slowly. When he got to the top he'd know. His eyes went straight to the first door. It stood open. The notice, "No visitors," was gone. People were moving in and out, quiet, matter-of-fact, carrying things, pillows, blankets, a suitcase—things she'd done with and left behind. The other door was still closed. Fast closed. "No visitors."

The young nurse came out of his sister's room. She saw his face. Her own tried hard to keep its professional composure.

"Yes," she said in a low voice. "This morning early. She was conscious at the end. She kept on asking, 'How is she?' and we told her, 'She's fine. She's sleeping like a baby.' And she said, 'Thank God. You see—we've no one else. We've got to live for each other.' And the next minute she was gone—"

He was still looking at the other door.

"Have they told her?"

"Yes. The doctor. He had to. There were arrangements—" She became brisk and firm. She did so want to be a good nurse. "Your sister's grand. She'll see you in a minute."

So he was alone again. He went over to the door and put his hand on it. He'd meant just to touch it—in a sort of reassurance—in an effort to reach her—to make her feel there was someone there. But instead he opened it and went in. He saw her. And yet in a way he did not see her at all. Not then. He didn't know whether she was just a child or a girl or a grown woman. He'd never asked. He didn't know whether she was pretty. It didn't matter. She was just all human grief.

He stood at the end of her bed, holding the rail with tense bloodless hands. But he was not ashamed or uncertain. He said:

"Please don't be afraid. You don't know me. But I'm not a stranger. Not really, I can't be. I mean—I know what's happened. And I wanted to tell you that you haven't been alone. You aren't now. You can't be—not with me feeling the way I do—"

She did not answer. She looked straight at him. She saw something that in all her life she would not forget—a young man's face shining with the white light of a pure compassion. The iron band about her heart broke. She made a little groping movement and he went to her and took her hand. He knelt down beside her and put his arm about her. To that fraternal embrace she turned and began to cry at last.

She was asleep when the nurse found them. He made an authoritative gesture, silencing her.

Girl with a VOICE

By Kyle Crichton

The meteoric career of Miss Martha Raye, showing you what can be accomplished in Hollywood by a well-placed yell

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE HURRELL

SHORTLY after 2:17 of a cold California morning, Louie Prima stopped pushing that cracked voice of his around, waved his trumpet in an agitated circle and led a chorus which was yelling:

"Martha! Martha!"

The sad-faced guitar player looked no more doleful than ever, the pudgy clarinet gentleman beamed, the pianist looked over his shoulder with interest and the bozo operating the bull fiddle showed signs of pleasure.

"Martha!" everybody yelled and the coaxing didn't need to continue long, for Martha Raye got up from a table and started to sing.

It wasn't the Trocadero or the Clover Club or the Casanova, but merely Louie Prima's Famous Door in Hollywood, a place no larger than your grandmother's front parlor.

She sang My Memories and I've Got You Under My Skin and two other late ones, with Louie sitting on a chair on the silly little platform which serves as an orchestra stand in the Famous Door, accompanying her with discreet toots on his horn. She wasn't getting a cent for it and she wasn't impressing anybody of importance because the only other celebrity was a featured player who had been dragged in by proletarian friends.

It was merely what Martha Raye had been working up to from early morning. She had got up at six, had been on the set at Paramount doing Waikiki Wedding from nine to six, and had then done two broadcasts, one at 6:30 and another at 8:30. The Prima appearance was just something for her own amusement.

"I sang in them back in the days when a pretzel was a full meal," she says. "Why should I stop now?"

The only reason she should stop, says the studio in shocked tones, is that she is giving away a year's salary of a section hand every time she opens her mouth.

"Look at me," says Martha in reply. "What a mouth. . . . And it's open."

The Raye story is one of the epics of Hollywood. Slightly over a year ago she was singing in the Casanova Club, a typical night-club entertainer and trouper. It was on one of the famous Sunday nights at the Trocadero, however, that she sold herself to the movies. She got up in that audience of swells and bigwigs and literally tore the roof off the joint.

"When I opened my mouth, they thought it was a cave-in," she says. "They could hear me in Santa Barbara."

Adolf Zukor sent his card over; Darryl Zanuck sent a man over to her table; Norman Taurog, the director, came over in person. It was almost too easy. She finally signed with Paramount and they wrote a part for her into Rhythm on the Range, which was already in production. Now she has picture contracts and radio contracts and gives endorsements for beauty creams, which in some respects seems a bit too much, but what of it?

"It's a cinch!" cries Martha. "All you need is a lot of talent and being able to do without meals for a year or two."

She comes of a theatrical family and for years was the little girl in Reed and Hooper, along with her brother. Reed was Papa and Hooper was Mamma. Later the act became Bud and Margie Reed, Margie being Martha's real name.

"I was born in the theater at Butte, Montana," says Martha, "but I don't remember anything about it. The one I remember is Bud. The old man had a tab show and we were stranded in Grand Rapids, Mich. That was when Bud was born. We couldn't afford a doctor and the chorus girls in the troupe delivered the baby. I can remember them running around with hot water."

The Road Down

The Reeds were eternally having their ups and downs. At one time when the act was known as Bud and Margie Reed, they got $400 a week. That was the top and they soon started slipping.

"I never could understand it," says Martha. "We were just as good as we ever had been."

The descent was rapid when it began and they went from scattered weeks of work to split weeks in Passaic and finally to club work.

"We'd go sixty miles for a $15 date," says Martha. "Some Elks' Club or something having a Saturday night binge."

The only thing they hung onto was their car because without it they wouldn't have been able to get anything. They could make a few meals out of the $15 date and get their gasoline money.

"We slept in the car," says Martha. "We had a little scenery for the act and the old man had that packed so it made a platform level with the tops of the front and back seats. Ma and Bud and I slept back there on top of the scenery and the old gent curled up in front. Don't worry, you can sleep when you're tired."

About that time they began to figure out that the family could probably make more money if it split up. A good single could often make as much as a whole

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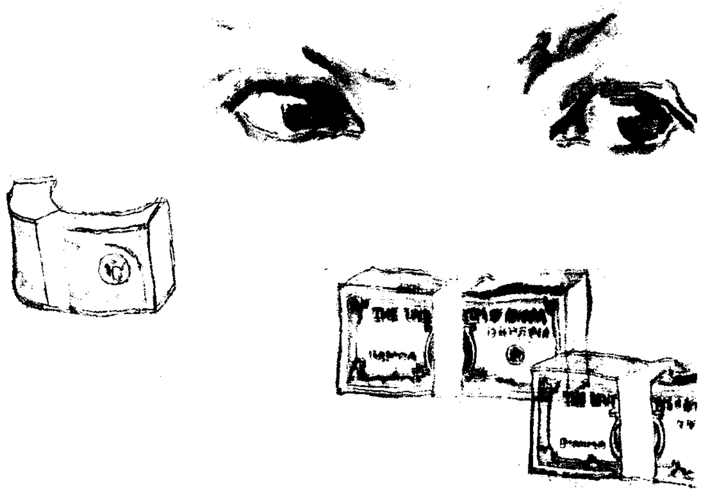


New Evidence

By Frank Kilroe

Why Martin Dugan, who made one mistake, never knew it. The dramatic finish of a young man too clever for the police

CARL MUELLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

THE drawing room of the old Reading house was a formal place, quiet with the prearranged, almost ominous hush of a stage set in a silent theater. There was so little out of place, so little to indicate that it was part of a house still used for living, that you were surprised to hear the faint lilting of the maids' voices off in the kitchen wing, to notice that the magazines laid carefully in the rack were not last year's or older.

The conference would be held there this afternoon, as soon as the toxicologist from Albany submitted his report on the autopsy. It was, as Mrs. Reading had said, a matter best settled within the four walls of her home.

Archie Somers, the county prosecutor, was coming over with the report. They would decide when he came what action to take. Until then, there was nothing for Mrs. Reading to do but wait, and let her unresting mind run over for the hundredth time the things that had come before.

It was not quite a year since Martin Dugan came to Readington. That would always be an easy day for her to remember, the afternoon he first entered her house. The telegram had come the day before from Alice in New York, announcing the marriage. She and Polly were waiting tea for the newlyweds and expecting nothing but the worst.

He came in as though he knew it, stiffly, with his face set against the certainty of her disapproval and his thin lips twisted into what tried to be a properly filial smile. Not even having Alice there by his side, laughing fondly at him and saying, "A son-in-law I picked up for you in the city, Mother," had dispelled the chill of that first meeting.

It was inevitable, of course. He knew she must have seen the story the New York papers had made of his runaway marriage to Alice. The Reading name had been a favorite with the metropolitan scandalmongers ever since Cousin Will Reading set forth on his arduous career as a collector, husband, and constant litigant of Broadway's more acquisitive show girls. The marvel to Mrs. Reading was that the papers had made as little as they had of this midnight elopement of an obscure young lawyer with a girl who was heiress to the fabulous Reading carpet fortune and all the Readington domain that went with it.

They had made enough of it for Martin, though. He sat through his initial interview with Mrs. Reading, on the edge of his chair, with his teacup held nervously before him, as if he wanted to be ready to set it down and leave as soon as she had told him he would never do.

As the head of the Reading family, that might have been expected of her. But Mrs. Reading was never very good at feigning sternness. All through the gentle agony of their forced and halting conversation, she found herself wondering how Alice, whose tastes had always run to playboys, had fallen in love with this solemn young man, as she so obviously had, and how, having managed that, she had inveigled him into the recklessness of a midnight marriage at Armonk, or wherever the place was.

And so, unable to be forbidding, Mrs. Reading ended by liking him. It was a fondness she would never share with her younger daughter.

"I think he's hideous," Polly burst out that first evening. "With all the men in the world for Alice to choose, that she should take such a stick."

"Don't be a silly," her mother told her. "People aren't supposed to like their relatives-in-law. Especially headstrong, intolerant young people like you. What do you suppose he thought of you, sulking in the corner as though the cat had your tongue."

"Whatever it is," Polly muttered indifferently, "if it's half as little as I think of—"

"No doubt it is," Mrs. Reading could remember saying. "He seemed a very good choice to me. Much better than we had any right to expect. A quiet, sober, well-mannered young man."

"The scheming type," Polly told her stubbornly. "Anyone could tell he married Alice for her money. That sharp look in his eyes. I think it's hideous. I think he's hideous."

Mrs. Reading laughed then. "You're a fool, Polly. One minute, he's a stick. The next minute, he's the scheming type. All that he really is is a stranger in a very difficult situation, being careful, as your young friends say, to keep his chin in. In the circumstances, your melodramatics are a little childish."

"I suppose now you'll be making a place for him in the business."

"We will speak of it," Mrs. Reading said. "The estate needs sons to manage it. That was a way in which I failed your father. As long as Martin is Alice's husband, and she loves him, there will be a place for him in my house and a place for him in Readington."

SO, EVEN at the beginning of it, she had been his friend against the others. On his second day in Readington, she asked him what plans he and Alice had made. She hoped he could see his way to settling down in Readington to help with the management of the family interests. The ten years she had spent alone at it after Harry Reading's death had been far from easy.

Her offer did not go a-begging with Martin. The gratitude in his heavy-lidded eyes was almost pathetic, she told herself, watching his thin lips shape the careful words of acceptance.

As a matter of fact, he said, he had hoped for such an opportunity. He had

"Martin stands to get all of Alice's money," Polly said. "And Martin made the drinks tonight; he and Alice drank them in the living room. Alone"

his own business in New York, of course—a partnership in a small law firm—but that was important only to himself. He knew how strong the Reading family tradition must be. Knowing it, he was thankful for this chance to work for it. There were a few affairs he would rather not give up, but they would need only an occasional trip to the city.

Mrs. Reading smiled at that. "Affairs?" she repeated.

"Business affairs," Martin assured her hastily. "A few little investments I'd like to keep my eye on."

Well, she thought, maybe it was best he was such a sobersides. The laughing lads were not often much for responsibility.

SHE drove him down to Ned Reynolds' office in the Reading Building that afternoon and had Ned start him through the maze of holdings that constituted the estate of Henry Reading. After that, he became a sort of general assistant to Ned as administrator of the Reading interests, and a very good man in the job. He knew a large measure of the law that Ned, as the late Harry Reading's drinking companion and fidus Achates, had never had the time or necessity to learn, and he never objected to handling the late business while Ned hustled off to his three-o'clock foursomes at the country club.

"A very unusual young fellow," Ned told Mrs. Reading one evening that summer, destroying a cocktail on her terrace. "It was a lucky day for the Reading family when he married into it, Louise. He works over Alice's money as though it were his own. He's almost doubled it for her in the six months since he came here. A little queer at times, of course—and standoffish when you first meet him. It took me a while to get on to him. And most of the fellows at the club are still a little leery of him. But all the same, the right sort."

Louise Reading, following his straying words, knew what he meant to say. There was something unknown about Martin—a quality of aloofness, abstractedness, so that, in the midst of a Readington dinner party, she would have the feeling that he was listening absently to his own polite words as he spoke them, as a child speaks a piece by heart, with his mind withdrawn behind his unblinking eyes to some other time and place.

"I know," she said. "At first, I thought it was a sort of shield against the people who disliked him. Heaven knows he has few enough friends among the young people even now. But it's not that. It's something deeper. I've seen him that way with Alice."

"Maybe," Ned suggested, "maybe it's just that he's really a stranger here. Things interest us because we've known about them all our lives."

He looked at Louise in surprise, as though he had just done a sum far beyond his powers.

She smiled. "Maybe it's that," she repeated. "Sheer boredom. I often suffer from it. Maybe Martin has the right idea."

But all the same, making a social success of her New York husband had been uphill work for Alice. Not that Martin stacked peas on a knife or corrected his hostess' mispronunciations of French words or committed any other overt atrocities. A little downright rudeness might have helped. At least it would have convinced Polly and the doubting younger set that he was entirely human and not some new, rather handsome kind of two-footed fish.

Mrs. Reading could remember days in those first weeks when Alice came to her baffled, or, on the bad days, crying, asking how she could ever make people realize how fine Martin really was.

"Let it wait," her mother told her then. "Things take a time. Martin is hard to know. You have to wait till people stop thinking of him as a stranger. It will come, without your forcing it."

And after a time, it began to. From putting up with him as Alice Reading's husband, people grew to lose their distrust of Martin, to feel that his white-corpuscled manner was natural to him. Then, like the villagers who set out to slay a neighboring dragon and ended up tendering the misunderstood reptile a testimonial dinner, they went around telling each other that Martin Dugan was really, in his queer way, a prince of a fellow, and how had they ever been so long discovering it? When Polly Reading admitted that perhaps she had been wrong about her brother-in-law, Alice's campaign was all but won.

NO ONE could ever have been as happy as she seemed at the end of it. Her mother had never seen her so gay. There were none of the old painful, tight-lipped silences the last afternoon she came to tea before her trip. Next day, she and Martin were leaving for New York and a Mediterranean cruise, and she was like a little girl chattering to Louise about it.

"It will be the way it was before we were married," she said. "Martin's been wonderfully patient about living here in Readington, but it's been hardly fair to him. The best of this trip is, no matter how much we spend, it really won't cost us anything—Martin's been so clever about my stocks. He's really terribly shrewd."

That evening, Polly gave the travelers a farewell party at the club. It must have been almost one o'clock when the phone on Mrs. Reading's night table began to ring. She picked it off the prongs.

(Continued on page 62)

An actual battle scene, with Chinese soldiers of the Kuomintang Army starting over the top in a battle in Honan Province

A Night in the Trenches

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient

Wing Tuck-Sing is a careful and conscientious workman. His business is corpse-production, the largest industry in the Orient. It doesn't matter to Wing for whom he works, so long as he has a good machine gun in his hands. He lives entirely in the present, without remembrance of the past or hope for the future

THAT hard staccato hammering you hear in the silver-and-blackness ahead will be Wing Tuck-Sing at work. He is on the night shift, working in a seven-mound graveyard in Shensi in northwestern China. He has worked in many burying grounds and likes them. The five-foot mounds, like inverted pudding bowls, let him do his job in comparative safety. They protect him from the similar labors of other coolies, working for competing outfits.

Wing has been in his present line of work since 1925, when he was sixteen or thereabouts, his parents not having kept notes. Two years ago he graduated from a manual laborer to a machine hand. It is his machine you hear. You may go up and watch him.

Better take a gulp of this sweet Chinese wine and button up your camel's-hair coat. It is cold up in that gap in the hills. The thin spring wind blows chill from the Siberian prairies far to the northward. Sort of dodge along, keeping to the shadows. There is a sort of valley beyond Wing's workplace, and other machine hands, down there, may be annoyed if they see you. Then they will try to do you bodily harm.

If you will sneak a look around this grave mound you will see Wing working. He is one of those two gray figures, squatting down in the shadow thrown by the white, high-riding moon. Those little orange bursts of flame come from the machine Wing is working. Now you can crawl on up, but better put on this tin helmet first.

Now you can see, dimly, five or six of Mr. Wing's co-workers. They are all clad, like himself, in gray quilted cotton, and squat around among the mounds. Some of them are sleeping; others are eating rice out of bowls.

Some of the mounds have trees growing out of them. The leaves glitter in the windy moonlight. A voice with a Boston accent says softly: "Come around here out of the wind, please. It is quite safe—if you do not stand up."

This will be Stuart Lee. When he was born in Canton twenty-six years ago, he was named Li Tsu-ah. In Mei-kua—America—where he was educated, his given names translated into Stuart and his family name into Lee. He is a sort of foreman over the machine hand, Wing, and also likes the night shift in graveyards. He now barks a few words at Wing, who grasps his machine with his left hand and its grips with his right. The staccato drumming starts again suddenly and the orange flame snaps and jumps. Then there is calm silence.

"A good little gun—that Hotchkiss," says Lee, with a touch of pride.

In China's new national army there are perhaps 20,000 young fellows like Lieutenant Lee, to give him his title. They are graduates of European and American and Chinese universities, finished off at the Whampoa Military Academy at Canton or the Central Academy at Nanking. They are all body and soul for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, because loyalty to him is as much part of their training as mathematics or tactics or ballistics.

Under Lieutenant Lee and the other youngsters, and the older veterans who learned war by rule of thumb, are anywhere from two to five million coolies in uniform. The official figure is just under two million. The Central government at Nanking freely admits, however, that perhaps a fourth of these owe allegiance to various unreconstructed war lords and Communist leaders rather than to the Kuomintang.

Shivers in Tokyo

Through a new conscription system in effect this year China hopes theoretically to have a potential army of one hundred million men between eighteen and forty-eight, all with some rudimentary military training. That's just a hope—but it causes a shiver or two in Tokyo sometimes.

Corporal Wing, to give him *his* title, is typical of the millions of cheerful, hardbitten, sunburned, trail-toughened Chinese who for the past few centuries have been engaged almost solely in the corpse-production industry. Sometimes they have produced white corpses; sometimes Japanese, Korean, Tibetan or Mongolian corpses. But mainly Chinese corpses. How many, no one knows. Chinese armies publish no casualty lists.

"Yes, you can look if you like," says Lieutenant Lee. "Keep your helmet on. Pull up your coat collar and keep your hands before your face so the moon will not catch it. The village we are besieging is only half a mile away."

You hold your gloved hands as directed, peering through your fingers around the side of the grave mound. The gravelly ground slopes away gently, a few trees showing white in the blackness. Out in the valley is a mud village. That bigger bulk in the center will be a Buddhist temple. There is a sort of rough mud wall around the place, crumbled in spots where shells have hit it. Between the village and where you are the slope is littered with debris and long dark forms. These are the results of the labors of Corporal Wing and his fellow workers. Among the corpses prowl savage brown-haired dogs.

Little orange spurts of fire stab the darkness. The faint rattle of guns rushes up the slopes. Away to your left a trench mortar barks and, peering between your fingers, you can see the explosion as the shell hits the mud wall and sends a dust-fountain skyward. The dust drifts away on the wind.

A coolie in somebody's uniform becomes a Chinese soldier, with a lifetime job

The soldiers over in the mud village are irregulars, part of the rag, tag and bobtail army of a fat general who has aspirations to be a Chinese Napoleon. But they might as well be Manchukuoans or Japanese, Mongolians or any other rebels—just coolies in uniform, wearing their masters' livery, killing and being killed. It is all one to Corporal Wing, although he prefers making Japanese corpses. He has been taught to hate the Japanese and he has always wondered dimly why it was necessary for him to squirt lead at other Chinese workmen.

Still, it was a way of life. You worked for a man up above. Sometimes he gave you a few dirty bills, or let you loot a captured town. You got a new corpse-making machine not too long after the rifling had worn smooth in the old one. You fought when, as and if—and if you didn't like it, there was nothing you could do about it.

"We will have Corporal Wing tell us about his life," says Lieutenant Lee, as you draw back into the shelter of the mound, beside the Hotchkiss. While you settle yourself comfortably and pray there won't be any corpse-manufacturing activity for a while, he talks rapidly to the gunner. This is what you learn:

In the Szechuen village where Wing was born the condition of the peasants went from bad to worse. They were taxed forty years in advance. They got deeper and deeper into debt to the landlord. On a Chinese New Year's Day in 1924, Wing's father could not pay his land rent. No wonder! In the spring the landlord had lent him 135 pounds of rice for seed. This cost $10 and Wing the elder had been charged up with $10 worth of rice. In the fall, he had to repay $10 worth of rice—which by then meant 500 pounds, the price having fallen.

How Wing Became a Soldier

So he could not pay, and though he and his wife and the children cried and beat their foreheads on the ground and wept loudly, the landlord was adamant and their few *mow* of land were taken away. They sold a daughter for $7.50, burned much joss paper, served without wages at the great feasts of their lord—even subscribed a few coppers for a red embroidered robe for a new concubine imported from Swatow.

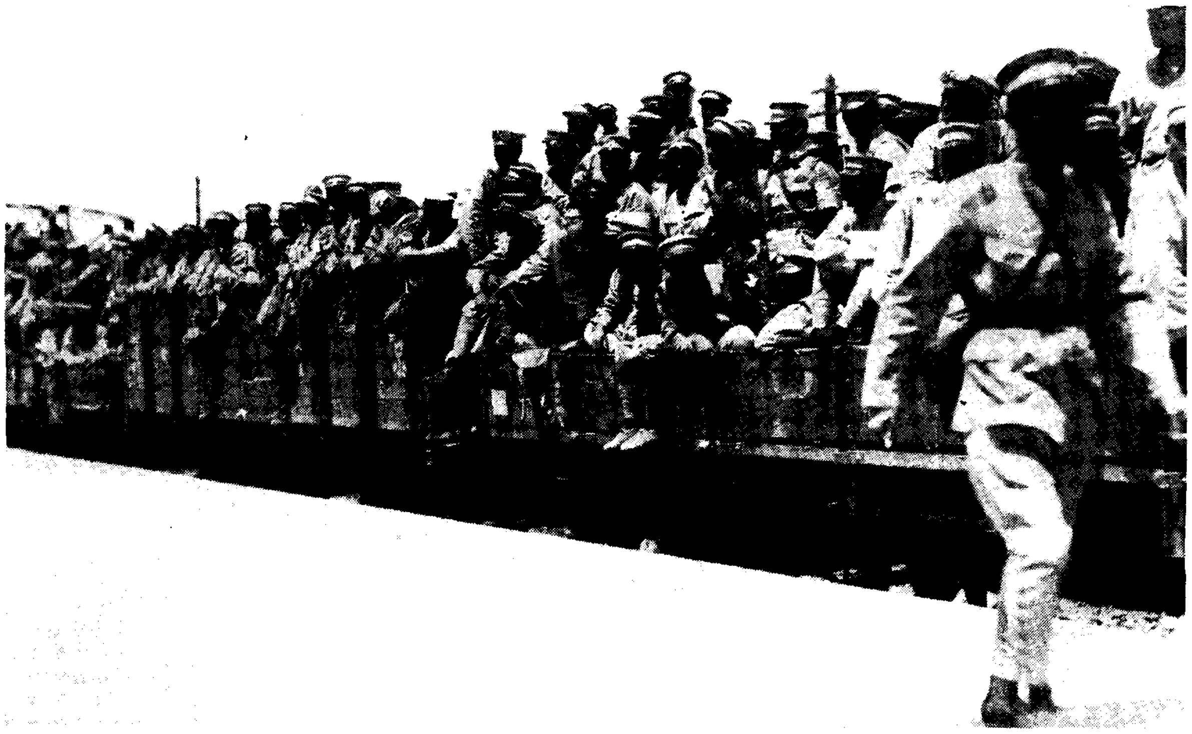
But their land went and they became serfs. So did hundreds of other peasants—and presently the flame of revolt swept across the province. But the landlords made heavy gifts to a war lord and one day when young Wing was working in the fields a company of the war lord's ragged troopers came along and gathered him in. In a mud town fifty *li* away they flung a tattered uniform at him, hung bandoliers of shells crisscross over his chest, handed him an old Russian rifle—and there he was, in the army.

When you are in a Chinese army, you are in—and no foolin'. There are no home-leaves, or getting married, or stepping out around the town at night in mufti or getting a pay check every month and low prices at the canteen, as in the sissy armies of the West. You are just a coolie in uniform—a factory hand in the corpse-producing industry with a life job.

Being a lad of spirit, Wing tried to run home, but they dropped gun butts on his toes and took away his pants and locked him up in a broken-down temple at night. When his spirit was broken, they drilled him ten hours a day, gave him six dollars Mex a month—some months—and let him buy his own rice and vegetables, with a trifle of meat once in a while.

For the first few years Wing and his fellow uniformed coolies ranged up and down the middle provinces. Many of them were killed. Others died. There was no medical service, hardly any transport. Guns wore out and were replaced only after a victory, or when the loot of a capital furnished money for the munitions salesmen.

It was an army without women. When they captured a city and marched through it, eying the sing-song girls in the balconies, they marched straight on through and out into the open *(Continued on page 60)*



Chinese railroads find the bulk of their business in transporting troops and military equipment back and forth in various disturbed areas

Rifle, tin hat, gas mask and blanket roll transform the coolie into a soldier

A Child of the People

How to keep your sanity though married to a writer. Some very sound advice from a lady who leaped first and looked later

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

MOM always said: "My goodness, Nadina, don't *anything* ever excite you?" And Pop always said: "Look at Nadina, cool as a cucumber!" And as for Nadina's three brothers, why they were alla time trying to get a rise out of Nadina with such remarks as: "Hi-yah, Poker Face," or "Don't look now, but Boris Karloff is right behind you, Sis!"

Just as though a girl has to be alla time squealing and giggling and oh-ing and ah-ing about nothing. Besides, where would the Clorter family be if somebody didn't keep their head? Poor Mom had two fainting spells when Nadina and her folks moved from Pulaski, Iowa, to Inglewood, California, which is just four miles across La Brea Avenue from Hollywood. Pop got the nervous indigestion he was so excited over running a hotel in Inglewood. Joe, Henry and Olaf had the fidgets about girls and jobs; they weren't a bit of use, the big mutts, when it came to getting settled in Inglewood.

A girl that is raised in such an excitable family, why she sees pretty quick how silly it is, the rest of them throwing conniption fits that way, and she makes up her mind not to. As Nadina often said: "Why all the excitement? Inglewood is just like any other town and a hotel is just a business."

When, therefore, this fella, Mr. Dick Dorgan, arrived at the Clorter Hotel and Café six weeks after business was going good, Nadina took the matter calmly. In justice to Pop and Mom and sundry Inglewood bystanders it should be stated that Mr. Dick Dorgan's arrival *was* a mite peculiar.

Nadina, manager and cashier of the café, saw an expensive although somewhat battered roadster careen to the curb in front of the café. The car was driven by a tall, thin young man wearing smoked glasses, a loud plaid sports coat and polka dot muffler. A great Dane dog, a typewriter, golf clubs, tennis rackets and half a dozen kit bags and cases occupied the rest of the roadster. Mr. Dorgan was followed by a taxicab loaded with book boxes, trunks and what later proved to be cases of liquor. The general effect seemed to indicate that Mr. Dorgan had everything he owned with him and that he was just arriving from, let us say, New York.

WELL, this fella marched straight into the café and, looking all around, said: "I'm in Inglewood!"

"Yeah, that's right," said the taxi driver.

"Right?" said Mr. Dorgan. "It's an inspiration! They'll never find me here! Barney would never think of looking for me in Inglewood!"

Pop and Mom, rubbering from the lobby entrance, thought Mr. Dorgan was a fugitive from justice. That was because they had got excited. But Nadina took one look at Mr. Dorgan and could tell from the funny way his short blond mustache kinda grinned that the poor fella was honest even although he might be not very bright kind of.

"Did you wish to register, sir?" Nadina asked.

Mr. Dorgan removed his smoked glasses and took one look at Nadina.

"Ah!" said Mr. Dorgan. "A child of the people! Yes—definitely a child of the people!"

He walked around so he could see more of Nadina, who was standing behind the cashier's desk. And without answering her question, he turned to the taxi driver and remarked: "I told you Inglewood was the place! Four miles over the hill from Hades—four thousand miles in reality. She proves it!"

By this time Pop and Mom were frightened; Mom gasped something to Pop and Pop moved resolutely into the café.

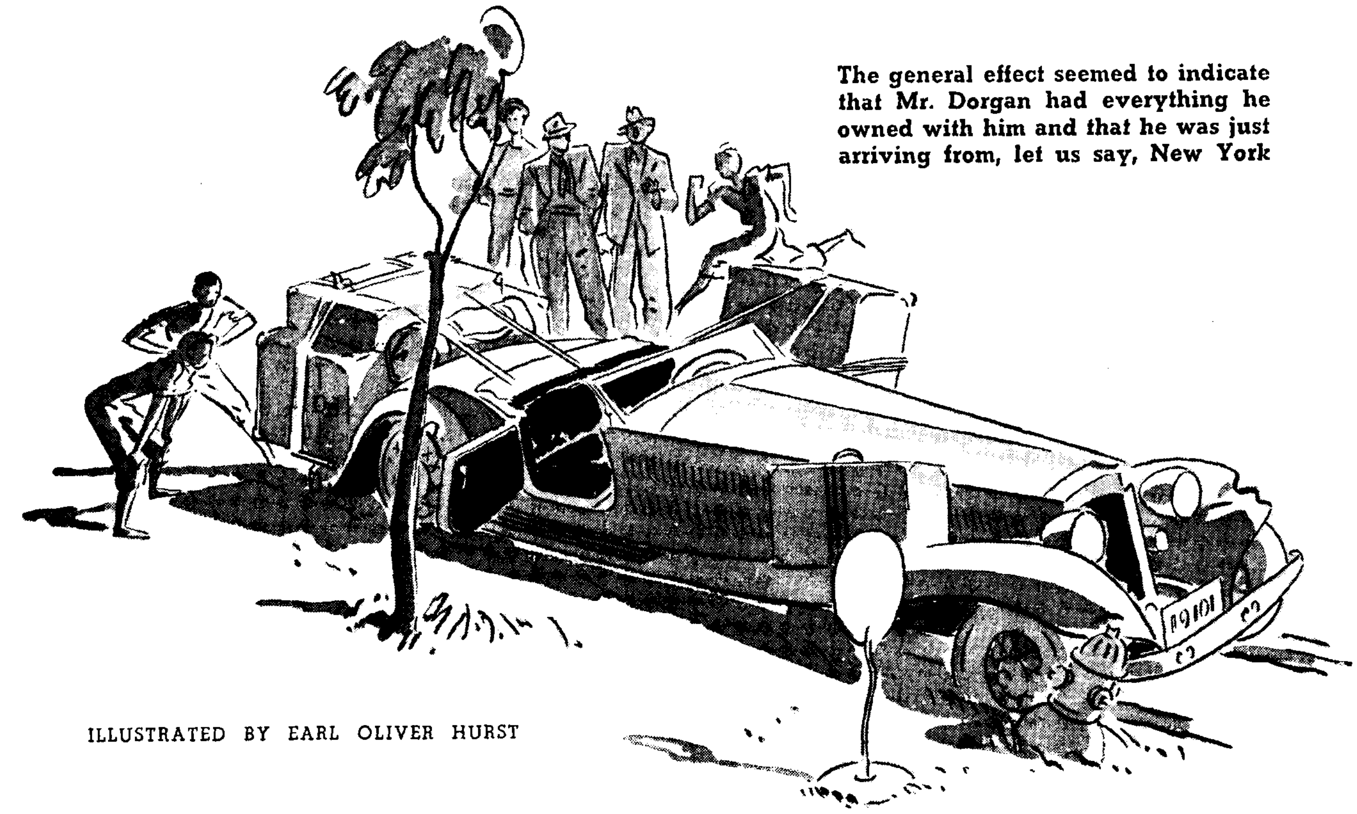
"I reckon it's Hollywood you want, bub," Pop said. "You've overshot it about five miles. You go down two blocks to the main street and turn right—"

Mr. Dorgan stared and Nadina was simply mortified to death. However far this man had traveled, he did not want to land in Hollywood. He had said in so many words that Inglewood was the place.

"He ain't lost, Pop," Nadina said. And then, looking at Mr. Dorgan levelly, "This is the Clorter Hotel and Café. Do you wanta be a guest here?"

Mr. Dorgan nodded.

"I do, my child," he exclaimed. "I do!"



The general effect seemed to indicate that Mr. Dorgan had everything he owned with him and that he was just arriving from, let us say, New York

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

"How long are you expecting to wanta stay?"

"Forever."

"A week, anyway? We have a special rate by the week, American plan—"

Pop interrupted, saying to the taxi driver: "Don't tell me you fellers come all the way from back East?"

The taxi driver snorted.

"Naw. Jest from Hollywood."

"Him too?"

"Yeah."

Then Mom really got excited. Nadina could tell that it seemed to Mom like why a man was absolutely crazy to leave Hollywood with such an outfit and settle down in Inglewood.

"All our rooms are taken, young man!" Mom said.

Poor Mr. Dorgan acted awfully disappointed. He looked at Mom and Pop and Nadina, shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "And there was no room at the inn," he murmured. Then, before Nadina could smooth it over, he said angrily, "I get it! Barney Prosnitz knew I was coming here! How much did he pay you? How much?"

Pop and Mom were so upset by all this that they started to edge toward the telephone booth. But Nadina simply did not see anything to get wrought up about. A fella might have perfectly good reasons for coming to Inglewood.

"We don't know Mr. Prosnitz," Nadina said, "and nobody paid us anything. Do you want a room and bath? It'll be four-fifty a day American plan—"

WELL, after it was all over, Nadina certainly had the laugh on Pop and Mom for getting so flustery. Mr. Dorgan engaged not one room but four, counting the large cleaning closet for his dog. He agreed to pay fifteen dollars a day for these accommodations and tendered a one-hundred-dollar bill on account. When Nadina said she would get change from the bank, Mr. Dorgan said: "You have trusted me and I cannot do less. Noblesse oblige!" This meant that Mr. Dorgan was willing to leave the whole hundred dollars on account.

As added evidence of good faith, Mr. Dorgan unpacked all his books, hung several genuine oil paintings on the wall of No. 214, put down a real Turkish rug on the floor and paid $15.95 for a sunbowl heater in the bathroom. All this the first afternoon.

"He's maybe not right bright," Nadina insisted, at a family conference before dinner, "but so far the poor man hasn't done a thing to be suspicious of and he's a sure-paying proposition. Why all the *excitement?*"

"He'll murder us in our beds," Mom said.

"I ought to have the police look him over," Pop said.

Brothers Olaf and Joe, who worked in the oil field at Torrance, and Brother Henry, who was a mechanic at the Municipal Airport, had inspected Mr. Dorgan while he lost a prodigal number of nickels in a slot machine in the lobby. They viewed the new guest with the amused tolerance of brawny six-footers.

"Just a Hollywood gigolo," Olaf said.

"His wife's after him for alimony," Joe said.

"That guy? He wouldn't hurt a flea," Henry said.

Comforted by these opinions and the man power of the brothers Clorter, Mom and Pop agreed to await some outburst of criminality on the part of Mr. Dorgan before calling the police.

"I bet he isn't married," Nadina said.

Mr. Dorgan's first outbreak occurred at dinner time. Georgie, one of the waitresses, came into the kitchen where Nadina was superintending and read, grimly, from her order pad:

"Cav-i-are canapé, bortsch with sour cream—he says that's beet soup—breast of pheasant under glass, a joint of larded beef, soufflé potatoes—an' the rest of it is French I couldn't get. And, oh, yes, he wants a baby lamb with its throat fresh cut for his dog!"

Nadina frowned.

"Wasn't he joking?" she said.

Georgie looked puzzled.

"He didn't crack a smile, Miss Clorter. Acted like we'd have everything he ordered—"

Nadina, with a fresh dress and hastily arranged finger wave in her shiny walnut hair, marched out to Mr. Dorgan's table. She found Mr. Dorgan mixing cocktails in water tumblers, apparently for all the other diners.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dorgan. We haven't got any of those things you ordered."

Mr. Dorgan beamed at her boyishly.

"Just a gag, child of the people," he said. "I'll settle for ham and eggs and fried potatoes."

"All right. We can serve them."

"Wait—join me in a spot of Dorgan's Dew or Don't?"

"Thank you. I don't drink liquor."

"Just a gag, my child." He got up, tucked a napkin across his front, stuck lumps of sugar on it with chewing gum to represent shirt studs, and then, with the whole table as a tray, proceeded to serve all the other customers with drinks.

NADINA did not get excited, but for the first time she wavered in her defense of Mr. Dorgan. It seemed like, why he really was touched in the head. So, when Mr. Dorgan finished his solemn round with the drinks, Nadina called for a showdown.

"Are you a mental patient, Mr. Dorgan?" she inquired, matter-of-factly. "If you are, I think you'd better go back!" Then, seeing Mom frantically signaling to Pop in the lobby, she added, "Before Pop calls the police."

Mr. Dorgan beamed at Nadina in a very friendly way and showed no tendency to resent her question. Had Nadina lost *her* head she would have done Mr. Dorgan a grave injustice. For it seemed like, when Mr. Dorgan explained it all, the most natural thing in the world for a poor fella like he to be hiding in Inglewood.

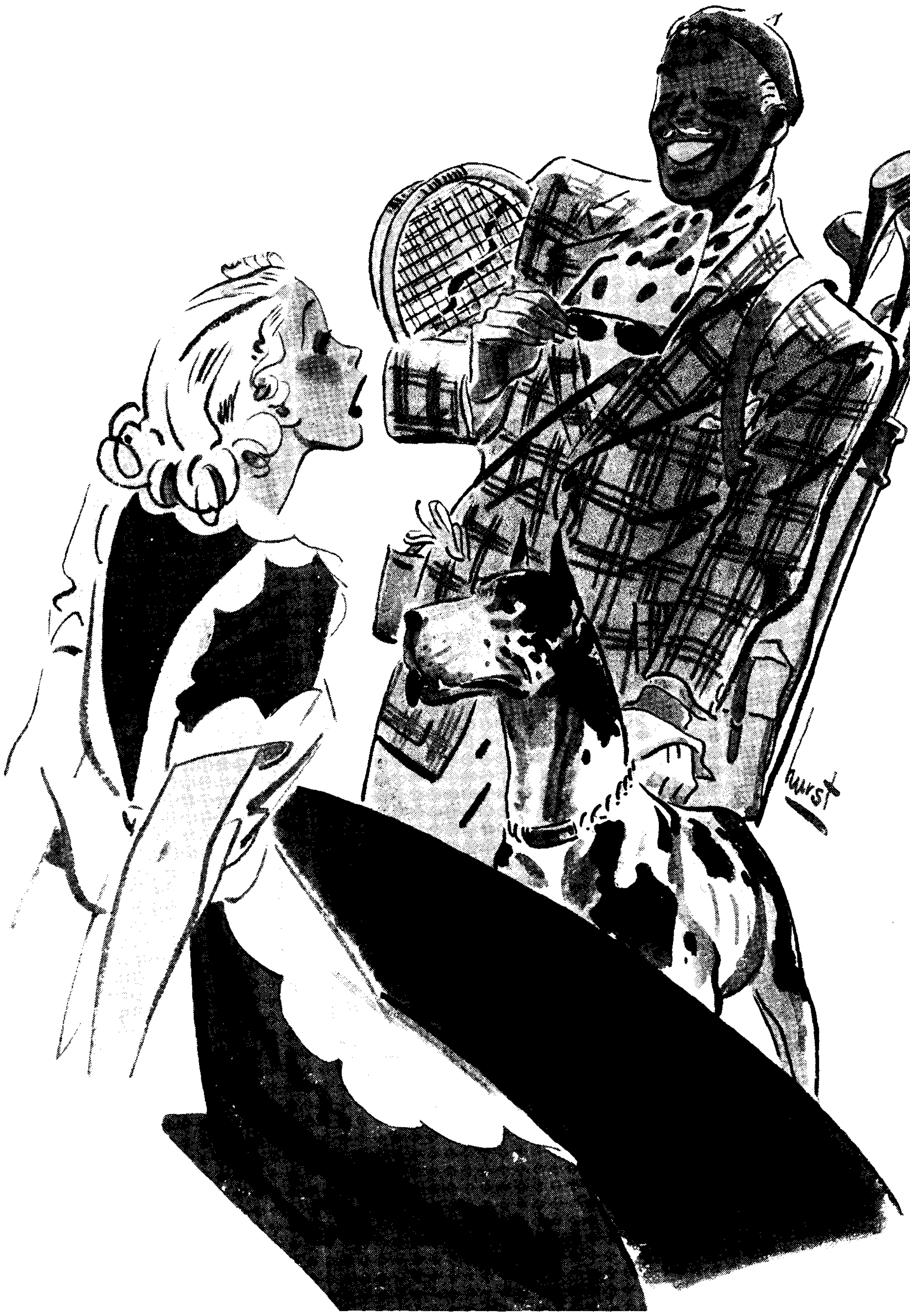
The simple facts were that Mr. Dorgan was not insane and had no insanity in his family. Mr. Dorgan was a Hollywood gag man. A gag man is a fella who thinks up funny stunts to put in the movies, like when the Ritz brothers bump their heads on a low ceiling. Mr. Dorgan worked, until 9:27 o'clock that very morning, for Mr. Barney Prosnitz, president of Continental Pictures. This Mr. Barney Prosnitz was an awful mean and crooked fella that just simply drove poor Mr. Dorgan to the verge of a nervous breakdown with his cruelness. He was crushing Mr. Dorgan's higher life; Mr. Dorgan was sick and tired of writing gags all day and wanted to write a book with some truth and beauty in it.

Mr. Barney Prosnitz paid Mr. Dorgan three hundred and fifty dollars a week—this was the only fact which Nadina questioned—for writing gags all day long. Mr. Dorgan thought he should be paid at least a thousand dollars a week and even at that he would rather starve and write truth and beauty in Inglewood than work for such a true villain as Mr. Prosnitz. So Mr. Dorgan had run away to Inglewood and he was afraid that Mr. Prosnitz would find him and make him come back to the studio.

"He couldn't do that," Nadina said. "It would be against the law."

"Law? Ha! Barney writes his own laws. But he'll never look for me here. Ensenada, Palm Springs, Del Monte, Catalina—yes. Inglewood—no."

Nadina smiled. "Even if he did find you, he couldn't make you work for him any more, Mr. Dorgan."



Mr. Dorgan removed his smoked glasses and took one look at Nadina. "Ah!" said Mr. Dorgan. "A child of the people! Yes—definitely a child of the people!"

"I'll starve first!"

"You shouldn't be afraid. Even if Mr. Prosnitz is a gangster, we have honest cops in Inglewood."

It seemed like, why Mr. Dorgan was a very excitable person like Pop and Mom. He acted like Mr. Prosnitz could *make* him write gags for pictures against his will; when anyone knows you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. Mr. Dorgan acted like Inglewood and the Clorter Hotel was his last refuge; that if Pop and Mom made him leave it would be the end of the world.

Nadina gave Mr. Dorgan a good piece of her mind.

"I think that's silly," she said. "You're acting up as though real life is like the movies. Things like you're talking about don't happen in Inglewood—or any place outside of Hollywood. Truly, they don't!"

Poor Mr. Dorgan. He wasn't very old, even if his hair was beginning to thin out at his temples. He grabbed Nadina's hand like a scared little boy and said: "You're just what I need, child of the people! I bless you!"

Nadina shook her head.

"No, you need sleep and good solid food and plain water to drink, Mr. Dorgan. You ought to go to bed right after dinner."

MR. DORGAN squeezed Nadina's hand and said: "No. You must talk to me. You must talk to me of your wholesome world, full of homely truth and simple beauty. You can save me!"

"I will talk to you," Nadina said, flatly, "if you will stop acting like Robert Montgomery and Gene Raymond in the parts of pictures where everybody acts silly!"

Mr. Dorgan blinked at her.

"You mean—mustn't gag?"

"No. I don't like gags."

Mr. Dorgan laughed.

"Child of the people, I love you!" he said.

After dinner, there was another family crisis. Nadina announced she was going for a walk with Mr. Dorgan. Mom got excited and said she could. Pop got excited and said he'd call the police sure. Joe and Henry and Olaf were unanimous in forbidding Nadina even to talk to Mr. Dorgan. Nadina began, calmly, to explain Mr. Dorgan to her folks—

(Continued on page 43)

Six Golden Angels

By Max Brand

The Story Thus Far:

J. J. LEGGETT, whose fortune is estimated at thirty million dollars, gives a dinner party in his beautiful New York penthouse. His guests are: Huge, jovial Mike Ravenna, his closest friend; Jimmy Hickey, a columnist; Porter Brant, a theatrical producer; Elspeth Claussen and her husband, Eric; young David Ryder, his nephew, just back from Europe after twelve years spent abroad; the Countess Lalo; Marene Sutherland; Sydney Galloway, Leslie Carton and Eileen Durante.

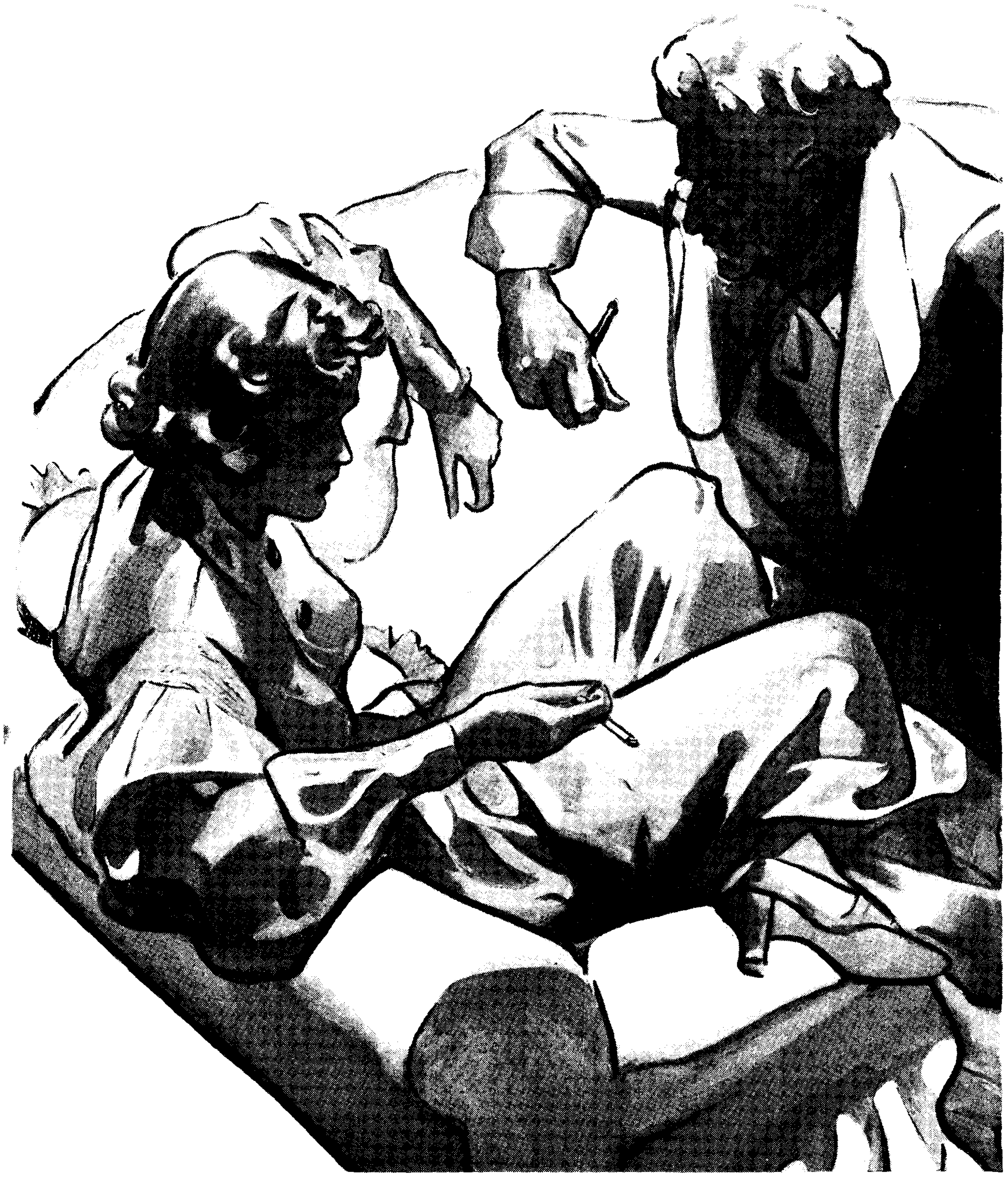
As the dinner begins, Leggett makes a startling announcement: Someone present, a secret enemy, has betrayed him. He will soon know who this enemy is; a messenger, he says, is now on his way to tell him the whole story!

After the dinner, the guests (each woman carrying with her a favor: a small golden angel) scatter over the penthouse. A few minutes later, Ryder finds his uncle, dead, in his study. Someone has shot him; and someone has left, beside the body, *a small golden angel!* The police declare it to be suicide. Ryder attempts to learn which of the women has lost her golden angel. The women (all blond, all beautiful) decline, on one pretext or another, to show him their favors!

Ryder makes an important discovery: Leggett's will—a new one, intended to supersede an old one—has disappeared. *In that will, the new one*, Leggett had made Ryder the heir to almost all of his vast estate!

Ryder then employs a detective: Hans Seelig. Seelig notifies him, by telephone, that Leslie Carton is conferring with Elia Gonelli, a man with a sinister reputation, in "Tony's," a restaurant where criminals congregate.

His suspicions aroused by what Seelig tells him, he hurries to the restaurant. The girl and Gonelli are seated in a booth. Taking up a position near them, Ryder listens as they talk. The girl is, unmistakably, infatuated with Gonelli. After a time, Gonelli laughs. "Why," he asks, "do pretty girls like Gonelli so much?" "Because," the girl says softly, "you are so bad."



"If Ryder's the person you're afraid of," she said, "I don't blame you for turning white"

IV

I AM not very bad. Oh, no!" said Gonelli, laughing.

Leslie Carton laughed, also.

"That girl who lived in the same room I have, she liked you, too, Elia, didn't she?" asked Leslie Carton.

"She begin to like Elia," he answered. "H-m-m! Yes. Pretty much. But too quick she has gone away. You, *cara*, you will not be gone away too quick?"

"Why should I go away?" asked Leslie Carton.

"Dorrie was one pretty thing with smiling and smiling and smiling," said Gonelli. "*Dio mio,* I feel her smiling now, behind my eyes, in my brain. Here—wait—there is her picture."

Even the rustling of the paper was audible. Ryder picked at his food to make a confusion on his plate. He could not eat. The acrid red wine went down his throat like bitter water, without strength.

"It's a newspaper picture of her, isn't it?" asked Leslie Carton. "Out of a Sunday supplement? Was she as well known as that?"

"No, but to see her once is to wish to have the picture for remembering. See how she runs through her dance. So! Like a boy she is running. The picture was taken at Francisco's when she was on the stage. She has no fat hips that go joggle, joggle! To see her is like singing in your throat. It is to laugh and be young. . . . Who is *that* girl? you say. You take all the rest. I will choose her. . . ."

"She'll come back. You'll surely see her again, Elia."

"No, never again," said Elia, heavily.

"Why do you think not?"

"Never again," said Elia.

"But lots of girls disappear for a while and come to life again," insisted Leslie Carton.

"Listen!" said Gonelli. "When she is gone, she is gone! She will not come again. God give us pity! Never again! . . . Now what you think? You look very funny. Are you sick?"

"There's no air in here," said Leslie Carton. "That's all. I think I want to leave this place."

"Why not?" asked the gallant Gonelli. "Sure we leave here right now. You wait a minute and I come right back."

His chair pushed back and his step departed. A moment later Leslie Carton passed slowly by the booth of Ryder with a white face. He jumped up and touched her arm.

"Do you want to wait for the Italian? Shall I take you out?" he asked.

"Yes, quickly," she whispered.

He left five dollars in the waiter's hand as he took her out to the sidewalk and into the first taxicab. The proprietor came running and jerked open the door of the car.

"This is no kind of thing!" he cried. "Suppose that Mr. Gonelli asks me where . . . ?"

Ryder counted out five-dollar bills, four of them, and held them out.

"If she went back to the ladies' room, how can you know what became of her?" asked Ryder.

"Gonelli—how he will curse!"

"And how sorry you will be, eh? Hurry back and tell the waiters they haven't seen her go out."

"*Signore,* I see you are a man who understands. Goodby, sir . . . On Thursday nights there are ravioli. . . ."

"DRIVE on, anywhere," ordered Ryder of the driver. The car slipped off into the push of the traffic.

As she lay back against the seat with her head canted a little to one side, he could hear her panting and he watched her eyes close and open and close again. She was fighting like a man, silently, to recover. He twisted his hat into a fan and worked a current of air against her face. The pitching of the car swayed her head to one side, against his shoulder. He put his arm around the limpness of her body and with his other hand steadied her head against his shoulder. The nausea was still in her face and the sick dullness in her eyes. She looked so like a helpless child that Ryder kissed her, and with a vague joy and disgust felt her respond. Her eyes were closed, her lips slightly pursed, and he kissed her mouth again, before she sat up. She leaned forward a little and he withdrew his arm. Almost in an instant she had established between them as much distance as ever existed. It was as though she had taken from him that strength which was necessary—as though she were familiar with this prescription. The second thought poured a cold loathing through him.

He decided to ask his question now, no matter what the shock of it did to her.

"It wasn't Dorrie's name that upset you?" he asked.

"Dorrie? Dorrie Innis?" she repeated rather sharply. "What in the world is she to me?"

"Nothing?"

"I'm living in the room she used to have; and the poor girl disappeared; maybe it *was* the thought of her that stifled me. . . . Why did you follow me to Tony's?"

"Because I thought you might need me."

"Need you?"

"Yes . . . when I saw you with a thug like that Gonelli. . . ."

"He's really not a thug at all."

"Ah?"

"No, in spite of his bad English. We'd all be clumsier than that in his own Italian, I suppose."

"He seems all right?"

"He's very unusual. I never met a man like him."

"He's a fine, handsome fellow," said Ryder, remembering the brutal mouth and the lechery in the eyes.

"*Isn't* he good-looking!" said Leslie Carton, with enthusiasm.

He looked down at her, amazed; and some of the words of Hans Seelig returned unpleasantly to his mind.

"Do you know what he is?" he asked.

"In part, only."

"He's a third-rate thug with the morals of a tomcat."

"I wonder if he is, though?" mused Leslie Carton, her head a little to one side, her lips smiling.

"Does he interest you, really, or was it just a game of some sort?" asked Ryder.

"Why in the world should I play a game?" she wanted to know.

RYDER made no answer. After a time, he said, "Where do you want to go?"

"I'll take another cab presently. You won't be going my way."

"I'll take you where you want."

"No, I'd rather you didn't."

They turned through a crowded street, for the warmth of the night brought a crowd onto the pavement. On Second Avenue the car turned south.

"Here!" she called out suddenly. "I'll stop here!"

At the corner he helped her out.

"You've been frightfully kind," said she. "Will you do a last thing for me?"

"I suppose so," said Ryder.

"Then don't wait to see where I go."

"Very well," he said.

"Goodby, Mr. Ryder, and thank you again!"

He let her go and climbed back into the cab.

"Kind of a funny thing, ain't it?" asked the driver. "I mean, the way you pick 'em up, and the way they throw you out!"

When he got back to the penthouse, he found Mr. Seelig waiting for him.

"I had to know," said Seelig. "Was it good? Wouldn't she talk in the taxicab?"

"How did you know that I was in a cab with her?"

"Why, Mr. Ryder, we are watching her day and night. D'you think that I'd trust untrained eyes like *yours* to keep track of her? I've been enjoying a few reports on the telephone, here."

Ryder grinned.

"You have a man watching her right now?" he asked.

"Right now. Yes, sir."

"Good!" said Ryder.

He got Ravenna on the telephone.

"You know Leslie Carton fairly well, do you?" he asked.

"Of course I do!" said Ravenna.

"You might do her a favor, Mike. Tell her that a certain Elia Gonelli is a tramp and a crook and a strong-arm man, will you?"

"This instant!" said Ravenna. "What's more—he *is* what you say."

RYDER hung up and turned to Hans Seelig. He took from his pocket the golden angel with the enameled wings.

"Look it over," he directed.

Hans Seelig, looking at the work with his naked eye, smiled with pleasure. He took a little enlarging glass from his pocket and examined the jewel again. Then he grunted: "It is not very much, Mr. Ryder."

"Could stuff like that be made up in New York?" asked Ryder.

"Oh, very easily," said Seelig. "It has only the look of Egypt. But the spirit . . . ah, the spirit is not so easily made, Mr. Ryder!"

"I want you to get at the personal belongings of every one of the six women who were at the dinner the other night," said Ryder. "Five of them will have figures like this. One of 'em won't. I want the name of the one who lacks it. . . . And one more thing: Bear down harder on Leslie Carton."

"Are you sure you want that? Are you sure that such a pressure would not be painful?"

"I want the truth," said Ryder. "I've got to have it."

"Are you sure, Mr. Ryder?" murmured Seelig. "Can any of us endure the full truth, even about ourselves?"

"I'll have this job done the way I want it," said Ryder. "Bear down!"

"Yes," said Seelig. "On her; on them all."

Before he went to bed, Ryder put on either side of it, along the floor, a few pages of newspaper; when he was lying down he rang Seelig.

He asked: "After she left my cab, did you find out where Miss Carton went? Was your man able to tell you that?"

"There was one of our little misfortunes!" said Seelig. "For my man watched her go straight into the crowd and down the steps into a secondhand shop, of the sort that are open at night. But when he followed she was gone!"

"She'd gone on into the inside of the shop?" cried Ryder.

"My dear Mr. Ryder, there was no inside to the shop."

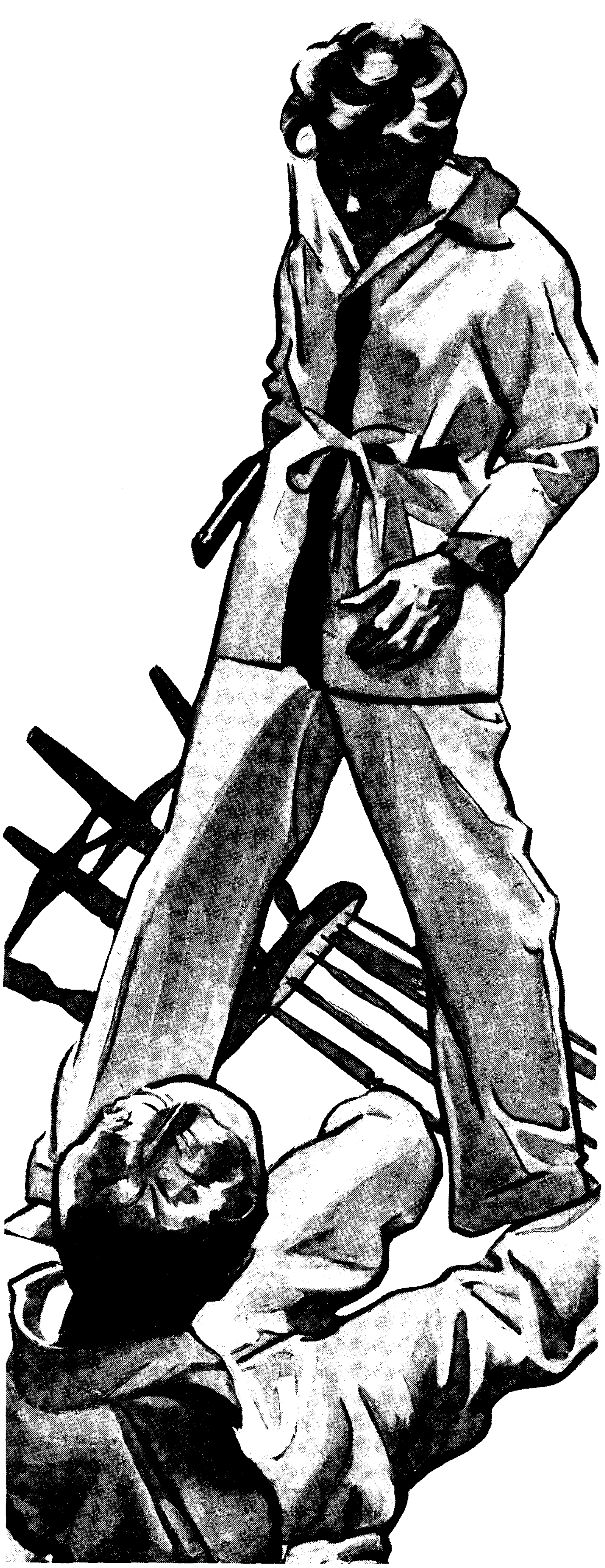
"Then what the devil happened to her?"

"I fear it is too simple! She walked down the left-hand flight of steps and up the right-hand flight, and by the time my man realized what had happened the crowd was all in between."

"It's too darned bad!" said Ryder.

"It is *so* bad," said Seelig, "that I have discharged with good curses the swinehound of a fool who was working for me there!"

Gradually sleep came down on Ryder like a soft, dark rain, and his last thoughts were not of John James Leggett nor of beautiful Leslie Carton, nor of the brutally handsome face of Gonelli. They were of the rosy face of Mike



He got up, the gun in his hand, and stood looking at the valet at his feet

Ravenna, and how the spaghetti had turned on the fork against the hollow of the spoon, gathering the dripping sheaf into a tight spool which could be flipped whole into the mouth.

He began to see that in Ravenna there was a superior culture, not with the complacent arrogance of a Hans Seelig but a real understanding of life and all its savors. The death of Leggett had subtracted more from Ravenna than from any other person in the world, and yet fat Mike could sit at the table with a marvelous appetite, and laugh and sing like a child too young to know what death may be. That brown face with the wine-red in the cheeks shone last of all, like a harvest moon, on the mind of Ryder, before he slept.

WHEN he wakened again, the moonlight had reached the foot of the bed on the left, but the darkness seemed to have thickened on the opposite side. Something on the floor had rustled; one of the papers he had laid there. When he stared he saw, gradually, the outline of a man's figure. It was withdrawing soundlessly.

Ryder began to breathe heavily, regularly; and through his veiling eyelashes he watched the form return with silent feet once more. The glimmer that it held in one hand turned gradually into the complete outline of an automatic. That was the target for which Ryder kicked, gripping the edges of the bed and driving hard with his heel.

The boom of the gunshot knocked his thoughts into a vast whirl, like dust after an explosion, but he reached the figure that was twisting up off the floor. He reached it with a strangle hold that turned the body limp in an instant. Then he recognized in the dimness the face of Martin.

He got up, the gun in his hand, and stood looking at the valet at his feet.

Footfalls pounded in the hall. A hand banged on the door. Gains shouted: "Mr. Ryder!"

"All right, Gains!" called Ryder.

He turned on the light and went to the door. After an instant he opened it. Gains was there with a gun in his hand.

"Go back to bed, Gains," said Ryder.

"Yes, sir," said Gains.

RYDER closed and locked the door. Martin stood in the center of the room. He was dressed in pajamas of blue silk, laundry-faded, worn at the buttonholes. The pillow had rumpled his hair on both sides of his head.

"Was it just an idea?" asked Ryder. "Or had you been thinking about it?"

Martin said nothing. Ryder began to walk up and down the floor. When he paused, he said:

"I knew there was murder in you when I first laid eyes on you. But I didn't think it would be *my* murder. Any other person behind this?"

The pale eyes of Martin regarded him steadily, but his jaws were locked.

"The will gives you a legacy," said Ryder. "You knew that?"

He was surprised to hear Martin answer: "Yes, sir."

"But you haven't any ready cash?"

"No, sir."

"Gambling?"

"Yes, sir."

"My wallet's over there on the table. Take a hundred from it and get out of New York."

Martin ran the red tip of his tongue over his lips.

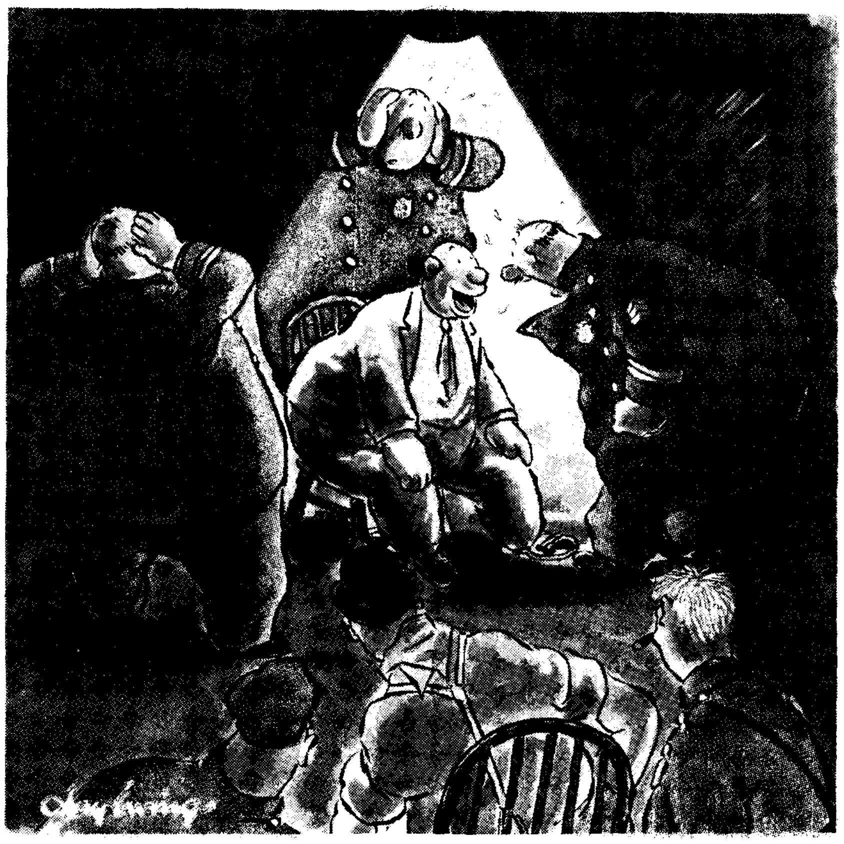
"I said: 'Get out!' You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Move then. I don't want to look at you."

"No, sir," said Martin, without moving.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" demanded Ryder. "What do you want?"



"For the love of Mike! Will you shut up?" JAY IRVING

The lips of Martin moved soundlessly. He took a breath but still the words could not be uttered.

"That first day, you hated me, didn't you?" asked Ryder.

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"You wanted to cut my throat on the spot, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"You've been planning to do it ever since?"

"No, sir."

"I'm glad of that, because I didn't think so. Well, have you got hold of yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think you'd better carry on here."

"Sir?" said Martin, jerked erect and shuddering by the last words.

"I think you'd better stay on with me," said Ryder.

Martin rubbed a hand across his eyes.

"Well?" demanded Ryder, sharply.

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"I think you were in a jam for money, and this was your way out, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"Who was willing to pay you?" asked Ryder.

Martin had no answer for that.

"How much are you in the hole?" asked Ryder.

"Eight hundred dollars, sir."

"And how much was the killing of me worth?"

"Ten thousand dollars, sir."

"Ten thousand? That's a good spot of cash."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go on to bed. Call me at eight in the morning, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

WHEN Martin got to the door he remained for a time with his hand on the knob, his head gradually sinking. Ryder went to him and put a hard grip on his arm.

"Well, what of it?" said Ryder. "I knew that you had it in you long ago. But now we've let the cat out of you and it won't come back."

"Monsieur, do you see what I would have done? I would have killed Monsieur Leggett's body and blood if I had killed you. What you've just said shows me that. But I would have laid the gun against your head and pulled the trigger!"

"And put the butt into my hand afterward?"

"Yes, sir. . . ."

The valet drew a wallet from inside his coat and pulled from it a little sheaf of papers, most of them charred at the edges. He laid them in the hand of Ryder, who read on the top slip: "I O U $1,500 . . . Eric Claussen."

The other bits of paper were the same in nature. On some, fire had burned away the signature or the sum due.

"Claussen, eh?" said Ryder. "You *did* find something on the roof below that window?"

"When I saw what I had in my hand," said Martin, "I thought I had Claussen inside my fingers. I laughed and I laughed. And when I showed the scraps of paper to him, he groaned. He swore that he would pay a great deal of money. I never would have to work again. But first he wanted you gone. You had seen him come like a burglar at night. You could ruin him. . . . So I promised!" concluded Martin.

"I'll have to see him," said Ryder.

"No! The son of a dog—*I* shall see him in the morning."

"If you do that, they'll hang you. And I'll tell you what, Martin, I'd rather have you around and Claussen after my scalp than the pair of you dead or jailed. Eight hundred is what you owe?"

"Yes, sir."

"We'll attend to that."

"My God, sir, that would be paying the devil inside me!"

"Go to bed, Martin."

"There is another thing I have not talked about," said Martin. "There is Daley—the man who came to see Mr. Leggett in his office, that night. I knew him, Monsieur."

"You knew what about him?"

"He was an old one. Pickpocket. Then a thief. Then bootlegging. When he got out of prison a little while ago he came to see me and said that his people had let him down, Monsieur. He would not say much, but only that he had been double-crossed. And if he could see Mr. Leggett, he would point out someone who was sucking his blood. He had such a hate in his face that I believed him, so I spoke to Mr. Leggett, and that was why Daley came that night to the study. God knows what harm I caused by letting such a dog into the house!"

"Martin, you'll do more good than harm, before the end."

"Monsieur, when I see how you trust me, after the things I have done. . . ."

"Martin, go to bed."

"Yes—to bed. Yes, Monsieur."

Martin moved like a slow old man through the doorway and was gone, and Ryder, slipping back into bed, was asleep before his body had warmed the sheets.

JIMMY HICKEY kept by his bed a portfolio filled with recent correspondence and when he wakened in the morning his first gesture was to take up a handful of the letters. Most of them were tinted envelopes; a great many carried some trace of perfume; so that Jimmy Hickey had the habit of lying back among his pillows with eyes closed and selecting the items only by the sense of smell.

In the meantime he had rung for his valet, who brought him a strong cup of English breakfast tea, and with the first hot, clean, pungent sip of it, Hickey began to read the letters. They came, nearly always, from frightened women. Some spoke indignantly; others pleaded; still more rejoiced because one of his arrows had struck another reputation and with additional information added sharpness and barbs for his next shot. He had gathered into his hands invisible wires which touched the fear and the malice of many hearts so that electric responses flowed continually in to him.

On some of the letters he made notations, for he could see his day's column filling without effort on his part. Discards he dropped on the floor, where his valet would pick them up and read them later at his own degenerate, secondhand pleasure.

When he had extracted from his mail enough to make his column, he cast aside the rest of the letters, bathed, and dressed as quickly as possible to cover his scrawny body from his own eyes. Afterward he went out into the park for a constitutional; the sight of the trees and the children made him feel a bigger man. He was coming to the reservoir when a tall young man with an athlete's springing stride made up to him. He felt the deathless pang of envy first; then he recognized David Ryder.

"THAT column of yours the other day," said Ryder, falling in beside him, "about Brant and the air-mail envelope . . . I wondered what you meant by that."

As they walked on, Jimmy Hickey took Ryder confidentially by the arm. Under his finger tips he felt the long, rubbery muscles.

"They're your men, are they?" asked Hickey.

"What ones?"

"The fellows who have been shadowing me; the fellows who told you where I headed this morning, and at what time."

"You've been shadowed, have you?" asked Ryder. "Well, a lot of people have to be interested in you, Hickey. . . . But I was asking about that air-mail envelope."

"Oh, yes; the one that Porter Brant was clutching to his heart. Well, what about it?"

"There's no point unless he had the envelope at the end of the evening but not at the beginning," suggested Ryder.

"If he'd had it in his pocket all the time, would I have mentioned the thing at all?" asked Hickey.

"No, I don't suppose you would. I was just checking. Thanks very much."

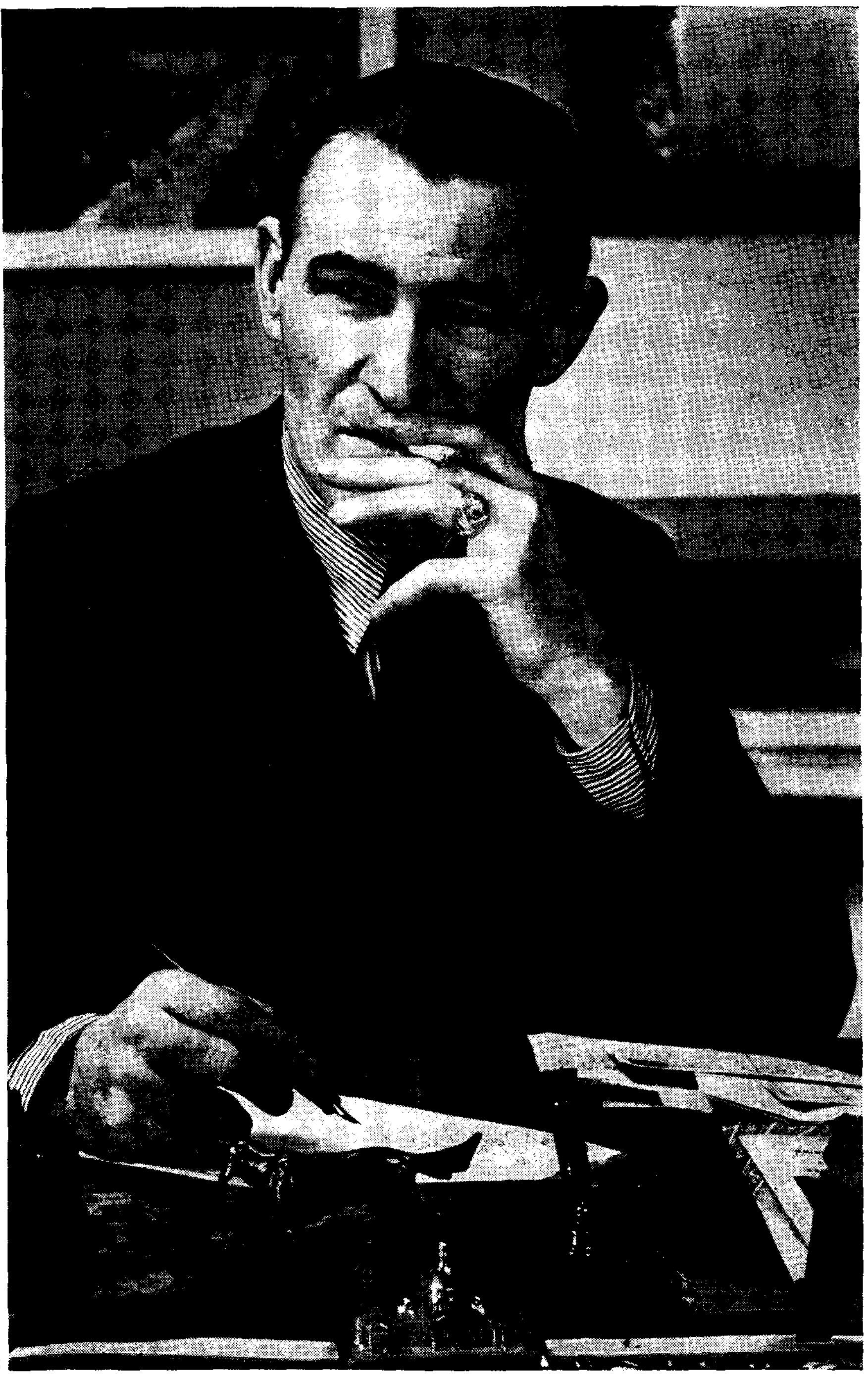
"Don't leave me like this, Ryder. Are you shadowing *all* the people who were

(Continued on page 40)

Man About Towns

Eddie Brannick has spent most of his life making ballplayers comfortable, seeing that they got soft beds in hotels, lower berths and good food. A labor of love, this, for he did it for his favorite heroes, who are the New York Giants

By Quentin Reynolds



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO AARONS

Edward T. Brannick, Secretary of the New York Giants Baseball Club

THE Giants arrived in Chicago on their first western trip of the year and the sports writers accompanying the team immediately set out to make contacts. In those prohibition years you had to make new contacts almost every trip because the police kept closing up the old contacts. It being a well-known fact that cold beer is an excellent antidote against sunstroke, snakebite and palsy, the sports writers hurried to make these new contacts as quickly as possible.

Eddie Brannick, who was then the traveling secretary of the Giants, was busy at the hotel desk registering for those of his ballplayers who couldn't sign their names and seeing that Mr. John J. McGraw was given the suite overlooking the lake. The thirsty writers approached him on the subject. The job of a traveling secretary is to arrange accommodations; to see that trunks addressed to Wrigley Field in Chicago do not find their way to Forbes Park, Pittsburgh; to see to it that ballplayers who, when in their cups, have a habit of striking officers of the law do not go to jail; and to keep the sports writers traveling with the club supplied with information and good cheer.

So, we asked Eddie Brannick to establish some new contacts for us. We had asked him to do this during the spring training trip in places like Charlotte, Macon and Orlando and he had never failed. Nor did he this time. Within an hour new contacts had been made and the scribes and Brannick were seated happily in a beer store munching quietly on Chicago's then famous, if slightly bogus, brew.

After a few tall ones the talk naturally turned to Eddie Brannick, naturally because we all hoped that he would pick up the check when it arrived. In general the comment on Brannick was very favorable, which is rare in baseball circles because usually nobody likes a traveling secretary, except possibly his missus.

It was the veteran baseball scribe, Bozeman Bolger, who turned to Brannick admiringly to say, "Eddie, anybody can be a man-about-town in New York or St. Louis, or even New Orleans, but you are the only one I know who is a man-about-town in every town we hit."

"And you are a great one for making new contacts," another writer said.

"Let us have another round of new contacts," Mr. Brannick said, "and then can I go home, please? It is getting on toward six A.M. and I must go to the ball game this afternoon. I realize," he added bitterly, "that very few of you will be there, but I will see you afterward and tell you what happened."

Eddie Brannick is now the full-fledged secretary of the New York Giants and he has a secretary of his own, but he is still the man-about-town in whatever town he happens to be in because Eddie Brannick knows more people in more different towns than anybody you ever met. He knows a lot of people because he has been traveling with the Giants since 1912. Eddie Brannick, in fact, personifies the Giants, more than Bill Terry does, or more even than President Horace Stoneham does.

In 1904 Eddie Brannick was a grubby little kid who went to Public School No. 26 and who played baseball in the afternoon for the Moroccos over on 13th Avenue. The rest of the time he dreamed about the Giants and saved his pennies so that when a double-header came up he could slap his twenty-five cents on the line and enter the bleachers. He'd sit there and he'd watch Roger Bresnahan and Billy Gilbert and Art Devlin and McGinnitty and a lanky kid named Mathewson, a reformed first baseman, who was now pitching. He'd sit there and he'd make believe that he was out there with "New York" emblazoned on his shirt and then he'd go home and dream about it.

That year the Giants were battling hard for a pennant and when they left for a western trip interest was so great that Madison Square Garden installed a scoreboard to record the play-by-play descriptions of the game. Eddie Brannick got himself a job working on the scoreboard.

Every afternoon John T. Brush would come to the Garden to watch the progress of the game. Brush had recently bought the Giants from Andy Freedman. One day his eye fell upon the earnest young worker who was Eddie Brannick.

Out Where the Tall Matches Grow

"If you want a job after school, come and see me, kid," the great man said to Eddie. "I could use you around the office. You seem to be interested in baseball."

Eddie shook his head and blurted out, "Not in baseball, Mr. Brush—just in the Jints."

"So am I, youngster," Brush smiled, and until his death Brush was a sort of stepfather to Eddie.

From 1905 until 1911 Eddie's job was to gather clippings from the newspapers about the Giants and paste them in a book. It was a labor of love because next to watching the Giants play, Eddie loved to read about them.

Finally in 1912 Eddie was sent on a spring training trip with the team. It was the first time that Eddie (then eighteen) had ever been outside of New York City.

They still tell this story on Eddie. The team was going through Indiana on its way to play an exhibition game, when Eddie, looking out of the train window, observed peculiar-looking stalks sticking up from the ground. In later years, when he had matured intellectually, he was to know them as cornstalks, but at the moment he was quite lost.

"What are them things?" he asked, but he made the mistake of asking Sid Mercer, the baseball writer.

"Them things are match plants, Eddie," Mr. Mercer obliged. "They grow matches out this way."

"On the level?" Eddie's eyes popped open.

Damon Runyon, then a baseball writer, turned to him, "You don't think Mr. Mercer would fool you, Eddie, do you? Of course, they're match plants. Where else do you think matches come from?"

Eddie shook his head, "Wait'll I tell the kids back on the 13th Avenue I saw a real match plant."

Eddie continued his education with the Giants of that and succeeding years. And Eddie became a hero-worshiper. He worshiped two men, John McGraw and Christy Mathewson, and that worship still exists. He has never, even in conversation, referred to McGraw as anything but Mr. McGraw.

Eddie could never really get accustomed to being treated as one of the mob by his heroes. He had one tough job that first year when the team was making an overnight hop from Marlin, Texas, to Dallas. There weren't enough lower berths to go around. In great embarrassment he went to McGraw and said, "Mr. McGraw, what'll I do about this? We got two lowers and five uppers and Mr. Mathewson and Mr. Meyers and Mr. Bresnahan haven't been taken care of. I can't put them in uppers."

McGraw said gruffly, "Let the players draw lots for the lowers. Remember there are no stars on this team."

Eddie did that and he was horrified when his hero Matty drew an upper. He looked at Matty, speechless. The thought of the great Matty sleeping in an upper berth made Eddie turn to stone.

Matty sensed what the kid was feeling. "Now, Eddie," he soothed, "what's the difference between an upper and a lower? When I'm traveling on my own I always buy an upper. It's cheaper. Here's some advice, kid. Never buy quarter cigars until you're so rich that it doesn't make any difference what you pay for them. A nickel cigar serves just as well."

The years rolled on and the great Giant teams came and went. McGraw and Brannick stayed on, McGraw getting a little more portly, a little more silver showing in his hair, and Eddie growing into manhood; Eddie getting to know people all over the country.

Once a Giant Fan—

Sure, Eddie got to know everybody. George M. Cohan? Eddie's pal. A few years ago their friendship was threatened. Eddie phoned him one day to be sure that Cohan, an old Giant fan, had his tickets for a double-header scheduled for the next day at Ebbets Field.

"Can't use them, Eddie," Cohan said cheerfully. "I'm going to the Stadium to watch the Yankees play tomorrow."

For two days Eddie went around with a stricken look on his face. The thought of anyone deliberately going to see the Yanks when the Giants were in town was too much for him. And his pal Cohan, too. But it was all straightened out. A friendly baseball writer told Eddie that Cohan had gone to watch the Yanks just to scout them because it looked as if they'd meet the Giants in the World Series.

"McGraw probably asked George to do it, Eddie," the kind friend explained. "He wants to get a line on those Yanks."

The years rolled on. Matty and Wiltse and Ames went. Eddie was resigned now to the fact that he'd never be a ballplayer. He'd never wear a Giant uniform but he'd see that those uniforms arrived at the ball park on time. How often had he dreamed of getting out there on that mound with "New York" emblazoned across his chest. It was a dream that died hard and then one day . . .

Sometimes the Fates are kind. Maybe they winked at each other and said, "This Eddie is a grand guy. Suppose we let him have his moment?"

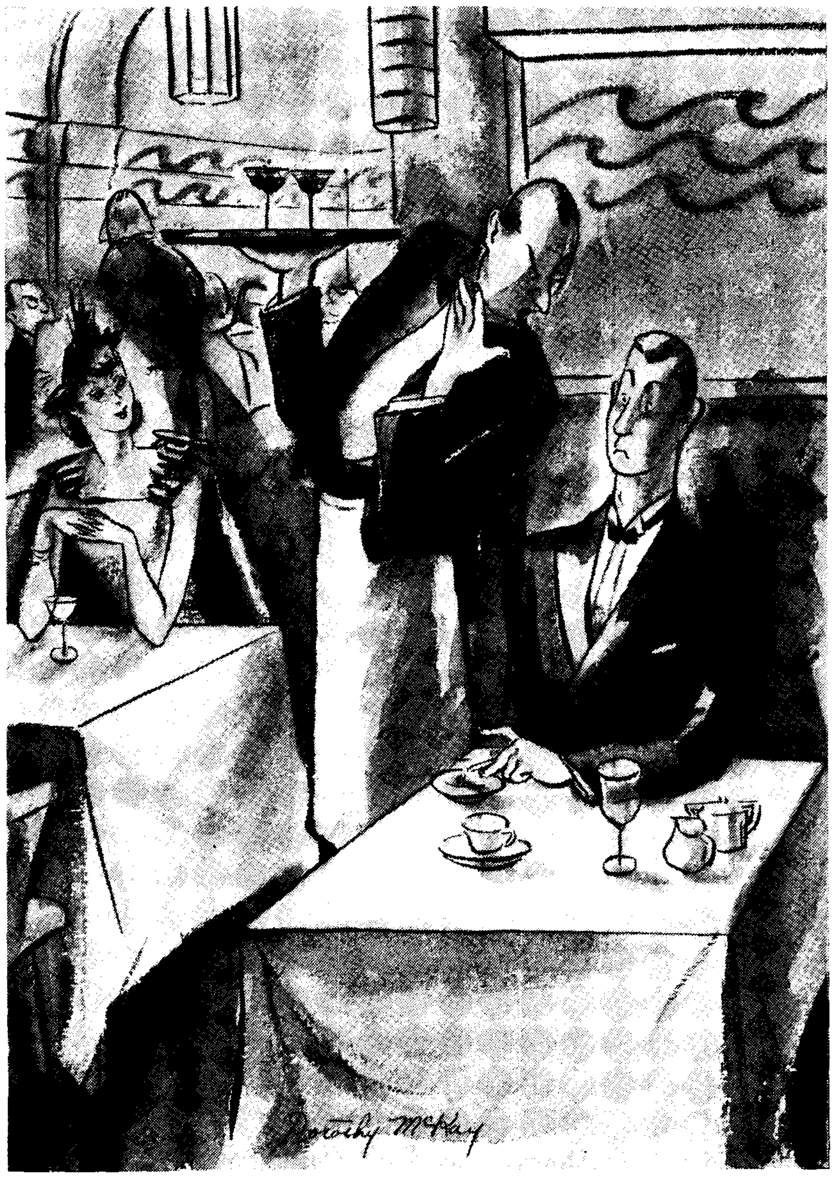
McGraw sent out a rookie team one year, ahead of his regulars, and he had several exhibitions mapped out for the youngsters. One game was to be held in Columbus, Georgia, against the local team. Eddie was in charge of the business end of the trip.

It came game time and one section of the train, carrying several of the ballplayers, hadn't arrived. Art Fletcher, who was handling the team, looked around and couldn't find a pitcher. All of his pitchers were on the missing train. The stands were crowded and Fletcher was in a dilemma.

"I'll pitch," Eddie announced calmly and before Fletcher's laughter had died away Eddie was in a uniform—and across his shirt was emblazoned "New York." He told Andy Fitzgerald to take care of the box office to see that the Giants got their share of the gate receipts and then Eddie strode to the mound. For seven innings he had those Columbus players swinging all over.

"All I threw was a straight fast ball," Eddie says now. "Well, it wasn't very fast. But they kept looking for trick stuff, for hooks and things and they outsmarted themselves."

Yes, it was one to one going into the seventh and then the Fates looked the other way. A batter hit a slow grounder to Eddie and when Eddie reached for it, he turned his ankle.



"I gave her your note, sir, but I think you ought to know that her check is close to seventeen dollars!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

"I had to get out of the game then," Eddie says. "And then what do you think happened? Our pitchers had arrived by then and Fletch put in Bud Schauer, a pitcher the Giants had just paid $10,000 for. And what happened? The Columbus team landed on him for six runs in the next inning."

Meanwhile, the manager of the Columbus team had looked up Andy Fitzgerald.

"Say, that kid pitcher you got there has a lot of stuff," he told Andy. "I'd like to buy him. Do you think McGraw would let him go?"

Andy shook his head, solemnly, "Not that kid. McGraw has great hopes for him. Say, Mac wouldn't let him go for fifty thousand dollars."

I'll bet Eddie has relived those seven innings over a thousand times since then. Yes, sir, he had been a Giant player for one day. No one can ever take that away from Eddie.

Award of Merit

The years rolled on. Herzog and Fletcher and Merkle and Doyle, one of the greatest of all infields, came, achieved immortality, and then began to wabble. Fletcher hung on a long time. They were all fighters, but Fletcher perhaps was the scrappiest of them all. Fletcher never fought off the ball field. Quiet, gentle-talking, good-natured—that was Fletcher off the field. But once he put that uniform on, once he donned those spiked shoes, he was a bundle of nervous energy, 170 pounds of dynamite. Fight? Why, he'd fight with his best friend.

And then John McGraw died. Eddie has spoken a little more quietly ever since. Then Charles Stoneham, president of the Giants, died. His son, Horace Stoneham, succeeded him. Not long after that Jim Tierney, who for years had been secretary of the Giants, resigned. There was no doubt as to who would get the job.

Horace Stoneham laughed when someone asked him who'd succeed Tierney. "Who else but Eddie Brannick?" he said. "Can you think of anyone better?"

Last winter the baseball writers of New York gave Eddie Brannick a dinner. That's a rare thing—sports writers giving anyone a dinner. Usually they're on the receiving end of free groceries. The reason for the dinner was printed on the menu. It read: "To Eddie—You've never said 'No' when you had a chance to do a favor or looked the other way when you had a chance to say 'Hello.' "

They gave him a gold plaque, a replica of the card which only those who are members of the Baseball Writers Association of America carry. Membership in this organization is zealously guarded. Only working baseball writers are eligible. There was one difference in Eddie Brannick's card. On the upper right-hand corner it read "Life." It meant that Eddie Brannick was the only life member of the association.

Brannick is now an executive of the club whose office boy he had been and he has office boys of his own and he has his own secretary. The office, appropriately enough, is on Forty-second Street, east of Broadway. That's where Eddie belongs: in the heart of New York, for the years have made him a part of New York.

Eddie sits there behind a desk that's much too big for him, looking much younger than his forty-five years, and on the walls are pictures of the Giant immortals. There's one of the great 1908 team and you'll look at it and you'll see Mike Donlin there, large as life.

An Epitaph for John McGraw

I said, "Mike Donlin once cracked that McGraw started more fights and won fewer than any man in baseball."

Eddie snapped, "Mr. McGraw won more fights than his record showed. Once in Pittsburgh a fan sat behind our dugout rapping us all through the series. After the last game we went back to the hotel and there in the lobby Mr. McGraw saw this fan. He grabbed him and he roared, 'Apologize for what you said about my team, or I'll murder you.' Well, he didn't murder him—but that was one fight Mr. McGraw won that you never heard about.

"Then there was a time in Cincinnati when the police urged Mr. McGraw to go out of the clubhouse by a back entrance. There was a threatening crowd blocking the front door. McGraw buttoned up his coat, put on his hat, and said, 'We're the Giants. We always leave the way we came.' And he stalked out of there and laughed at five hundred fans who wanted to kill him. There was the time in Galveston when McGraw and Paul Santelle . . ."

That's a great epitaph for McGraw, by the way. When he left he used the same entrance he'd used to come in. You stand there, looking at the pictures of McGraw and Matty and McGinnitty and Eddie talks of them and then you said, "Eddie, you've been around a long time. What would be your all-time all-star baseball team?"

"That's a cinch," Eddie smiled and his gaze travels lovingly around the walls. "The pitchers would be Matty and Hubbell—the two greatest pitchers who ever lived. The first baseman would be Bill Terry, who can play more first base on one leg than most men can on two. Of course, Frankie Frisch would be on second and Travis Jackson at short. Heine Groh, the little man with the big bat, would be on third and for catcher I'd have nobody but Bresnahan. In the outfield I'd put Ross Young in right; Mike Donlin in center, and George Burns in left. And, of course, Mr. McGraw would be the manager."

"But, Eddie," you protest, "you can't pick an all-time all-star team from one club. Your men are all Giants. How can you pick a team like that with only Giants?"

"Because," Eddie says calmly, "there never was any ball team except my Giants."

That's Edward T. Brannick, secretary, New York Giants Baseball Club.

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The Wizard's Eye

By Harold Lamb

These things happened as I tell them here. I do not pretend to explain them. But this I do know: In the elder world there was a power and a magic far greater than anything modern science can produce—and Kam was of that world

I WAS shooting ducks over the lake when I saw Kam the first time. I'll swear he wasn't there when I started down from the road. By the time I'd missed three flights of wild ducks, he was sitting within a pebble's toss, looking at me. Just looking.

This was in the pre-war days, when I explored the western edge of the Gobi Desert for traces of the ancient civilization now buried under its encroaching sands. Mine was a one-man expedition, attempting to ferret out one of the secrets old Asia has locked away underground. I had only fair luck that time. Found a mixture of broken pottery, and a few bits of stone carvings.

So I was hauling out my stuff, in a two-wheeled cart, over the Imperial Chinese highway—this being a line of ruts that would bring you out, if you were lucky, to Hami and thence to Peking, as they called it then.

We'd stopped by Sairam Nor, a long brackish lake lying high in the mountain ridges, to take a shot at the ducks. I had Afzal with me, a bright young half-caste, who served as driver and interpreter. He'd left the cart, and come down into the high grass to watch me shoot. Firearms always fascinated him.

When I blazed away for the third time, he shouted and pointed at a flat rock that had been empty a moment before.

"Hi, Meester—look out!"

Kam was sitting on the rock. And I left the ducks in peace to go over and inspect him, because I'd never seen anything like him before. He sat motionless, cross-legged. He wore some kind of long deerskin coat, hung all over with tiny iron dolls. A snakeskin tail, spotted black and white, curled out behind him. He had a collar of owl's feathers, and his head was covered with an iron cap, with two small deer's horns sticking out.

"Don't touch him," Afzal begged excitedly.

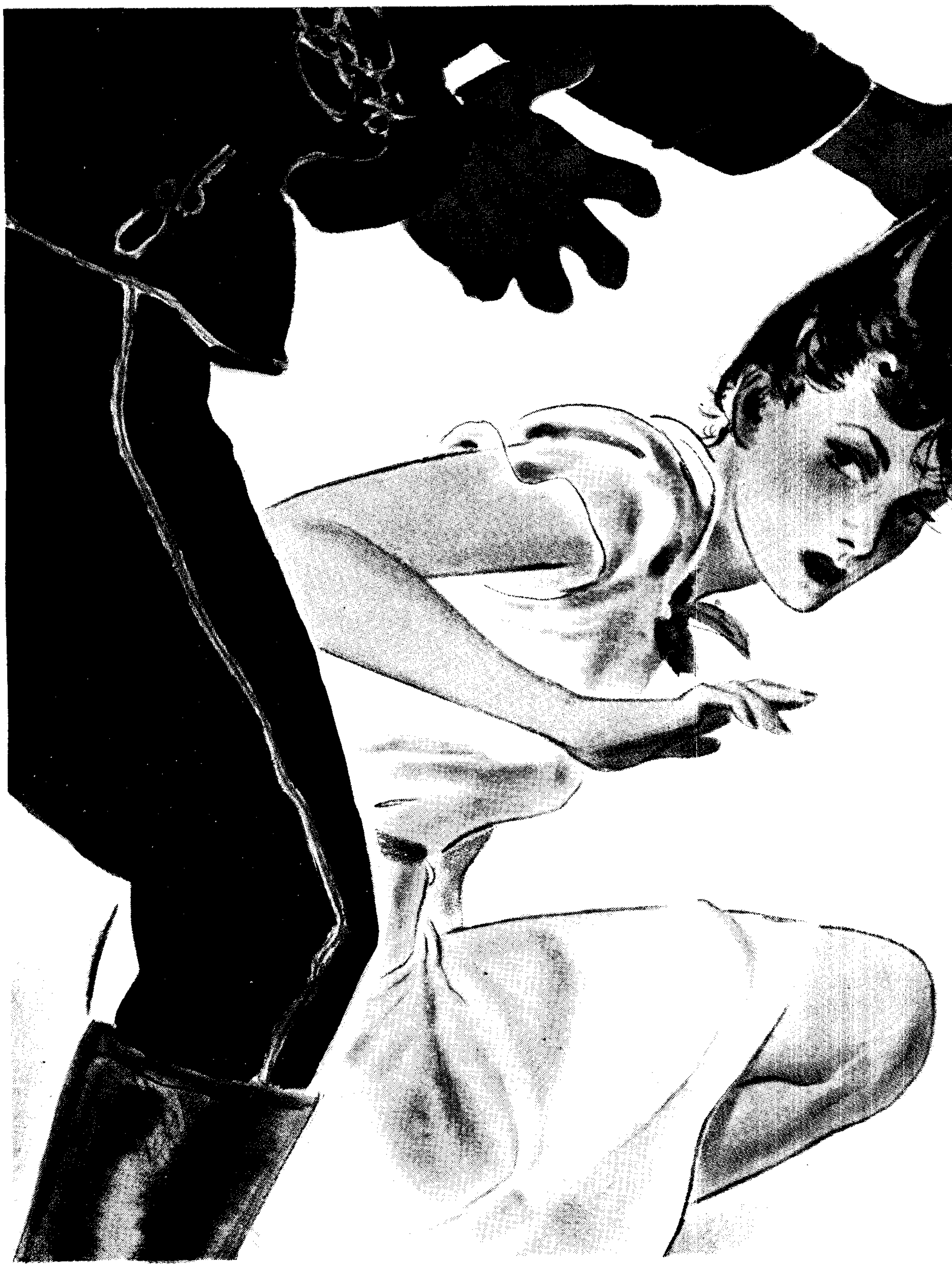
I wondered why the boy, who had nerve enough, should be afraid of this old native. Kam had the broad, high-boned face of a Buriat-Mongol. His skin was withered and lined, and he wore two squirrel tails for eyebrows. Under them, his small dark eyes glittered up at me.

"He is *shaman,*" Afzal explained, backing away. "Bad. Ve-ry bad."

A shaman, I knew, was a native conjuror and seer. A kind of sleight-of-hand expert. Chased devils out of the natives' tents, and out of the natives themselves. Of course these aborigines believed that any sickness was caused by devils getting into them. I'd heard that these shamans collected fat fees and lived high. They were ancient and powerful and tricky.

That was what I'd heard. And some of it was right. You can judge for yourself.

"He is one hundled and ten year old,



ILLUSTRATED BY
AL PARKER

He jerked her down to her knees and pulled the hairpins out of her dark hair

A LOAD OF [illegible] OR A BAG OF

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A FEW WEEKS LATER
SAY, MACK, I'VE BEEN GETTING SWELL SHAVES WITH GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR LIKE YOU TOLD ME. THANKS A LOT!
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
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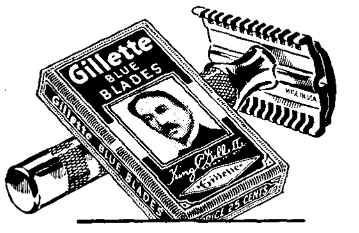


Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Meester Elli-son," Afzal chanted, backing away, "and he undlestan you talk, me talk, evely one talk. He is bad like Number One devil. He is *kam*." He paused, helpless. "How you say it?"

"Magician," I suggested, "wizard."

"*Bogha kam!*"

"A great wizard."

"Gr-reat wizard, yes." Afzal had learned his English in a mission school, and seasoned it with scraps from the bazaars. But he made it very clear that he was afraid of Kam. "*Hai,* yes, he belong deer people."

I stared at the wizard of the deer tribes, who, it seemed, understood all languages. Although his face was etched with lines, his eyes were clear and he didn't seem to be half one hundred years old. Afzal could lie fluently.

"You try him," the boy cried from a distance.

"WHAT'S your name?" I asked the shaman.

The black eyes gleamed under the squirrel tails, as if he were amused.

"Kam," his deep voice said.

I asked the same thing in Persian. "*Esm-i shuma, chist?*"

This time he smiled, as if he understood me perfectly. Although it was hardly probable that a shaman who lived among the human and four-footed cattle in these hills would be acquainted with Persian and English, both. He looked jolly enough to smoke a pipe.

While I pondered, I ejected the shell from my shotgun.

Then Kam made a remark of his own. It was great harm, he said, what I did with that fire staff. His words were measured, slow.

"All I want," I replied, "is a duck for dinner. And so far I haven't got one."

More than that, he said. More than you think. The harm will be in the breaking of your gods. And after that, people making war upon people. . . .

It struck me as strange. But I didn't think much about it then because I had just noticed the horn on his knee.

The horn was a single piece of bone, about as long as his arm. But it wasn't ordinary bone. An elephant's thigh-bone wouldn't have made half of it—I'd seen enough of skeletons to know that much. This was a monster bone, of the elder world.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

HE HAD a curious voice. Vibrating. Almost like an echo, but pitched very low. Sometimes it seemed to come out of his coat, and sometimes out of the air. His eyes were fixed on mine intently, as he explained.

His words, also, were peculiar. They told me how he had found that bone deep in the earth when the sky fires were dancing—he must have meant the northern lights—how he had summoned it out of the ground, and first a gigantic tusk appeared, then the black bulk of a monster coming up out of the ground, into the air. . . . A mammoth, I thought.

You know the carcasses of these mammoths are often found preserved by the cold, in the ground of the far northern tundras. Still, it was quite a picture Kam drew for me, of that mammoth rising out of the ground, while the sky was aflame.

"Will you sell it?" I asked.

Kam looked amused, and turned his back on me. I supposed the horn was his pet prop, and he didn't want to part with it. So I said goodby and left him. It was too late to bother about ducks any more, and Afzal was waiting in the cart, eager to be off.

I looked back once. Kam was still on his rock, facing the water of the lake in which the far snow peaks were mirrored. Then we turned a corner, around an ancient deserted Chinese watchtower, and the lake disappeared.

And I knew what was bothering me. Kam had told me quite a bit, but *in what language?* I couldn't remember. It had not been English. What then?

One thing was sure. I had little knowledge of any vernacular of Central Asia. So Kam must have spoken some European language pretty fluently. Somehow, I couldn't remember what it was. Then I bethought me of Afzal, who was more cheerful, now that we had put the tower between us and the wizard.

"Did you understand him?" I asked.

"Him? He did not talk."

"Oh, yes, he did. About my gun—and he told me the story of the mammoth's bone."

Afzal looked at me queerly, and shook his head. "No, he did not talk a blooming word."

The more I thought the less sure I was of any word the old shaman had spoken. There was one explanation. He had read my thoughts, and had impressed his own upon my mind without words. Some Orientals are able to do this.

Then, of course, Afzal might have lied. He was capable of doing it just to annoy me. When we finally parted company, he stole a box of my shotgun shells and a pair of good boots.

That was in 1913.

TWELVE years passed before I visited the hinterland of the Gobi again. And in that twelve years I'd pretty well forgotten Kam. For one thing, whenever I tried to tell about meeting him, people looked at me as if I were ribbing them. Oh, yes, they knew that telepathy had been proved by scientists to exist. They knew all about the tricks of mediums in a dark room, and some of them had seen mind readers working on the stage. But an old native shaman talking to me without words—that didn't fit any of these cases . . . they asked me hopefully if I'd seen a Hindu conjuror do the disappearing-boy trick. So I gave up trying to account for Kam.

Then the war kept us busy quite a while. I did think of Kam, when I heard the guns opening for Saint Mihiel—what he'd mentioned about the harm our fire staffs would do when our gods were broken, and people made war upon people. . . .

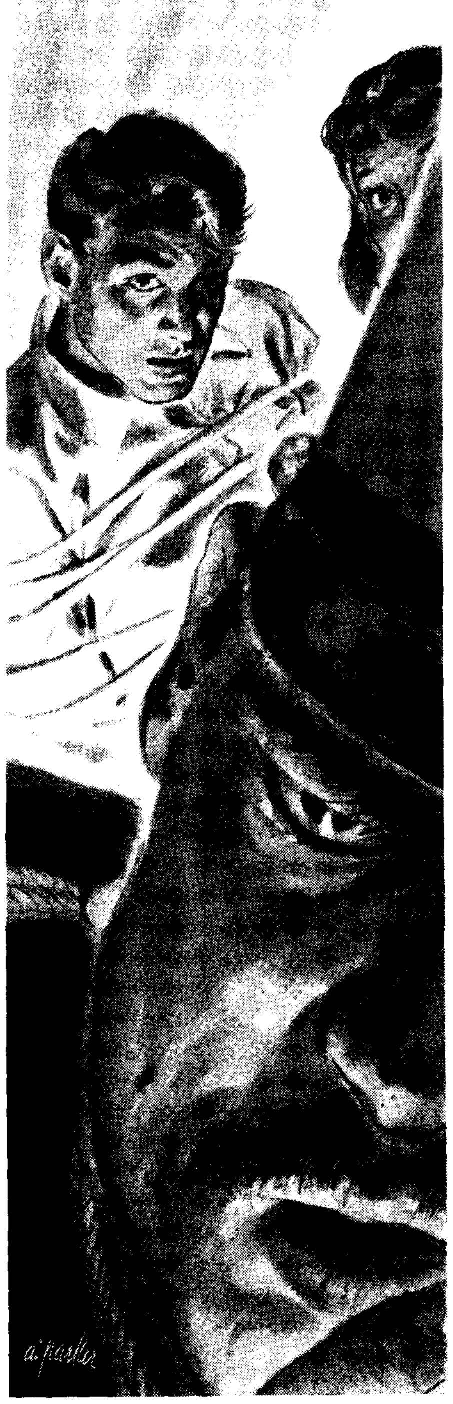
After a dozen years there was peace in France, but Asia was feeling the consequences of our Western war. Slow, but exceedingly sure.

My oversize Chinese passport with its red seal stamps was initialed by a Manchurian war lord. I carried a .45 in the left-hand pocket of the car, close to the steering wheel. I had my money—in American silver dollars and British banknotes—packed in a belt. And in the back of the car I had two young refugees picked up in Kashgar.

Helen, of course, wasn't really a refugee. The war had uprooted her in Poland—her last name being Sieroszewski, with various titles attached to it aforetime—and had jettisoned her into the university at Upsala, where she had applied herself to learning old Turki and kindred languages. And she had wangled her way out for field work with an ethnological survey, at practically no pay. A slender girl, intent on her work, repressed except when she broke out in play like a child.

She had a friendly, husky voice, and dark eyes that were strangely blank except when she looked at Marak.

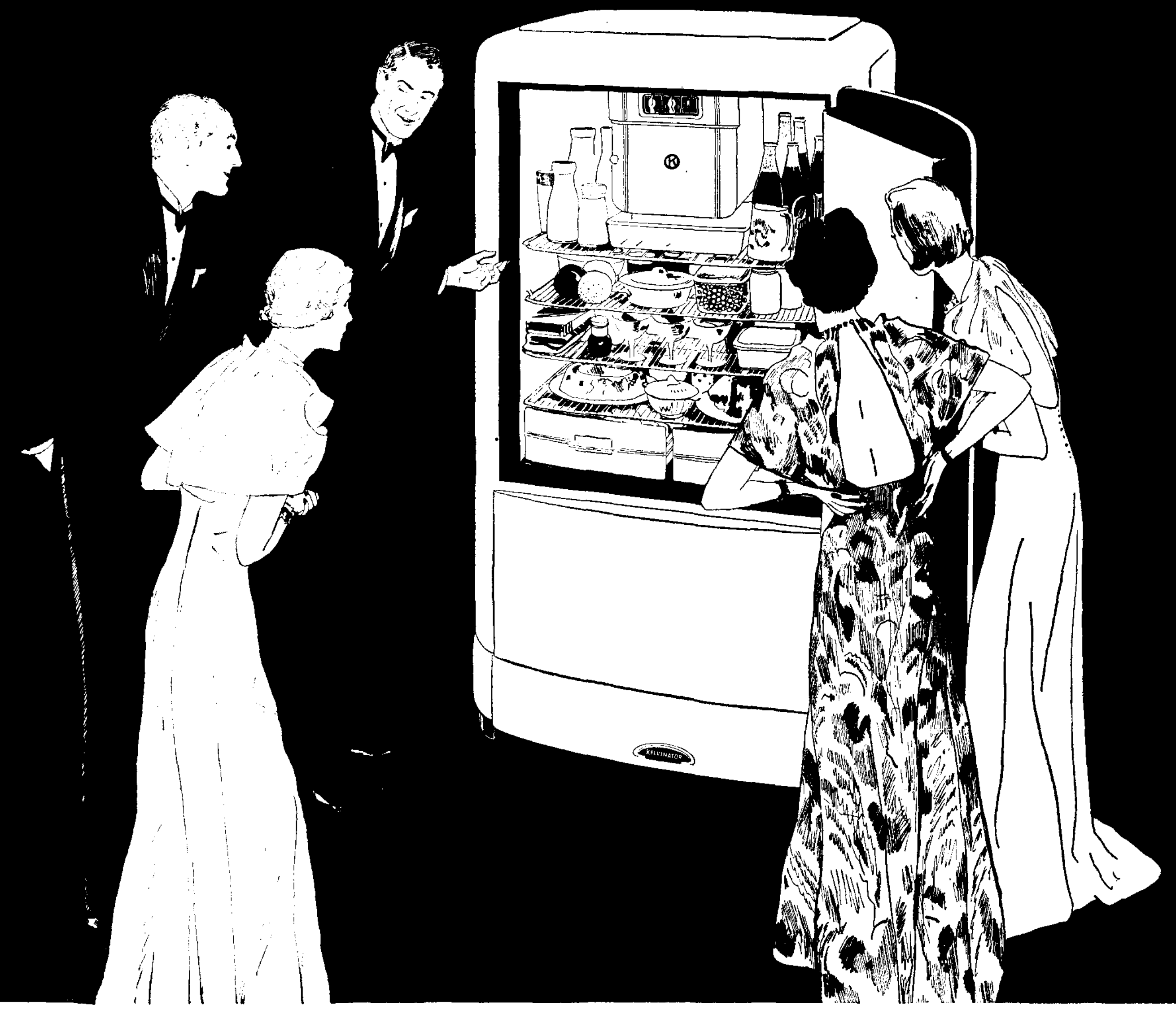
He sat beside her, in the back seat,



His lips curled back from his teeth. His right arm groped at his hip. And his hand came up, slowly, clutching his revolver

WHY THE ARISTOCRAT OF REFRIGERATORS

Costs you Less to Own



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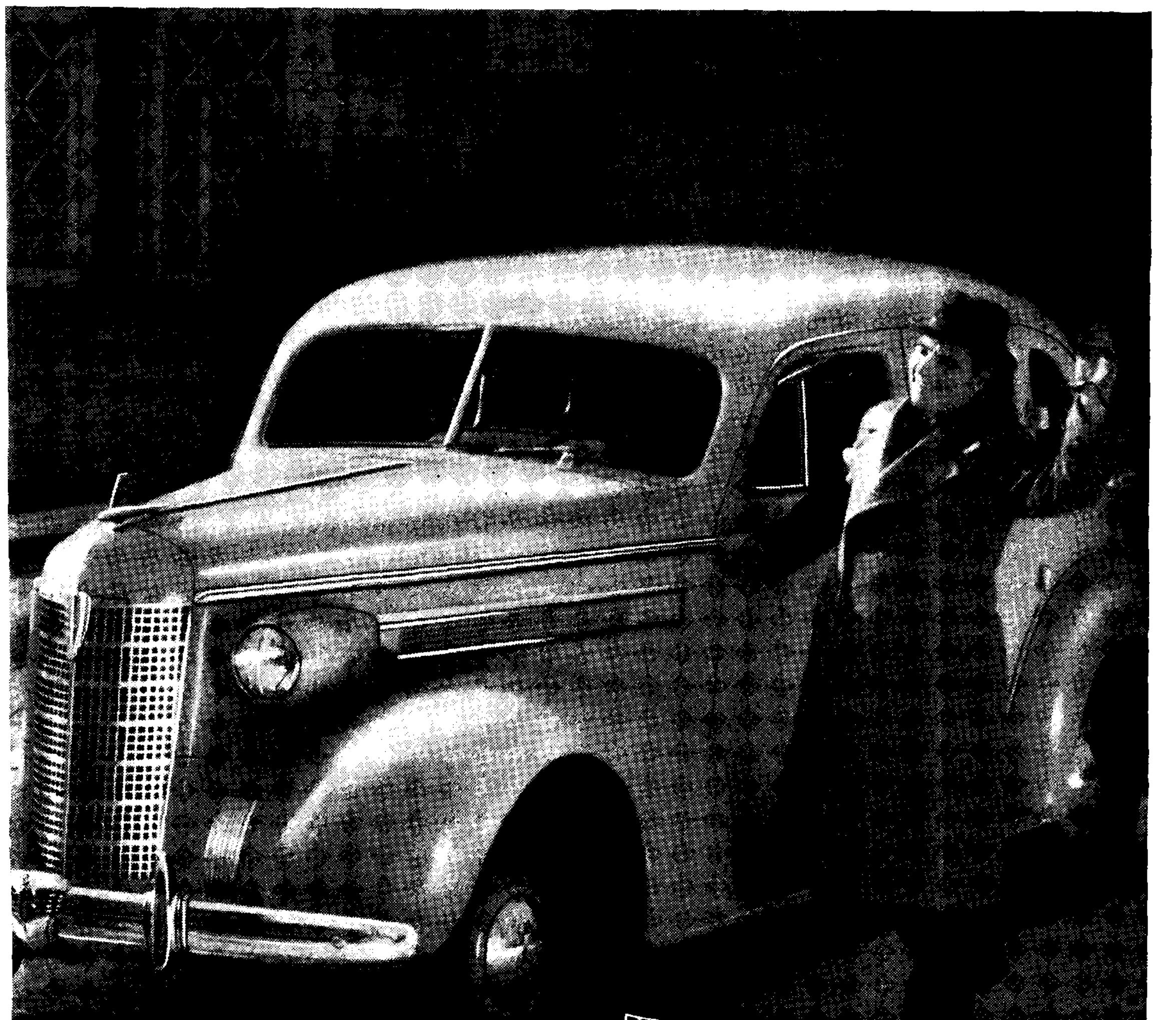

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FROM friend to friend the word is spreading... Oldsmobile for 1937 is the year's smartest buy! The big and distinctive Oldsmobile Six is a *natural* for those who want a car that is modern, dashing and different. The big and distinguished Oldsmobile Eight is "made to order" for those who desire super-smooth performance and the luxury of a truly fine car. Both cars are Style Leaders...both are quality-built...and both offer every modern fine-car feature for easy handling, restful riding and complete security on the road. Owners who have been enjoying their cars for months are keen on Oldsmobile's brilliant performance . . . delighted with Oldsmobile's all-round economy . . . enthusiastic over Oldsmobile's bigness and roominess and comfort. But most of all, they are thrilled to drive a car that's *different*...a car that stands apart from all the rest... a car that is so modern in style and so advanced in engineering that it assures long years of proud and happy ownership. More than ever, this year's Oldsmobile is "the car that owners recommend!"

◆ ◆ ◆

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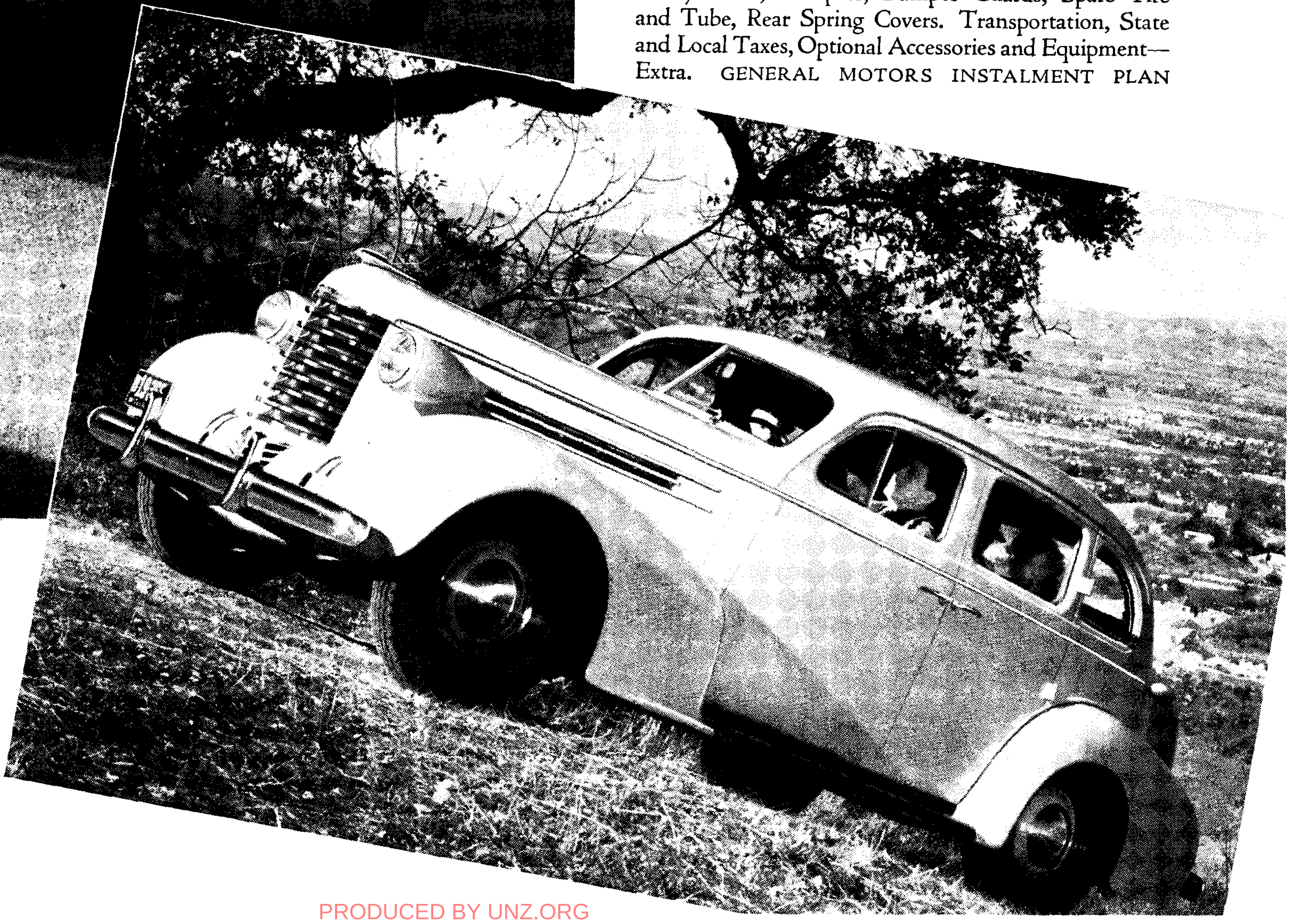

The Cars that
ave Everything

ght

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE JUDGE TAKES A TRIP — HE IS WITH CHUBBINS SEEING THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK
OH, DADDY- WHERE SHALL WE START OUR SIGHT-SEEING?
WELL, 'SPOSE WE FOLLOW THE METHODS YOUR GRANDFATHER WOULD HAVE USED
①
HOW DO YOU MEAN- LIKE GRANDFATHER?
HE WAS A FRONTIERSMAN. WHEN HE WAS IN STRANGE TERRITORY, HE WOULD CLIMB THE HIGHEST TREE AND RECONNOITER. SO WELL GO UP IN THE TALLEST BUILDING, THE EMPIRE STATE, AND LOOK AROUND
②
EXCUSE ME, SIR - BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU CAN SMOKE A PIPE IN THIS GALE
SURELY YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT ANYWHERE. IT STAYS PUT
③
YOU SEEM TO HAVE REACHED A NEW HEIGHT OF ENTHUSIASM FOR PRINCE ALBERT, DADDY
WELL, I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO PASS ALONG THE GOOD WORD ON PRINCE ALBERT
④
I'LL BET GRANDFATHER NEVER IMAGINED A BUILDING LIKE THAT
NO - NOR A PIPE TOBACCO AS CHOICE AND MILD AS THIS MODERN SMOKE—P.A.
⑤

TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

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THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
"THAT PRINCE ALBERT 'CRIMP CUT' CERTAINLY PACKS AND DRAWS TO PERFECTION"
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
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ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

with all his worldly goods in a blanket under his feet. A Hungarian who loved music, a medical student serving in the Austrian medical corps, captured by one of Kaledine's cavalry units on the Galician front in 1916. Nine years before. He had made his way out through the Terek pass in midwinter, and for more than a year he had been convalescing in Kashgar, in the sanctuary of the British consulate, where Helen found him.

You couldn't mistake her love for him. And to Marak, emerging from eight years of earthly hell, she was as vital as his own life. They depended so on each other. They had seen so many gods broken that you could feel their dread that something might take the other away.

Instead, I was taking them away from danger—bouncing over the ruts of the former Imperial Chinese highway, as we climbed the ridge toward Sairam Lake.

"Think," Marak laughed, "in a week, in Peiping, we will see a hotel."

"And a newspaper," Helen echoed. Out of politeness to me they tried to speak English, although that was not the language of their love.

We were passing by Sairam Lake, coming to the place where I'd tried to bag some ducks. Now, in midsummer, the grass was lush green.

"I wonder," said Marak, "how it will be like."

The ruined brick watchtower hadn't changed. Its enclosing wall straggled across the road. I followed the ruts through the broken arch, and started around the tower. Then I jammed on the brakes, and dust billowed around us.

A cart was drawn across the road. Beside it lounged some soldiers who picked up their rifles and came over to me.

"Go on!" cried Marak.

When I backed the car, two men jumped on the running board. They jerked the door open and motioned me out. These men weren't Chinese; they looked like assorted tribesmen, and they wore odds and ends of uniforms. Most of them—about a dozen showed up—had Russian *Trokh-linie* rifles in bad repair.

I got out of the car and produced my passports, American and Chinese. An officer came out of a wattle hut and when he looked at the passports he laughed. That was a bad sign.

"I am glad to see you," he said.

He looked pleased enough. He wore an Austrian officer's gray shako with the tarnished initials F. J. I. still visible. Franz Josef Imperator, you know. He carried a swagger stick and he had a revolver belted behind his hip.

"Meester Elli-son," he added.

THEN I recognized him. My barefoot servant boy of a dozen years before transformed into a booted commandant with a scrubby black mustache and fat greasy cheeks. That was a bit of luck!

"Afzal!" I cried.

"Khoda Afzal, please," he said, looking past me at the car. His eyes changed and he went over to it.

"What kind of an outpost is this—" I started to ask. Afzal was bending over the door, peering at the Polish girl. Then Marak, who was watching him, made a grab for the side pocket under the steering wheel. He pulled out my .45, but before he could raise it a soldier swung a rifle butt into his head. Another one jabbed a butt into his chest, knocking him down.

Marak let go of the revolver, and lay there, badly hurt. One of Afzal's companions, rigged out like an officer, picked up the gun and pocketed it quickly. He looked like a European, a Slovak.

I ran over to Marak, and pushed aside the soldier who was swinging up his rifle again. Then someone caught and locked my arms from behind.

"You blasted fool!" I snarled, trying to get loose.

Afzal turned his attention to me. "Not now," he said. "No, fool." Reaching into my coat pocket, he fumbled for my wallet and drew it out. Then he noticed the leather money belt, and jerked it off. The Slovak came over to peer at it, and their eyes lighted when they examined one of my banknotes. "Inglis," said Afzal. The other nodded. Then they trussed us all up severely and went out.

Helen and Marak understood our fix better than I did. Marak's head hurt him, and he had a broken collarbone, but he pretended to be worse than he was, while he whispered to Helen.

She told me what he thought—that my man Afzal wasn't connected with any of the regular armies moving through southern Siberia. He had his own band, armed. He could dodge the Chinese detachments by slipping across the border beyond the lake. As for the British in Kashgar, they'd never know what happened to us. Marak didn't think either he or I would be able to do any talking by the next morning. We wouldn't be alive.

THE men who had taken us were a mixed band, Kunjatis, and Mongols, and escaped prisoners of one kind or another. A bad lot. Evidently they had quartered themselves on the road at the guard post, to pick up what came their way. After that they'd withdraw to the hills beyond the lake.

"How about ransom?" I asked.

Marak thought it would be too difficult and hazardous for Afzal to try for. They'd simply bury us in the lake, and take Helen off to the hills.

"Only one shot in the locker," he whispered. If we three could reach the car, and get it started around that accursed cart, we'd have a chance, depending on the marksmanship of Afzal's men. He couldn't drive, and Helen didn't know how, so it would be up to me, if they could get me loose.

Just then Afzal was sitting in the driver's seat, showing off. I could see he didn't know how to start the motor, but he could work the horn, and this seemed to impress his men. I suppose most of them had never seen an auto before.

Anyway, it put him in a better frame of mind, and he grinned at me.

"You come have tiffin," he called. "Miss-sahib come. Top-hole, very jolly."

When we went off with his Slovak chum toward one of the huts, his men drifted away from the car. I was beginning to measure distances and weigh chances, when I saw the first sheep come around the bend in the road. In a few minutes hundreds of the herd were eddying around the cart and the car.

They were in charge of some tribesmen, mounted on shaggy ponies—bronzed, good-natured chaps, probably Buriats changing grazing ground. Afzal's men paid no attention to them, except to herd some of the sheep into the enclosure for themselves. The riders protested loudly enough. But they were armed only with clubs, and short, antiquated swords, while Afzal's men had rifles. Between them all, they blocked the road as effectively as a traffic jam.

It struck me that the tribesmen didn't seem to be afraid of the soldiers. They just waited, while the sheep spread over the landscape, until a tent came rumbling around the turn.

Even Marak stared at it. A dozen reindeer drew it along, and the tent itself looked like a gray dome mounted on a crude wooden platform, with solid wood wheels. A Tartar yurt.

I just had time to notice that the deerskin yurt covering was ornamented with some strange devices, when it stopped. And Kam came out of the entrance flap, in his robe and antler chapeau.

He didn't seem to have changed any

in the dozen years since I'd seen him. As soon as he appeared, the Buriat tribesmen began to complain about the sheep.

"A Tartar shaman," Helen exclaimed, "with reindeer."

The tribesmen seemed to expect Kam to restore their sheep to them. Apparently he acted as king and magistrate, when he wasn't doing his stuff.

Anyway, he shouted loud enough at the soldiers in that deep voice of his.

"He's telling them to let the sheep go, to let his people pass," Helen said. "He's saying that they have souls like snakes, and if they anger him he will make all of them with fire sticks run away like beetles—"

THEN I heard Afzal's voice bark behind me. Just a word or two. The soldiers picked up their rifles, leveled them in the general direction of Kam and his circus and began to shoot. The explosions stampeded the sheep, and dust billowed over the whole place.

When the shooting ceased all the loose sheep had scattered over the countryside. The Buriats were galloping out of range. But in front of Kam's cart, all his reindeer were dying. A couple plunged helplessly in the traces, then sank down on their forelegs.

Afzal had ordered them shot, as an answer to Kam.

"The coward!" Helen whispered.

There's something childlike about a wounded deer, and reindeer are about the most inoffensive things on four feet. These lay piled up, tangled in the harness, panting until their lungs ceased to work, while Afzal strolled over to inspect them. Kam didn't say anything more. He just looked at the dead animals, and then turned and went back slowly into his wagon tent. It was a wonder he hadn't been hit.

Helen was still grieving over the reindeer. She said that Kam and his people believed that the *keles,* the spirits of their ancestors, lived in reindeer. Anyone who injured a reindeer was liable to be put to death.

It was an old belief, this of the spirits of the reindeer. I remembered reading once that they thought even Erlik Khan, the Lord of Hell, had a special variety of reindeer to pull his throne—mammoths. Quite a chariot it must have been, drawn by mammoths, rising from the underworld, up through the frozen tundras, to the surface of the earth while red fires danced in the sky. . . .

But Afzal seemed pleased at the butchery.

He grinned down at me. "You see? Now we have tiffin, all ve-ry jolly."

And I had the flash of an idea. "Afzal," I said, "you're afraid of Kam."

"Not no more," he responded.

"You're afraid of him, because he is *bogha kam*—great wizard."

He shook his head. He knew better now, he said. Kam was a little old man who played tricks. But he, Khoda Afzal, was a commandant, knowing how to work magic. And he patted the revolver on his hip.

"You don't dare eat lunch in Kam's yurt!" I challenged.

At once Afzal accepted the dare. In fact, the idea pleased him, and he began to shout orders to have things carried into the shaman's moving tent. I'd hoped that we'd be able to make a break for the car, which was between us and the yurt. But Afzal's men didn't give us a chance. One of them escorted me up to the wagon, while another herded Marak up with his bayonet. And we were worse off than before. I remember the sun stood almost overhead when we were pushed through the entrance flap.

From somewhere Afzal produced a phonograph of wartime vintage, and one of his followers kept it going through the meal, with a single record—a fox-trot that wailed something about my girlie, my babe.

Out of the corner of his eye Afzal watched Kam, to see what effect the voice out of a box would produce on the shaman. Either Kam had heard a phonograph before, or he took pains to show no surprise. He kept quiet in the background, fussing over the little fire back of the center pole, putting tufts of dry steppe grass and bundles of reeds on it. Although he seemed to ignore us, I thought that he watched us.

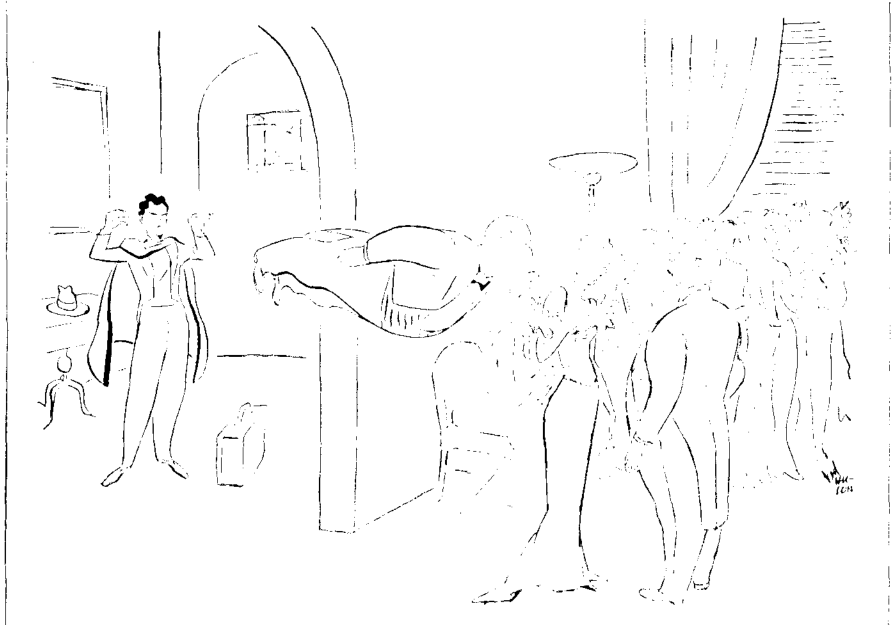
I COULDN'T think of anything but Helen. Afzal made her wait on the table. She had to break up the tea brick, and make tea in a crude brass samovar, and serve it to Afzal and his chum in china cups.

"Just like a lady," Afzal informed us.

He stared into Marak's face, then he wiped his greasy hands on the front of Helen's dress. Then he jerked her down to her knees and pulled the hairpins out of her dark coiled hair. He shook it loose over her shoulders, and released her.

"Pretty, eh? Like that?"

I couldn't do anything. My arms were growing numb, and the smoke of the grass fire and the smell of hot grease made me dizzy. The chap beside me had his rifle muzzle within a foot of my ribs. And my plight was nothing compared to Marak's. The veins stood out along his neck, and the corners of his lips quivered. That was why the girl talked to him, softly, steadily, in the language of their love. How she kept smiling, and keeping up the game of serving tea, I



"The entertainer is here, Madam"

NED HILTON

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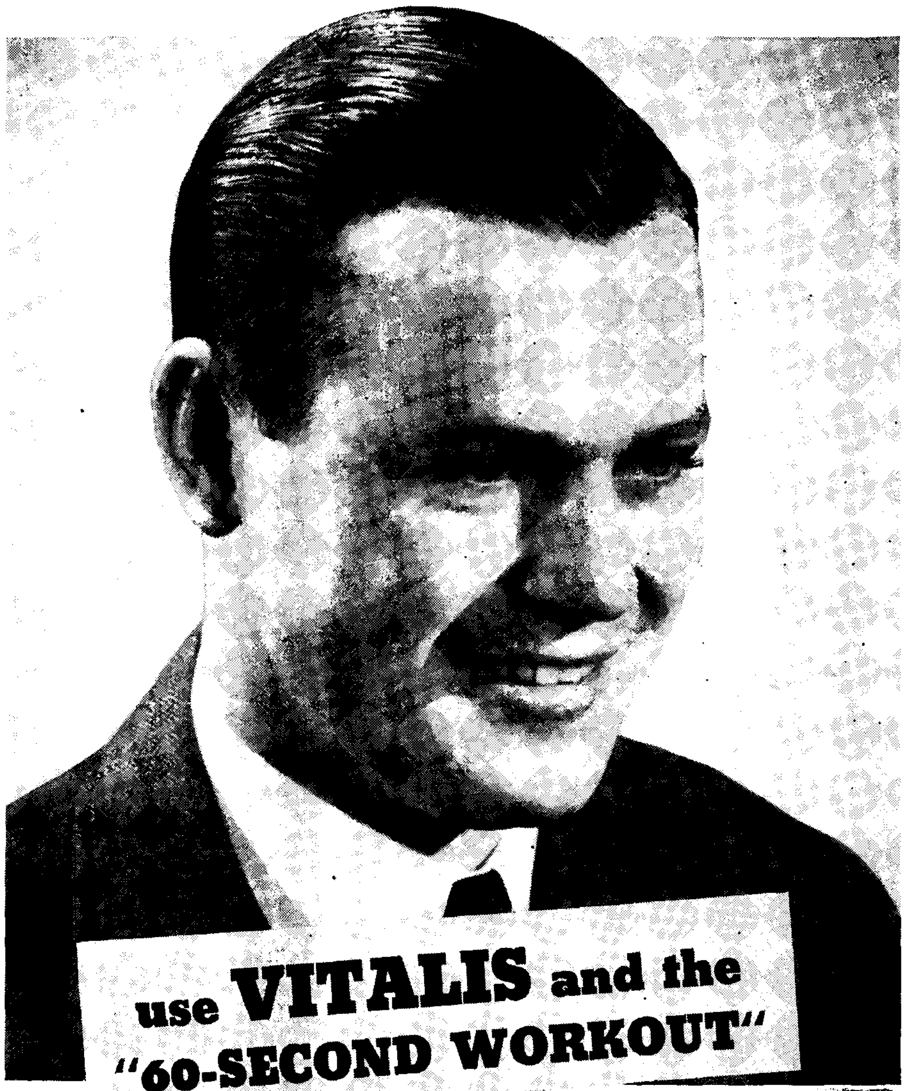
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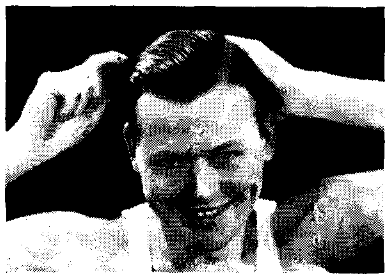

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SAFETY FIRST-
friendliness too

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—that the railroads employ more men than the steel industry and the automobile industry combined?

—that railroads are the nation's largest industry other than agriculture?

—that more than 100,000 men have been added to railroad payrolls within the past year?

—that the "shopping list" of the American railroads contains over 70,000 different items?

—that during the last ten years the railroads have spent nearly one billion dollars annually for materials and supplies for use in their every-day operation, thus providing employment to hundreds of thousands of men and women?

—that more than half of every dollar spent by the railroads goes for the wages of railroad men?

—that the railroads pay approximately one million dollars a day in taxes—taxes which send 1,600,000 children to school, and contribute substantial support to public institutions, highway construction, and general government expense?

RAILWAY EXPRESS

—serves America's shippers: big industries, growers of berries and other perishable products, and individuals through 23,000 offices located along 213,000 miles of railroads from coast to coast . . . 57,000 Railway Express employes pick up, forward and deliver America's perishable goods and general merchandise . . . Every day 10,009 trains carry these goods to great centers and remote villages in all parts of America . . . A fleet of over 10,000 Railway Express motor vehicles delivers shipments to and from these trains in all cities and principal towns, without extra charge . . . Shipments of perishables and merchandise by Railway Express travel with the same safety, directness and economy that have made American Railroads the envy of the world.

berries-1200 miles”

WHAT does it mean to you and yours when you read that “the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years”?

—or that “the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile at rates averaging less than a penny”?

Right on your breakfast table you’ll find a part of the answer—in things you take for granted in this day of modern miracles.

Fresh berries, for example, travel by rail an average of 1,200 miles before they’re served.

The butter for your toast averages 927 miles by rail.

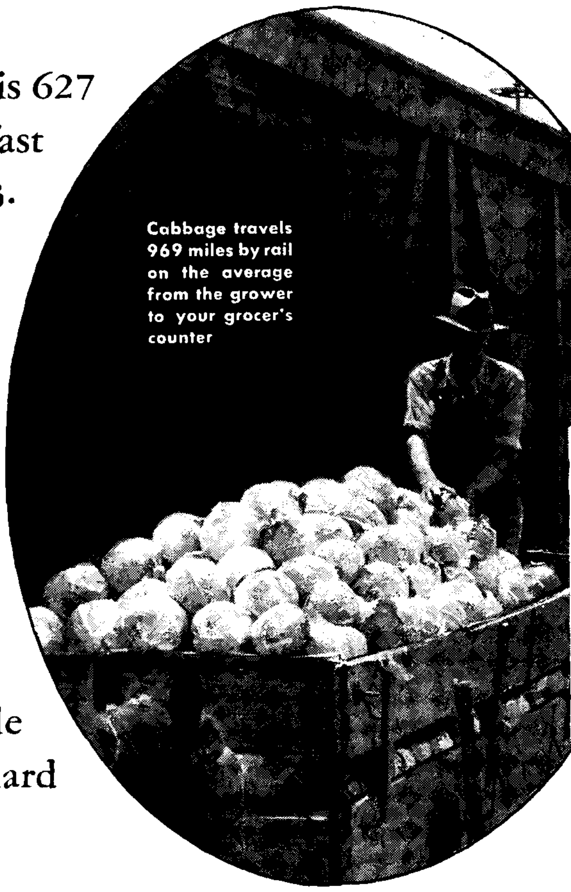
The rail mileage of cereals is 627 on the way to the breakfast table—and of eggs it’s 1,353.

Or if you want some really big figures, you can take oranges or grapefruit—they average 2,125 miles by rail.

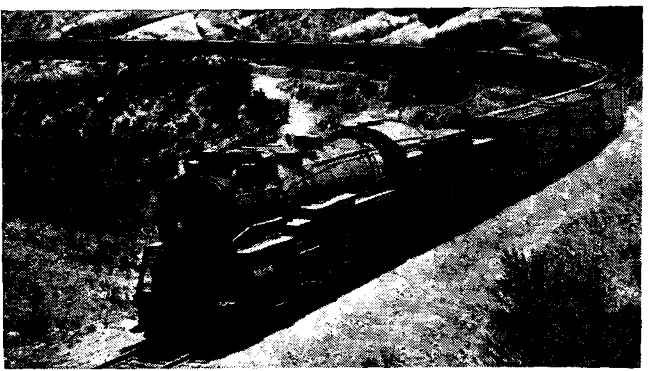
And the amazing fact is that many of the advancements in railroading which make these comforts possible were developed during hard times.

Steadily, in tough years as well as good, the railroads have pushed forward—laying heavier rails, developing better brakes and more powerful engines, speeding up the sorting of cars and doing many other things that the public seldom sees, in order to give better service.

No wonder a railroad man is proud of his job — and proud of the enterprise which keeps American railroads in the forefront as *the finest transportation system in the world.*



Cabbage travels 969 miles by rail on the average from the grower to your grocer’s counter



Your share *of the total freight hauled each year, if you have an average family, is two tons of agricultural products, one-half ton of live stock and animal products*

Flood defied to bring in food! *Over the rails came trainloads of food for stricken communities—and homeless refugees by the hundred thousand rode by train to safety*

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

"SURE! SIMONIZING IS A CINCH NOW"
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SIMONIZ
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MOTORISTS WISE · SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

"done already?"

You'll be surprised how easily you can make a dull car look new again with Simoniz Kleener! It not only brings back the lustre to all lacquers and enamels, but also their brilliance of color. Try this remarkable product. Notice the way it takes off dirt and grime—like magic! Then put on Simoniz. It gives the weatherproof protection which makes the finish last longer . . . permanent beauty to any car, whether old or new. So insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car!

If you want your car Simonized for you, take it to an Authorized or Certified Simoniz Station. They are located everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

YOU SHOULD ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

There's nothing else like Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener and they're never sold under any other name. Hardware and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere have them.

don't know. Because she realized what was in store for her and for us.

"Ve-ry pretty, what?" Afzal grinned.

Then for the first time I heard Kam's horn. A low note that grew louder, without changing its key. Probably he had been sounding it for some time, unheeded in the phonograph's racket. When the phonograph quieted, the horn gave out a deep, vibrating call.

Kam was kneeling behind his fire, holding the mammoth bone in both hands. The fire blazed up, and the shaman's face stood out, gaunt, with the eyes closed.

"*Hai*," shouted Afzal, "look at the old man."

Kam got to his feet. He moved slowly about the center pole, and as he moved, the small iron dolls jangled on him. Jangled in time, as his feet stamped softly.

"All right," Afzal yelled, "I know his tricks—the son of a dog."

I wondered why Afzal yelled so loud. Then I heard the bells, in the smoky murk. They chimed with the stamping of Kam's booted feet. He was flitting about the fire now, while the reverberation of the horn deepened.

AFZAL leaned over and drank from the cognac bottle, and I heard Marak breathe heavily at my side. My head felt hot and dizzy.

"I'm not afraid of you!" Afzal screamed. But I thought he must be afraid.

The roaring filled my ears. The cognac bottle toppled over, and the reek of alcohol caught at my nostrils. And then came utter silence.

After that tumult of sound, the silence came as a shock. The floor of the yurt seemed to be moving, sinking. I tried to move and found that the numbness of my arms had spread through all my body. My head whirled. I could hear men breathing heavily, like dying reindeer. And something in a robe or skirt moving past me toward the two on the horse skin. I couldn't see anything but the red glow of the fire, with smoke eddying above it.

"Bird of Heaven, with claw of brass, *with beak of ice . . . flying across the* moon, hiding the sun—" it was a voice chanting, surely a woman's voice—"open thou the earth, beneath us . . . summon to us thy Mate . . ."

I felt drowsy. All my muscles relaxed. I thought someone had pulled away the yurt, and I was looking up into the night sky lighted by a red glow.

And the earth quivered, as if at a giant tread. Black shapes rose against the glow in the sky, higher and higher. White tusks gleamed through the smoke. Black heads, shaggy with hair, lifted above me. Mammoths. Their tread shook my flesh.

And behind and above them, *something* was taking form. A shadow against fire, remote and vast.

Then I saw Afzal's face, near me, staring up. His lips curled back from his teeth. His eyes bulged from his sweating forehead. His right arm groped at his hip, tense with effort. And his hand came up, slowly, clutching his revolver.

In front of him, two paces away, Kam was standing. Motionless as a statue.

I heard Afzal cursing as he strained to lift the revolver. He got it out in front of him, and clasped his wrist with the other hand. Kam's gaunt face showed equal strain. It was a duel between the will of the shaman and the strength of the armed man.

They looked like dwarfs, against the gigantic shadows moving toward them. Afzal snarled deep in his throat, as a beast snarls before springing. His head lowered between his shoulders. Slowly the revolver came up. It covered Kam's throat, then his eyes—

A flash and an explosion close to my head half stunned me. And Afzal went down as if flailed by a mammoth's tusk. He lay at Kam's feet.

The fumes of the shot made me cough. Beside me Marak laughed, and then choked. With an effort I sat up.

The yurt was back again, above me. The shadow shapes had vanished, and *the only light was from the fire where* Kam stood gazing down at Afzal's body. One of Afzal's hands was in the fire, but it did not move.

"Helen!" Marak choked.

Men got to their feet all around me, stumbling over me. They grunted like beasts as they pushed toward the entrance flap. They scrambled out of the yurt, jumping to the ground.

Only the Polish girl remained, standing by Marak, her eyes heavy with weariness. In her right hand she held my .45. Marak leaned over and touched the barrel.

"Take it, please," she said with a deep sigh.

Marak got to his feet, and put his good arm around her, and she pressed her head against his shoulder, shivering. She was more utterly done than any of us.

My head ached when I scrambled out of the yurt. But what I saw outside did me good. All of Afzal's men were running away from the yurt, up the hillside. Most of them had dropped their rifles. They acted like stampeded sheep. Afzal's chum, the European, was at the head of the rout.

And the Buriat tribesmen were chasing them, urging on their ponies, whacking at the heads of the fleeing men with their cudgels and rusty sabers.

"Good!" Marak spoke behind me. "Mr. Ellison, we'd better go now."

With his good hand he loosened the knots of the cord that bound my arms. Helen rubbed my wrists until I could move my fingers again.

"Oh, your money," she cried.

I had forgotten about it. So I went back into the yurt, coughing in the smoke. Turning Afzal's body over, I found my wallet and passports, and pulled off my money belt. His revolver was lying beside him, but somehow I didn't feel like taking that.

I felt like thanking Kam—patting him on the shoulder. Probably I was a bit hysterical just then.

However, Kam didn't even look at me. He was pottering over that fire of his, putting on some more tufts of grass, and rushes, while he muttered to himself. He looked like a troubled old man, putting his house to rights after his guests had departed.

"He must be grieving," Helen said, as we climbed into the car, "over his reindeer."

IT'S strange how a thing like that hits you. I drove around the corner, and the old watchtower hid the yurt with its sheep. Glancing back over my shoulder, I noticed for the first time that the sun was setting behind the hills in the west. And my wrist watch registered a few minutes after seven. Yet I was sure we had gone into the yurt at noon.

"Yes," Helen said, her voice unsteady, "you were out for four hours, all of you."

"Out?"

"Hypnotized. Kam gave a beautiful exhibition of mass hypnotism in his yurt. But he couldn't quite break Afzal's will power."

I thought of those two minds struggling for hours, while that girl watched over the man she loved—understanding what was going on, and fearful of breaking the shaman's spell, until the end.

"Then it was a duel between those two," I said stupidly.

"And a woman," Marak added quietly.

I didn't say anything more, because Helen began to sob like a schoolgirl. What would have happened, if she hadn't shot Afzal when she did? I've often wondered about that, myself.

WAR DECLARED ON UNSAFE TIRES!

News From The Front By

EDDIE RICKENBACKER

Ace of War Aces

BATTLE TO FINISH AGAINST BLOW-OUT ACCIDENTS THAT KILL OR INJURE THOUSANDS EVERY YEAR!

> Everyone remembers Eddie Rickenbacker and his flying feats during the World War. An ace, if there ever was one—with a record of 21 planes and 4 balloons to his credit, for which he was awarded the Congressional Medal—Distinguished Service Cross—Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre.

WAR is no stranger to me. From my "reserved seat" in the sky amid the thunder of anti-aircraft guns, the chatter of machine gun bullets from pursuit planes and the bursting of red hot shrapnel perilously close to the cockpit, I have seen our boys mowed down on shell-torn battle fields like blades of grass. Yes, I thought that in those hectic years of strife the loss of American life had reached an all-time high.

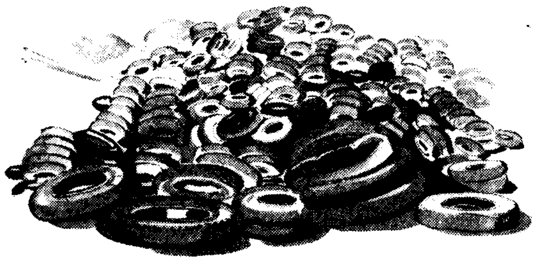
But I was wrong. Take a look at these peace-time figures. In 1936 nearly 38,000 American motorists were killed in accidents.

Imagine! In the past 15 years nearly 450,000 Americans have lost their lives in traffic accidents—far more than the total casualties in all of America's wars. A staggering figure. And, would you believe it, included in this appalling total of traffic tragedies are thousands of motorists who are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control—thousands upon thousands of car owners who do not seem to realize that one great factor in *safe* motoring is *safe* tires.

The B. F. Goodrich Company has taken an important step to halt the advance of this menace to motoring safety.

Call To Arms

They have mobilized an army of 36,000 Goodrich dealers, from coast to coast, whose main objective is to remove unsafe, tread-worn tires from the roads and replace them with new, safe full-treaded tires—with tires that provide motorists with the kind of protection they need against today's high-speed blow-outs.



REMOVAL OF MILLIONS OF UNSAFE TREAD-WORN TIRES FROM AMERICAN HIGHWAYS IS OBJECTIVE OF BIG 1937 GOODRICH NATION-WIDE DEALER DRIVE

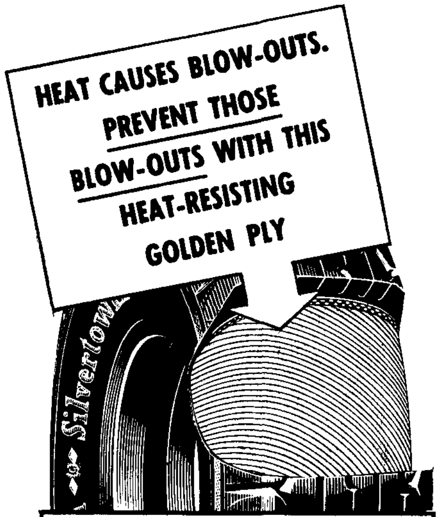
I salute each and every Goodrich dealer because victory for them means *safer* driving for American motorists.

EDDIE RICKENBACKER

Thank you, Eddie Rickenbacker. Now here, in a nutshell is the Goodrich side of the story.

To protect American motorists against these dangerous high-speed blow-outs, every new Goodrich Silvertown Tire is built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific blowout-causing heat generated *inside* all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply, found *only* in Silvertowns, keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps heat blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

Let's all do our share to make America safe for American motorists. Keep your family and yourself off the 1937 casualty list. Join the "safety first" army by riding on Goodrich Silvertowns. Remember, you pay no price premium for these Life-Saving, super-quality tires. For safety *tomorrow*, see your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns *today*.


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Silvertown

FREE! Show the nation where *you* stand. Drive in today. Join the Silvertown Safety League at any Goodrich dealer's and he will get you—*absolutely free*—a brilliant stainless steel emblem with a red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail-light fails. No obligation.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

Enlist Today

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

ARM SORE FROM FIRST GAME

Mother applies Absorbine Jr. and muscles get QUICK RELIEF

WRITES MRS. R.,* of Champaign, Ill.: "My son came home from his first baseball game of the season with his right arm so sore he could hardly move it. I applied Absorbine Jr. a few times and he was ready for his game the next day."

Spring is the open season for aches and pains. Unaccustomed exercise after a winter of inactivity brings sore muscles—muscular rheumatic aches often start up, too. At no time of the year is good old Absorbine Jr. so welcome in the home to soothe and relieve sore, aching muscles. Keep a bottle of this friendly family liniment handy in your medicine cabinet. It comes to you with the highest recommendations of many doctors and nurses for over 40 years. Also wonderful for relieving Athlete's Foot. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle, and thrifty because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

Six Golden Angels

Continued from page 24

present the night of your uncle's demise? There ought to be a lot of things you could give me for my column."

"Ah, but I know you, Hickey," said Ryder. "I know that you wouldn't put anything in your column unless you had express permission to do so."

"Wouldn't I?"

"Certainly not. You respect the dignity of the press too much to do such things."

"Lend me your eyes, Ryder," said Hickey; "I begin to see myself clearly for the first time. I respect the dignity of the press too much, do I?"

"Certainly you do. You have a quick imagination but you wouldn't use it for the world. For instance, I meet you in the park; you feel you've been shadowed; you're sure that I've got in touch with you through a spy. But that's a thing you wouldn't print in your column."

"Wouldn't I?"

Ryder stopped and looked him in the eye.

"Nothing could induce you to," said Ryder.

THE little man moistened his lips. He found it difficult to swallow as he looked into the gray-green eyes of Ryder. But at last he murmured: "Perhaps you're right."

"Certainly I'm right," said Ryder. "I can't afford to be wrong."

And he went off with his long, swinging step.

Jimmy Hickey lost interest in his walk. He had thought of something else much more to his taste and went back to his apartment so quickly that he found his valet on the living-room couch with his lap full of his master's correspondence. He clutched the papers to him like a guilty secret as he jumped to his feet.

Hickey said: "I've known for years that you read that filth; but if I catch you at it again you're out of a job."

At the telephone he rang Porter Brant.

The producing director of "He Loves Me Not" reclined in a silk robe on the davenport slowly puffing at his pipe and permitting thought to stain slightly the pure bronze of his forehead. He had beside him paper and half a dozen pens and pencils convenient to jot down the ideas which might fly within the horizon of his mind. Sydney Galloway, at the farther end of the big room, lightly touched on the piano Grieg's "Solitary Wanderer," for Porter Brant found that the chilly melancholies of that composer inspired him to some of his most delicate effects in pictures.

"The telephone, Sydney," said Brant. "I think I hear it."

SHE left the piano and hurried to the telephone in the hall. After a moment she returned to the doorway, saying: "It's that Jimmy Hickey beast. I'll tell him that you're out. It was only something about an air-mail envelope, I think . . ."

"A what?" cried Porter Brant. "Wait a minute . . . leave the room, Syd!"

She disappeared as he picked up the telephone beside him.

"Hello, Jimmy!" he called.

"Sorry to take you out of your clouds, Porter," said the snarl of Jimmy Hickey. "Just that bit about the air-mail envelope."

"I don't know what it all means, Jimmy," said Brant.

"Of course you don't. Neither do I. That's what makes it so queer that people should be interested just because I saw an air-mail envelope in your inside coat pocket the other night."

"I don't remember it at all," cried Brant.

"How could you remember it when you have so many other things to do and think about?" asked Hickey. "The point is that young David Ryder attaches a lot of importance to the letter in your pocket."

"Ryder?" echoed Brant.

"The dead man's nephew, Porter," said Hickey.

"Ah, yes. A young man without any distinctive color whatever," said Brant. "I simply can't be interested in these lads who have no essential life of the spirit, you know."

"Of course you can't," sneered Hickey. "But he doesn't seem to mind. He has a lot of interest in *you*."

"I don't understand you, Jimmy."

"You fourflusher," said Hickey, "get back to earth and listen to me. Young Ryder thinks you murdered his uncle!"

"Murder? It was suicide, Jimmy!"

"Not to Ryder. He says that that air-mail envelope wasn't in your pocket at the beginning of the evening. How did it come there later on? Because you'd been in the study of John James Leggett. Why were you there? For murder, Porter! For murder!"

"What earthly motive . . ." shouted Porter Brant.

"Why, I suppose he knew that Leggett had been fool enough to support some of your lousy pictures with hard cash; and where there's money owing, there's always murder in the air. Good-by!"

"Wait! Hold on!" cried Porter Brant.

But the dead hum of the wire told him that Hickey had hung up and slowly he replaced his own telephone.

"Sydney!" he called.

She appeared in the doorway.

"Open a half bottle of champagne, dear," said Brant. "I've had a slight shock. I need a stimulant."

Instead of going to the pantry, she walked deliberately across the floor toward him.

"Did you hear me?" he demanded angrily.

She sat down on the arm of the big davenport at his feet. A draft from the open hall door set the Chinese silk of her pajamas a-tremble.

"Darling, you are such a coward!" she said.

"I? A coward?" cried Porter Brant, sitting up suddenly.

"Lie down again," said Sydney Galloway.

HE STOOD up, wrapped his robe about him, and frowned down at her.

"I see that this is the end!" he stated.

"Don't be dramatic," said the girl. "I couldn't stand it if you were dramatic just now. . . . Just at this moment I don't give a darn for your sensitive soul and your beautiful brow, Porter."

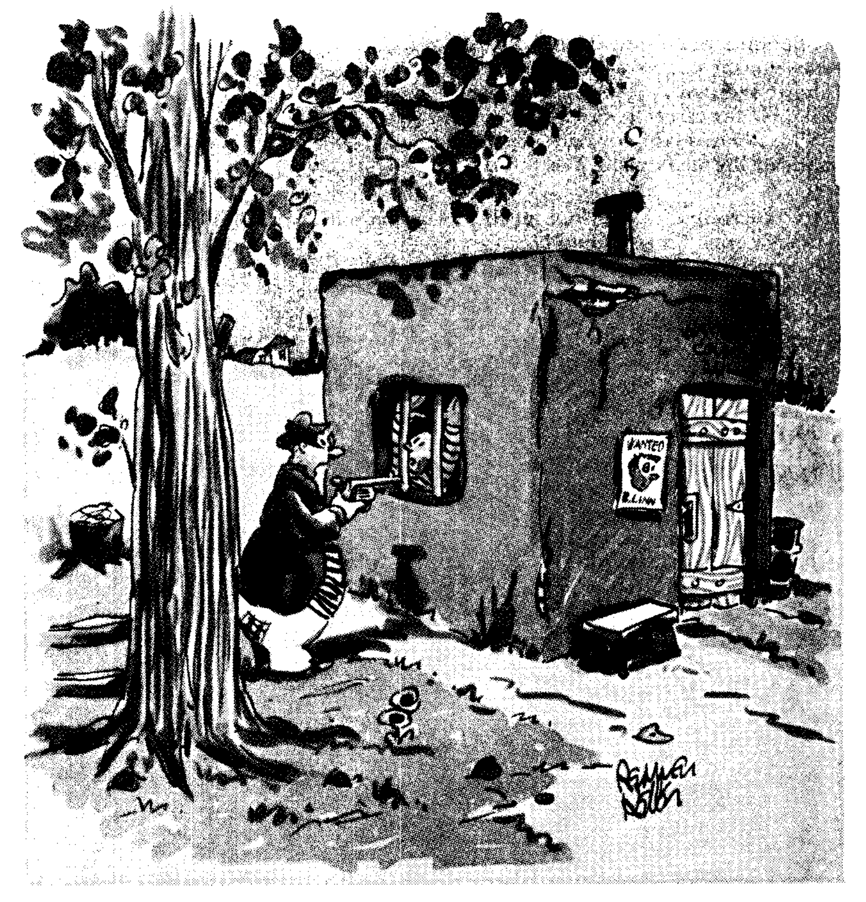
"This is the reward . . ." he began.

"For throwing myself at your feet and letting you walk on me all these months," she interrupted. "But I heard you mention Ryder over the phone just now . . . If he's the one you're afraid of, I don't blame you for turning white."

"What are you talking about?" cried Porter Brant. "What do you think I . . ."

"Ah, how I despise you," said the girl softly. "Don't attempt to rage and storm. . . . And I suppose I'll come back to you before the day's over the way poor fools come back to their drug. . . . But when I think of David Ryder . . . why, I pity you, Porter. Don't start shouting at me. If young Ryder is after you, I'd get right out of town, Porter, as fast as airplanes can fly. . . . Let me get that champagne and we'll drink to the *bon voyage*."

(*To be continued next week*)



"I must be all turned around. I'm looking for the Commercial Trust and Savings Bank"

REAMER KELLER

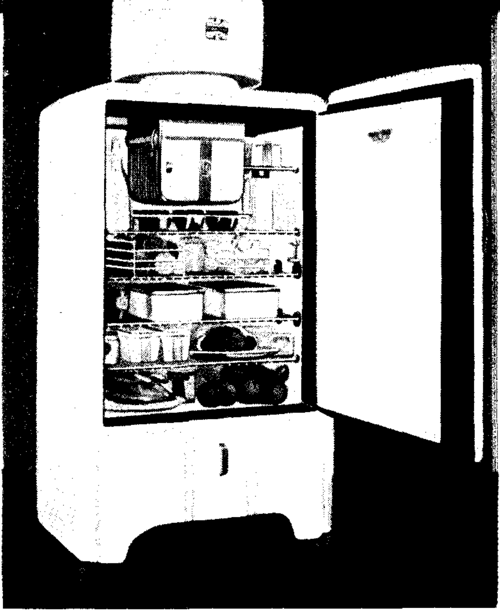
AMERICA'S BUYING ONE A MINUTE!

SEE THE NEW

REFRIGERATORS

1. SAVE ON PRICE
2. SAVE ON CURRENT
3. SAVE ON UPKEEP

RESEARCH KEEPS GENERAL ELECTRIC YEARS AHEAD!



MORE ICE! MORE COLD! MORE CONVENIENCE! AT LESS COST!

AMERICA—quick to recognize outstanding value—is buying G-E Triple-Thrift Refrigerators at the rate of one a minute! The finest refrigerator General Electric has ever built now sells at a price *everyone can afford.* It produces more cold and gives more years of service for less money. You *save* on price, *save* on current and *save* on upkeep!

All Triple-Thrift Refrigerators are powered with the G-E Thrift Unit! This is the only sealed mechanism—backed by *10 years* of actual service. Only G-E has forced-feed lubrication and oil cooling—features that assure quieter operation, lower current consumption and longer life.

Every proved convenience is built into G-E Refrigerators. The beautifully styled all-steel cabinets have interior lighting. Full-width sliding shelves with rounded fronts increase usable space. *Even the top shelf slides!* There are easy-out ice-cube trays, built-in thermometer, deep-dish vegetable drawer and scores of other advantages.

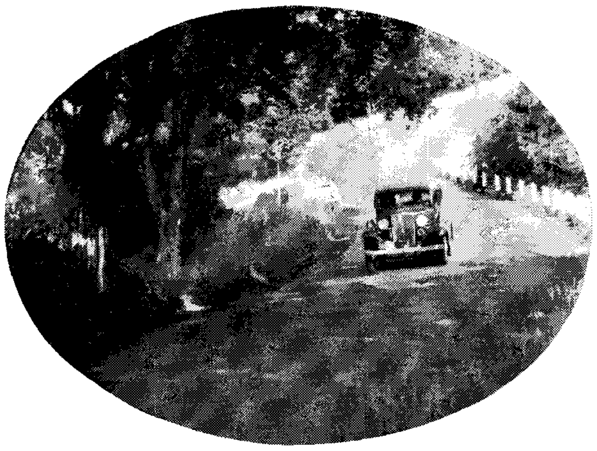
Check the G-E Refrigerator point by point—feature by feature. Compare the value. Look at the price tag. See for yourself that today's low prices bring the *model you want* within *your* reach. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

P.S. You'll always be glad you bought a G.E.!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

It's Spring!
HAVOLINE
REG. TRADE MARK
MOTOR OIL
WAXFREE
MADE IN U.S.A.
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INCORPORATED
ONE U.S. QUART

CHANGE TO *DISTILLED* OIL



For distilled oil is clean, pure oil. Every drop of it is first turned into vapor. This eliminates dangerous impurities, present in all crudes, which *cannot* distill.

So, this spring, change to Havoline, the distilled oil. Havoline cannot form the hard carbon so injurious to motors, so deadening to power. It is waxfree and tarfree.

Havoline is the oil for modern motors. It is designed to give perfect lubrication regardless of constantly narrowing clearances and ever-increasing engine speeds.

Let the nearest Texaco dealer change your oil now to Havoline. He has a Havoline Lubrication Chart showing the *correct* grade for your particular car. Indian Refining Company, Indianapolis. Affiliated with The Texas Company.

KEEPS YOUR ENGINE CLEAN

A Child of the People

Continued from page 21

"Hold on," Pop stopped her. "How much did he say he was making?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars a week."

"A *week?* You mean a *month?*"

Nadina faltered.

"Maybe he did say a month, Pop."

The verdict was still "no"; and when Nadina stubbornly insisted, Joe and Henry and Olaf walked straight out in the lobby and had a long talk with Mr. Dorgan. Mom wept, saying: "He *has* a nice smile—you'll have to admit that" . . . and Pop blustered, saying: "Do you want a ruined girl on your hands, Minnie?" Nadina sat in tight-lipped silence, listening for sounds of fisticuffs in the lobby. But none came and presently her brothers returned, grinning.

"Aw, he's harmless," Joe said.

Nadina went for a walk with Mr. Dorgan.

It seemed like, why Nadina had a calming influence on Mr. Dorgan. He did not talk silly more than about half the time. And while Mr. Dorgan was talking sensible he told Nadina these facts about himself: 1. Born in Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 17, 1905. 2. Bummed way to Hollywood after one year of high school and got job as "grip" with Buck Jones westerns. 3. Worked up to assistant director at Universal and started in as gag man with Republic. 4. Soul began to be crushed by Barney Prosnitz of Continental Pictures in 1935.

"But what does Mr. Prosnitz *do* to you?" Nadina asked, as they returned to the hotel.

"What does he *do?*"

"Yeah—I mean does he beat you up?"

POOR Mr. Dorgan had no chance to answer. Three hard-looking men got out of a big black limousine parked in front of the hotel.

"C'mon, Dick!" one of them said. "Barney wants you!"

"You worms! You rats!"

"Sure, sure—but come on—"

It really was too silly for Mr. Dorgan to get so excited and it was sillier for Joe and Henry and Olaf to get overwrought and butt in. Mr. Dorgan knew these men and they were very nice and friendly about it until Mom sent Nadina's three brothers to rescue Mr. Dorgan. After that, there was a fight, of course, and Mr. Dorgan insisted on trying to help Joe and Henry and Olaf. He just simply got in the way. The three fellas from Mr. Barney Prosnitz's studio did not wanta hurt Mr. Dorgan and he kept distracting their attention. The result was that Joe and Olaf and Henry, the big lugs, made the three studio boys say "Uncle."

"Officer!" cried Mr. Dorgan, with a bloody nose, "I charge these men with attempted kidnaping!"

Nadina could not stand any more such foolishness. She stepped right up to Officer Denevant and said: "They weren't trying to kidnap him no such a thing. They just asked him to go to see his boss, so why all the excitement?"

"That's right, sister," said one of Mr. Prosnitz's men. "You got a head."

"I charge these men and Barney Prosnitz with—"

"You shut up, Mr. Dorgan!"

Mr. Dorgan gaped at Nadina and so did Olaf and Henry and Joe. But Officer Denevant kept his head, too. He said: "This ain't Hollywood. You guys beat it."

The excitement, however, would not die down; it merely swept into the lobby of the Clorter Hotel. Mr. Dorgan made big heroes out of Joe and Henry and Olaf and got them swell-headed bragging how they could fight. Joe and Henry and Olaf said Mr. Dorgan was awful brave. Pop had nervous indigestion and Mom fussed over Mr. Dorgan like he was a little lost child.

"If you'll take off your shirt, Mr. Dorgan," said Nadina, "I'll rinse it before the blood sets."

Mr. Dorgan continued to act silly.

"Oh, no, you won't!" he exclaimed. "I'm keeping this shirt. I'm going to wave it under Barney's nose some fine day. 'See this?' I'll say, 'My blood—shed for you and Continental!' And for a topper I'll throw it in his face and say, simply, 'Writers do bleed, you perceive!' Golly, what a tag-line!"

Nadina said: "Mr. Prosnitz would hafta be pretty dumb not to know that a person will bleed if he gets socked on the nose, Mr. Dorgan."

"Don't *anything* upset you?" Mom said.

Well, it seemed like why the excitement would never end. Mom put cold compresses on Mr. Dorgan's nose and sent him upstairs to bed. Nadina retrieved Mr. Dorgan's shirt, stealthily, and rinsed it, also pressing his tie. Then, about ten-thirty the phone started ringing. It was Mr. Barney Prosnitz in Hollywood trying to talk to Mr. Dorgan. He refused to come to the phone. Then, telegraph messengers began arriving—seven telegrams in quick succession. Then, the phone again.

EMERGENCY WIFE

By May Edginton

A swiftly moving, dramatic new serial — the story of a girl who played a perilous role, for love— beginning in

NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

AT 1:45 A. M. Nadina heard Mr. Dorgan in the second floor hall telling Pop: "I'm checking out! I've got to get ten thousand miles away from him. He'll be over here himself in the morning."

"You signed up for a full week, Bub."

Nadina slipped on her one and only negligee. It seemed like why if everyone stayed excited long enough, a girl that knew better would get excited, too.

"Don't you act like a darn' fool and go away!" Nadina heard herself saying to Mr. Dorgan. "I won't let you!"

Mr. Dorgan looked at Nadina.

"You really don't want me to leave?"

"No."

"Why?"

"You just oughta have more sense than to."

Mr. Dorgan sighed.

"Pretty peasant—is that the only reason?"

Well, by this time Nadina was sorry she had allowed her heart to start beating so fast. A girl that lets herself go, why she is apt to say anything.

"Stick around and find out!" Nadina heard her voice blurting. "Just stick around!"

"I will!" said Mr. Dorgan.

Nadina fled.

Mr. Dorgan stuck around for three whole days. The excitement in the Clorter Hotel & Café was almost unbearable. Pop suffered an attack of acute indigestion and took to his bed. Mom got the flusters and flutters, alternately petting Mr. Dorgan and warning Nadina against him. The whole Clorter family loyally stood together in circumventing Mr. Barney Prosnitz's efforts to get in touch with Mr. Dorgan.

But Mr. Prosnitz could not be held off indefinitely.

ON THE evening of the third day, Nadina, walking along Redondo Boulevard with a market basket, saw Mr. Dorgan hurrying toward her with a big traveling bag. Nadina's heart stood still.

"To the airport!" Mr. Dorgan cried, dramatically. "My spies report that Prosnitz is headed this way! I knew he'd come—"

"You put down that bag!"

Mr. Dorgan shook his head.

"This is the Rubicon, my child! If I stay, I'm lost. My novel will never be finished. He'll drag me back to Hollywood—"

"No. I won't let you go!"

"Why, I believe you love me!"

"Yeah—I guess I do."

Mr. Dorgan reflected on this for a moment. Nadina, bareheaded, was wearing a simple frock; the market basket was filled with carrots, onions and fish.

"I've got it!" said Mr. Dorgan abruptly, "I make the complete renunciation! I marry a child of the people! I fly with her to some rural spot—Lord, is *that* a slap in the face for Hollywood! I snap my fingers at the whole wretched town—I turn to walk with peasants."

Nadina smiled placidly.

"They won't care very much," she said, "so don't do it on that account."

Mr. Dorgan blinked at her; then he stopped talking silly.

"Golly, I love you!" he said. "Come on—before Barney catches me!"

In Las Vegas, Nadina telegraphed her mother:

DEAR MOM DICK MARRIED ME HERE THIS MORNING STOP WE ARE FLYING RIGHT BACK AND BETTER BE MARRIED AGAIN IN CHURCH STOP LOVE AND KINDEST REGARDS
MRS NADINA DORGAN

Mr. Dorgan, however, refused to return to Inglewood. They compromised on a honeymoon cottage at Redondo Beach. And it was here that the weeping, reproachful or grimly alarmed Clorter family found them.

"Oh, why did you do it—why?" Mom asked.

Nadina faced them all with calm defiance.

"Well," she said, "you got me excited —and, besides, I kinda fell in love with Dick."

"He can't support you," Pop said.

"Three hundred and fifty a week—I bet he never made forty in his life!" Joe said.

And Mom, weeping hopelessly, said: "No girl we ever heard of married a man like him, Nadie. He ain't our kind. He ain't your kind. Half the time a body

★

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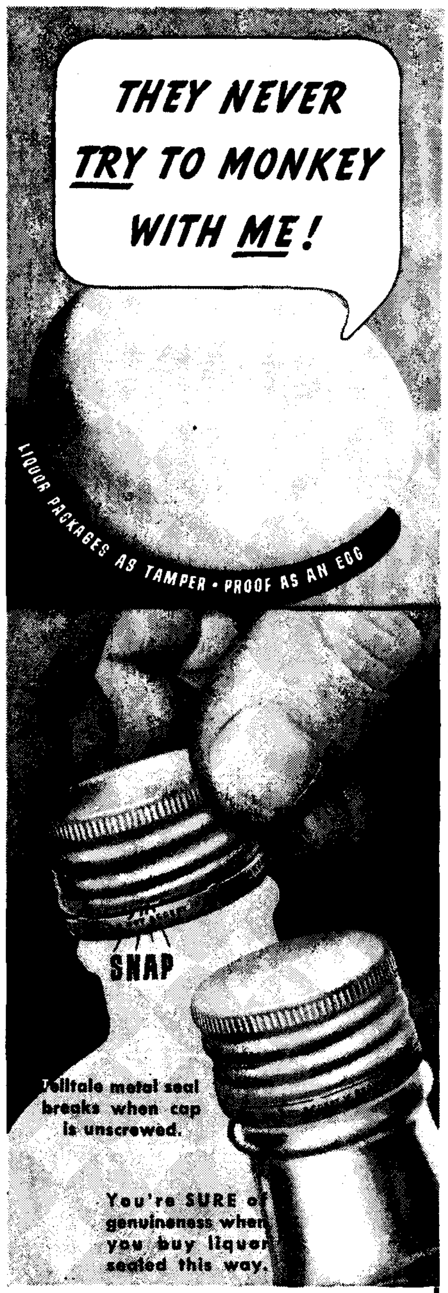
THEY NEVER TRY TO MONKEY WITH ME!
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SNAP
Telltale metal seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.
You're SURE of genuineness when you buy liquor sealed this way.

HOW TO BE A JUDGE OF GOOD LIQUOR

It's easy! When you buy, just look for this seal on the bottle. Counterfeit-proof and tamper-proof, it guarantees that the liquor was made in a *licensed* distillery, has never been opened by anyone.

One of the many brands sealed and safeguarded for you this way is advertised in this issue of Colliers.

See page 48.

I use good pilfer-proofing
On every egg I lay.
If you don't want a spoofing,
Buy liquor sealed that way.

Melissa, the egg's mamma

Alseco
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA

can't make out what he's talking about."

Well, Nadina knew she would hafta get rid of them before Dick came in from his walk on the beach. They would all get excited and say the wrong things. Dick had turned out to be a dear, sweet fella and he only talked silly about a third of the time, now. But my goodness gracious, *they* couldn't handle Dick the way *they* acted. You could not start any excitement around him.

Nadina said, firmly: "We're married and here's the license and the certificate. You keep 'em, Mom. I'll come to see you just as soon as I get everything straightened out. But until then you'll just hafta leave us alone."

A little to Nadina's surprise, the Clorters departed, but not without grief-stricken mutterings. When young Mr. Dorgan returned from his walk he found his bride stolidly counting money.

"Didn't I see your folks leaving, my sweet?"

"Yeah. They said 'hello' to you. How much money have you got, Dick?"

"Money? Enough—enough for our simple needs."

NADINA discovered, after Dick stopped talking like Robert Montgomery, that they were about nine thousand dollars in debt. It seemed like, why Dick wasn't worried about it because a lot of fellas owed him about twelve thousand dollars. But these fellas would not pay and the fellas Dick owed money to were all storekeepers and brokers and bankers who could sue you.

"How much will you get for your book, hon?"

"Plenty!"

"When will you finish it?"

"Oh—two months, three months."

"Will you let me see it as far as you've gone?"

Dick got silly again and said that a simple child of the people wouldn't be able to make head or tail of a book that was dedicated to truth and beauty. He added that he still loved Nadina dearly because her common sense was a catharsis, meaning Nadina had a good effect on his life.

That afternoon, while Dick was taking a sun bath, Nadina found the unfinished manuscript of the book. She put on her hat and coat and rode the bus to Inglewood. Presently, she was in the lending library of Miss Nathalia Byram, chief literary light of the town.

"My husband is writing a book," said Nadina, "and this is the first part of it. Could you *please* tell me if it is any good? He hasn't had any experience writing books—only gags for pictures—and I'd like to get your expert opinion of his work!"

Miss Byram demurred, was pinned inescapably by Nadina's matter-of-course questioning, agreed to look over the manuscript, was finally prevailed upon to read two chapters then and there. Nor did Miss Byram's polite, "Why, it—er—is very good for a beginner, I should think," suffice. Nadina questioned until she learned Miss Byram's candid opinion. It seemed like why Miss Byram thought the book had truth in it but very little beauty because it was illiterate. If a book is illiterate, it seems like, you are apt to have trouble selling it for anything. No matter how much truth there is in it.

TWO hours later, Mrs. Dick Dorgan was seated in the office of Mr. Barney Prosnitz, president of Continental Pictures. And it seemed like, why Dick had just been talking silly when he said all those horrid things against Mr. Prosnitz. It had turned out that Mr. Barney Prosnitz was a little, roly-poly man without any hair on the top of his head; and, besides, he had tears in his eyes.

"Darling," Prosnitz was saying to Nadina, "you got no idea what I been through with writers! You create writers from stew-bum newspaper reporters or maybe a cow-picture stagehand like Dick and pay them three hundred and fifty a week on up and give them a nice office and easy work hours and pats on the back. So what? They ain't happy! They insult you and treat you like a dog under their feet. So what?"

Nadina's bland blue eyes were puzzled.

"You didn't actually pay Dick three hundred and fifty dollars a *week?*"

Mr. Prosnitz handed her a check.

"His pay check under our contract—due today. He run out on me in the middle of 'Whirligig Girl' and gave me headaches and stomach gas—so what? *I* hold his check for *him!* I beg and plead and pray for him to come back. So what? He says, 'Barney, nuts to you. I go to write literature to save my soul.' Me—I just don't know what to do with writers, Mrs. Dorgan."

Said Nadina: "Will you still pay Dick this much every week, if he comes back?"

Poor Mr. Prosnitz it seemed like was ready to cry right out loud.

"Darling," he said, "it ain't in the contract, but if Dick comes back I will raise him to five—well, four hundred a week!"

Nadina got to her feet, standing on sturdy and shapely peasant legs. "He'll come back, Mr. Prosnitz," she said.

Well, there was an awful lot more excitement because Nadina just hadta hurt Dick's feelings about the book and trick him into talking with poor Mr. Barney Prosnitz and get Mr. Prosnitz to promise that Dick could write whole scripts after this and not just the gags and finally telephone Joe and Henry and Olaf to come over to Redondo Beach and take all Dick's liquor away and bust the bottles.

But a girl that marries a writing fella, why she doesn't mind putting up with a lot because there are things that make up for what she has got to go through. Like, for instance, that moment at the Security-First National when Nadina invited Pop and Mom and the boys to see her actually put Dick's four-hundred-dollar check in the bank.

"It's just like heaven!" Mom said, getting excited.

"I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes!" Pop said, getting excited.

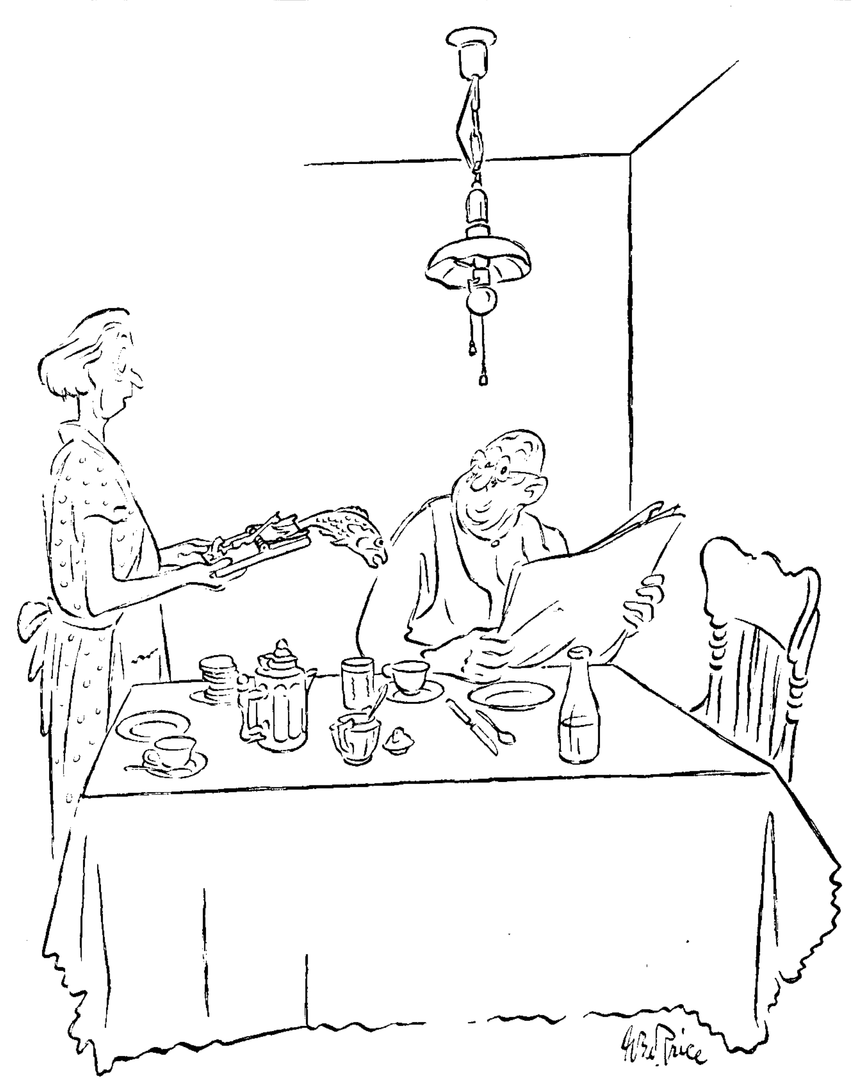
And Olaf said: "I ain't never understood you, Nadie, until just now. You're dumb but steady!"

THE best part came when there was a big, genuine Hollywood celebration after the preview of "I'll Say She Did," which was Dick's first very own picture. They hired a big-name author and paid him twenty-five hundred a week just to change a few lines and put his name on the screen credit for advertising reasons, but it was all Dick's good work and even Barney Prosnitz, the big cluck, hadta admit it.

Nadina just sat there in that party at the Trocadero in her new mink coat and heard Barney Prosnitz say: "There's the little sweetheart who put Dorgan back on his feet. How about a dance with Papa Barney, darling?"

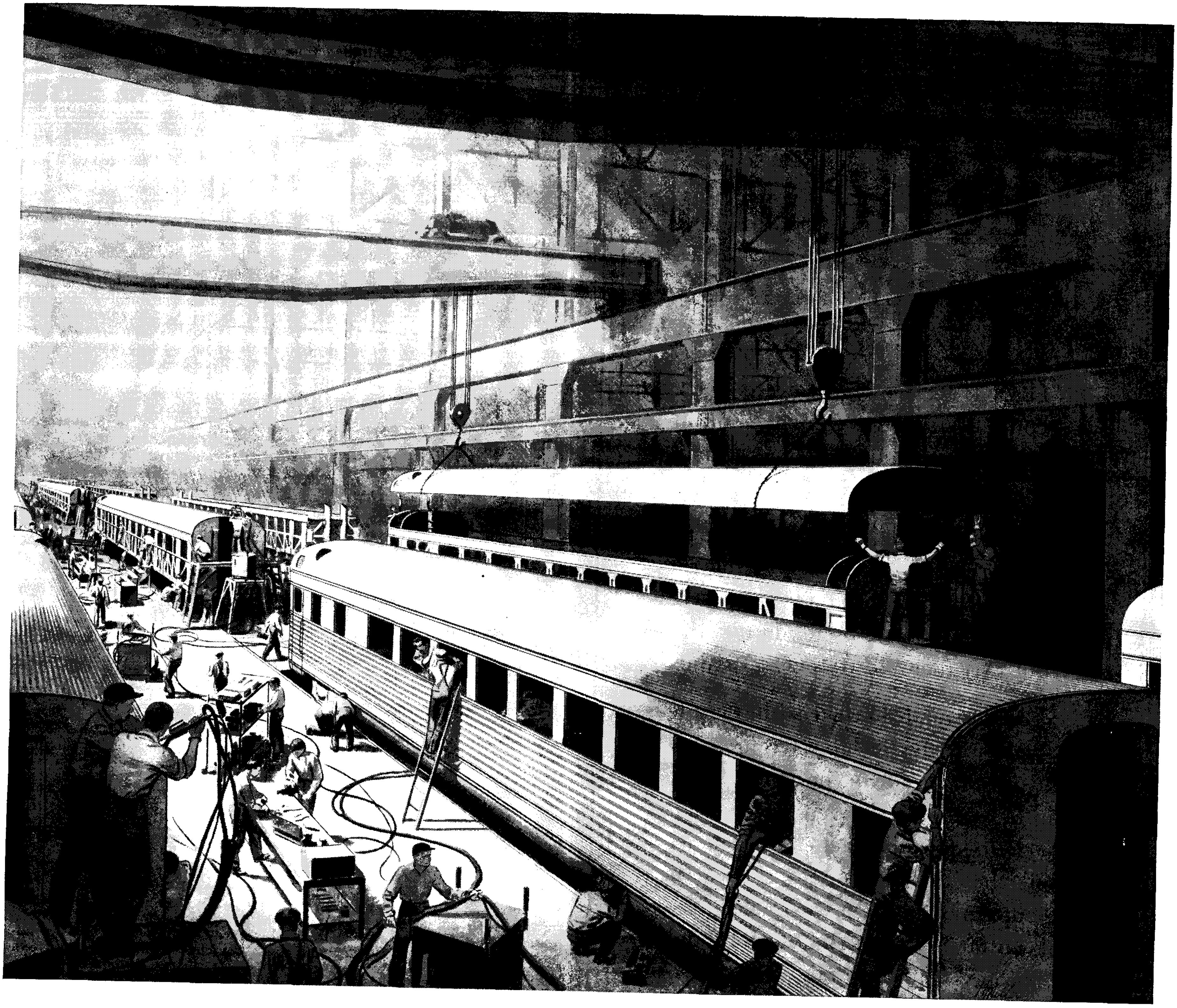
Of course, Dick, alla time gagging, hadta go and say: "Put me on my feet, hunh? Put me back behind the bars in the monkey-house, you mean! Yeah, look at her. Sitting there like the all-triumphant peasant—smiling that Mona Lisa smile—knowing she's got me back in the hog wallow to root and die. Just a child of the people!"

But Nadina, why she didn't do a single thing but giggle at Dick, the old goof. You take any writer fella, why he talks silly just about half the time. The thing to do is just simply don't get excited.



"I don't want to disconcert you, dear, but look what you caught in the mousetrap last night"

GEORGE PRICE



BRED IN THE BONE

PIONEERING with new methods and modern alloys that opened up unexplored worlds of structural possibilities, Budd has maintained consistently that there should be no compromise with outmoded methods or materials.

Budd-built *trains* have become banner-bearers of a revolution in railroad transportation because the qualities that distinguish them are bred in the bone.

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The Return
TO BETTER THINGS

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Greed and High Water

Continued from page 13

motion. They've become permanent wards of the nation. They're going to go on like Little Orphan Annies. Where healthy modern industry exists there are awakenings and regeneration; but we saw a number of towns from which the last hint of desirable industry had long since fled, leaving stranded, helpless, disaster-fodder populaces to welter in their woe.

Here a woebegone group, shoveling malodorous filth out of rooms they would soon be sleeping in again, told us that "they ain't nothin' we kin do till relief picks up again . . . Red Cross didn't last long." And farther up we were given a tremendous tongue-lashing by a politician. All we said was: "What else are you folks doing except getting ready for the next flood?" And he took it as a nasty slap at his town. "We ain't askin' for no advice from you Washington spies," he roared. "Get back where you belong and send us what's comin' to us."

A Hundred-Foot Flood is Possible

Generally speaking, the Ohio's floods have their causes at or above its source—the confluence of the Allegheny and the Monongahela rivers. To insure complete control of these floodwaters it would be necessary to go back to the last least of the tributaries of these rivers. This isn't going to be done, they tell you, for the completely understandable reason that such ultimate control would cost more than the damage the floods inflict. Of course they are talking only of the damage caused by the latest flood and not of the total damages of all past floods. Anyway, they assure us that it would cost too much and in this they are supported by the Army engineers. The cost would pile up to too many billions for even this billion-scorning country to consider with calm.

So they're building and planning ten large dams in the upper reaches of that watershed. One of them, on the Tygert River near Grafton, West Virginia, is just about completed. But the point we're interested in is that these dams, completed, will cut eight feet off the crest of the Pittsburgh area's floods. Had they been in existence in March, 1936, when the water rose to the unprecedented height of forty-six feet, the highest point reached by the river would have been thirty-eight feet. The Pittsburgh district does not begin to worry until the twenty-five-foot level has been topped. Therefore, by expending $90,000,000 or possibly $100,000,000, Pittsburgh will be assured of having nothing more than thirteen feet of really damaging water in her lap. This, as you may gather without too much effort, is nothing to declare a national holiday about. It's merely something.

And yet a considerable excitement has been worked up about this something. Nobody pays lasting attention to the unassailable fact that the future may produce floods greater than the record-breaking disasters of 1936 and 1937. And yet the Army engineers, the only people who seem to have anything like an unbiased, nonpolitical and coldly scientific perspective, grant that there is no reason why we shouldn't have fifty-, sixty-, seventy- and eighty-foot floods in the Pittsburgh district and ninety-footers downstream. When pressed, the engineers will grant the possibility of a hundred-foot flood. It doesn't seem necessary to waste space here speculating upon the result of a disaster of that dimension. And yet it is wholly possible.

From Pittsburgh to Cairo the Ohio Valley views the flood problem in reverse. In 1884 the flood reached a peak of seventy feet at Cincinnati. There have been a number of floods at Cincinnati since but, until January, nothing threatening to break 1884's record. Since 1884 Cincinnati has done a lot of public-service building—waterworks, sewers, power plants and so on. They were built by gentlemen who had the flood habit in mind but who had become convinced that 1884 had said the last word. The water was never going to exceed that seventy-foot mark. Just how they arrived at that comfortable state of mind is not on record. A careful inspection of the records, of the slow but ever upward and onward growth of floods for this reason and that, might have had its reward.

It might have had it in January, for example, when the Ohio reached eighty feet at Cincinnati. But right now you can find otherwise normal gentlemen in Cincinnati who are talking of eighty feet as the ultimate. In Wheeling they are inclined to congratulate themselves because their flood this year was slightly less than forty-nine feet, whereas it was fifty-five feet in 1936. Therefore matters are on the mend and there's no use getting unduly warmed up. But Louisville, three fourths of which was under water with catfish caught in the hotel lobbies, is demanding that the entire country become excited. Pittsburgh, which escaped the worst of this year's flood, isn't particularly interested in Louisville.

Of course dikes and dams are not the whole solution. But you have heard enough of that here and elsewhere. The dismal fact is that we have learned that we cannot farm our cleared lands to aridity, destroy natural vegetation, strip millions of acres of forest without replacement and build our mills, factories and railroads on land which properly belongs to rivers and not suffer the damp consequences.

No Vote Appeal

But we'll not go into that. Our objective this time was to find out who and what have been responsible for our national ostrich policy. It wasn't hard. We who drown, who see our homes wrecked, who are called upon to give $21,000,000 out of our pockets to the Red Cross are responsible. And it would be all right too if we got any fun out of it. Naturally enough, we met a lot of people nursing lots of opinions but most of them were expending their energies upon efforts to hang the responsibility upon others. Oh, yes, we even heard the inevitable charge that it was Wall Street's fault. A neighbor of Mrs. Cahoon's told us that. And a mayor too. But nobody blamed it on Mr. Roosevelt, which puzzles us a lot.

At the moment Washington is preaching land conservation and with it flood as well as other controls. The Midwest is still ringing with the high words of purposeful interstate delegations which have vowed that it must not happen again—even if it will. But it is not on record that the United States forgets anything as quickly as last month's or last week's or yesterday's flood. The same vows were taken after the Ohio's 1907 rampage when Pittsburgh had thirty-eight feet of water rolling down her streets and the valley below was a sea. The same resolutions were adopted after 1913's deluge. There were pompous meetings of engineers and "river experts" and they hooted the warning that one day the river would rise to eighty feet and more. And when they had finished hooting they proceeded to forget thirty-eight feet of water. And as they forgot so did Congress.

Money spent for flood control, however effective, is not highly visible. No vote-appeal. A new post office, a veterans' hospital, a bridge, a World War monument or even bronze busts of General Phil Sheridan, General Franz Sigel, Admiral Dewey or Mr. Jefferson Davis are easily-seen evidences of a congressman's zeal in behalf of a constituency. Headwater dams, new forests, terraced land and even dikes are distant things, arousing no popular furor, reminding nobody to be loyal to any politician. Congresses past have not been glad to spend money the voters could not see.

Sometime ago a carload of congressmen went junketing to the Panama Canal Zone to give engineering feats they had no hope of understanding the benefit of their examination. They were silently appreciative of everything until told that the Zone at that time had the lowest mortality rate in the world. Whereupon several of the gentlemen became agitated. If that were so, they reasoned, it would be in the interests of economy to appropriate a lesser sum for sanitation. Now that the United States Army had achieved that admirable state of affairs, it would not, they reasoned, be necessary to continue spending large sums of money to bring about a situation already realized. And they went back to Washington to report that they had not only had a nice time but that they had justified the trip by discovering how to save the taxpayers several million dollars.

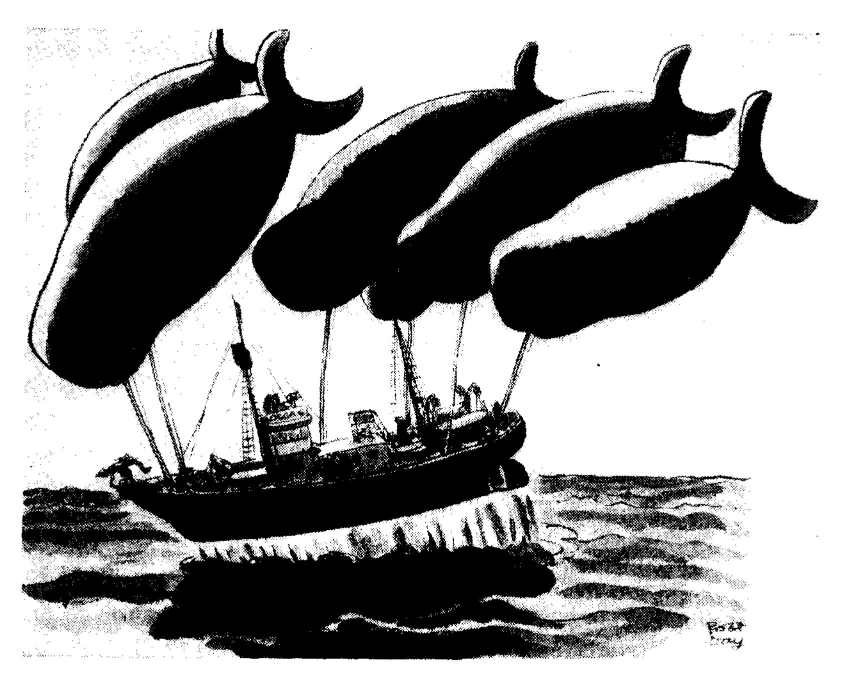
A Tiny Reason for Optimism

Similar reasoning has been applied to flood control. To reduce flood crests by one foot today will cost from three to five times what it would have cost twenty years ago. The Army charts show that the Ohio is aflood almost annually. Most of these floods are not regarded as serious, although each takes its toll of life and money. Medium floods come every five to eight years. They take much more life and destroy millions more of property. Major floods may come once in fifteen, twenty or even thirty years. You should have seen Cairo, Louisville and the hundred river hamlets a few months ago.

Congress "took steps" in 1936, passing the Flood Control Act. It is not tremendously popular because it demands that the states participate financially. It authorizes a number of control projects in forty states. It stipulates that the federal government shall pay all costs of construction but that the cost of the land on which such construction shall appear and all damages incidental to the acquisition of that land shall be borne by "the states, political subdivisions thereof and other responsible local agencies." You are privileged to imagine the local furor. Land on which you could raise nothing but an umbrella is being held at prices that Florida would have regarded as a trifle excessive during her celebrated, hollow boom. Jewelry prices are being asked for clay banks you couldn't use to chink a log cabin. And local adventurers are collecting speeding tickets in their haste to buy lands on which the Cahoons live. It is nasty news for state and municipal treasuries, and governors who are struggling to be honest are wondering how they can deal with the modern river pirate and remain in politics. For them there is but one tiny reason for optimism. The Flood Control Act has it that when the land and damage costs exceed the construction cost (which of course it frequently will) the United States government shall assume half the excess. And if that isn't congressional stoking of the home fires, there is no such thing.

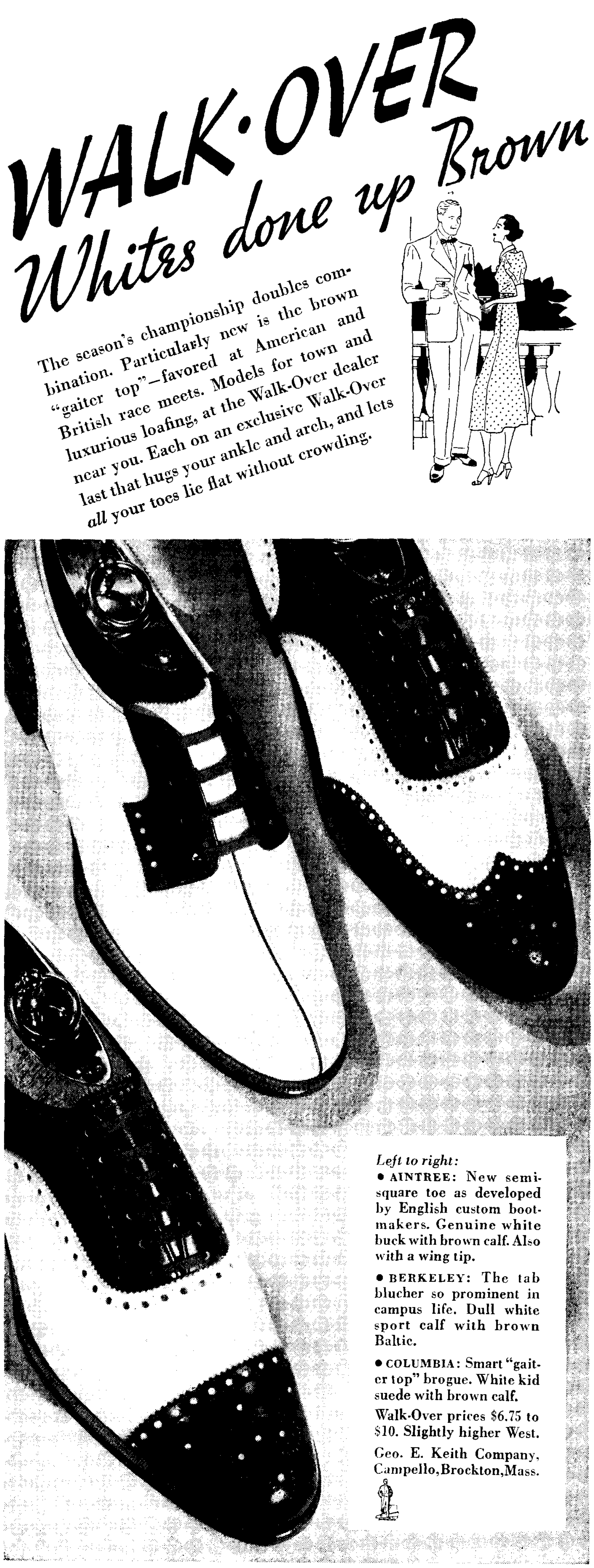
Even so, only three or four states have passed concurring legislation. Pennsylvania and New York have agreed frankly to pay the land and damage costs. Ohio is willing to and Illinois is not unwilling. But nothing but flood is going to happen until all the states which are to benefit by the act have agreed to pay their way. And maybe they'll be permitted to wriggle free. There already is a valiant movement toward amending the act. This amendment would put the whole cost—land, damages and all—upon Washington.

In 1934 the Army engineers presented to President Roosevelt a flood-control survey which advocated about 1,600 projects. The cost would have amounted to something like eight billion dollars spread over years of building. It took almost two years for Congress to pass the necessary legislation, and months more to get the first appropriation of $2,750,0000,000. There will be several hearty floods in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys before there will be anything to show for it. But as one gentleman in Ironton, Ohio, observed as that unhappy town was trying to wring itself out after emerging from a seventy-foot flood, "Most of us won't live long enough to enjoy it."



"You had better come up on deck, Captain. Svenson has pumped the whales too full of air again"

ROBERT DAY



The season's championship doubles combination. Particularly new is the brown "gaiter top"—favored at American and British race meets. Models for town and luxurious loafing, at the Walk-Over dealer near you. Each on an exclusive Walk-Over last that hugs your ankle and arch, and lets *all* your toes lie flat without crowding.

Left to right:

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- **BERKELEY:** The tab blucher so prominent in campus life. Dull white sport calf with brown Baltic.
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Walk-Over prices $6.75 to $10. Slightly higher West.

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–not if you can *smell it* or *taste it* in the finished drink

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ESTABLISHED 1870
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Distilled by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
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DRY GIN

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Mixed drinks are an American idea. To meet the American taste for smooth mixed drinks, Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for mixing.

The original American Gin—established 1870.

The real American mixer

4/5 Quart

Girl with a Voice

Continued from page 15

group. That thought first hit them in Detroit, where they were stranded for the eight hundredth time. Martha went around to the Fisher theater and got a job singing with the stage show. It only lasted a week and from there they went to Cleveland, but it gave her an idea. They expected work there for the whole bunch but something happened and they didn't get it.

"Get ready to bawl," says Martha, "for it's the week before Christmas and we're stuck. For two days we lived on one box of crackers. You've heard those stories. Well, they're true. And it ain't no fun."

So Martha went down to see Paul Ash, who was playing a date with his band at a hotel. She told him how things were and sang for him and got a job.

"If you want to put down any names of swell people," says Martha, "put down Paul Ash. He not only hired me but he gave me a week in advance and sent a turkey out to the dump where we were living. It almost killed Ma."

Hot-cha Stuff

From that time things got a little better. She had a year with Ash in Chicago and then came on to New York and got a week at the Paramount Theater with Boris Morros. All this time she was doing straight singing but the success of Ethel Merman and the hot-cha girls started her on her present line.

"Good and loud, yeh," she says, "but I can sing nice, too. You ought to hear me sing nice."

That's one reason why she never deserts the night clubs. They let her sing any way she wants to.

Anyhow, she went in strong for the hot-cha stuff, practicing before a phonograph and singing while the radio blared, and it resulted in a job with Benny Davis and his Star Dust revue. In that company were Vilma and Buddy Ebsen, Hal Le Roy, Little Jackie Heller and Sunny O'Dea. It was a big jump for Martha, who had changed her name shortly before this, thinking anything would do as a change of luck. She got $115 a week and work was pretty steady.

She left it to go into a show called The Crooner, one of the perennial menaces perpetrated by Will Morrissey on $8.35 and a hope.

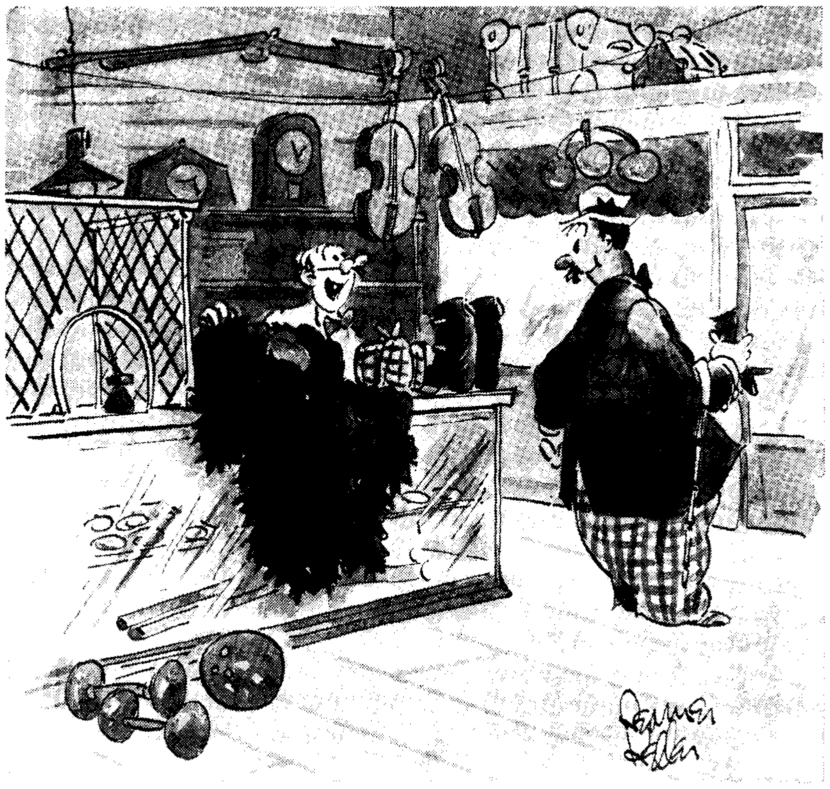
The Crooner never got farther than Asbury Park, N. J., ending there on public request. But by this time Martha was making progress. She could go into any small night club in New York and get a chance to sing for nothing. Occasionally she had a real job, as when she sang at Ben Marden's Riviera. Later she went in Chez Paree on a two-weeks booking and could have stayed forever, leaving only to go into another flopperoo of a show named Calling All Stars. It had a dreadful death but it gave her a chance to do her drunk scene for the first time and that was later to mean gold in the till.

She was hanging around a trifle sadly after the collapse of Calling All Stars when she got the opportunity to go to Hollywood with the Century Club. She did all right there and later at the Casanova, but it took that Sunday night at the Trocadero to put her across. It only requires a quirk of personality, a yell placed in the proper place, and the movies are entranced. What that small town in the California hills likes the whole world seems to enjoy, and from being a girl who sang in night clubs Martha Raye was a movie star, a radio star, an international celebrity almost immediately.

"If I'm any different, I wish you'd tell me where," says Martha.

She's still young, only twenty. She lives with her mother and when last seen was planning to bring her brother out.

"He's an awful nice kid," she says. "Leading a band in a night club in New York—twelve bucks a week. And a wife and kid—never even told me about the baby because he thought I might think he was asking for something. I love that Bud. I guess when you've played as many honky-tonks together as we did you get to loving a guy—even if he is your own brother."



"I'll expect you as usual, then—about the 15th of November"

REAMER KELLER

"When it isn't on the Pants— I say, *Put it on!*"

TALON Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. SLIDE FASTENER FOR TROUSERS IS NOW WORN BY MORE THAN 12 MILLION MEN!

It's hard to realize that such a small detail as the fly of your trousers could be so tremendously improved that millions of men now actually refuse to wear suits with the old-fashioned fastening!

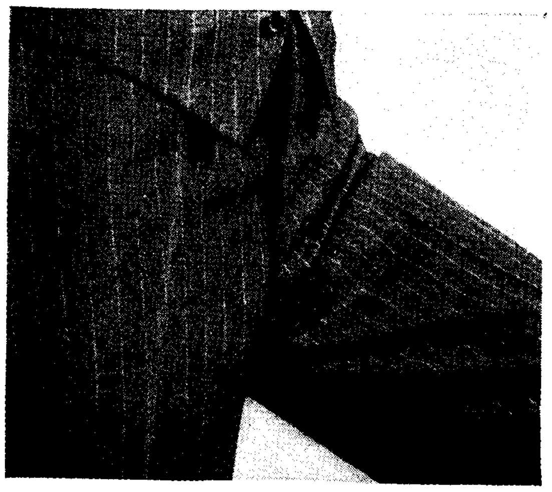
Yet this is exactly what has happened. The amazing convenience, the ease and security and durability, of the Talon slide fastener for trousers have won the men of America!

Ask your clothing store to show you a pair of trousers with the Talon slide fastener. Introduced in expensive clothes . . . you can now get this *extra value* on better-made suits of all prices!

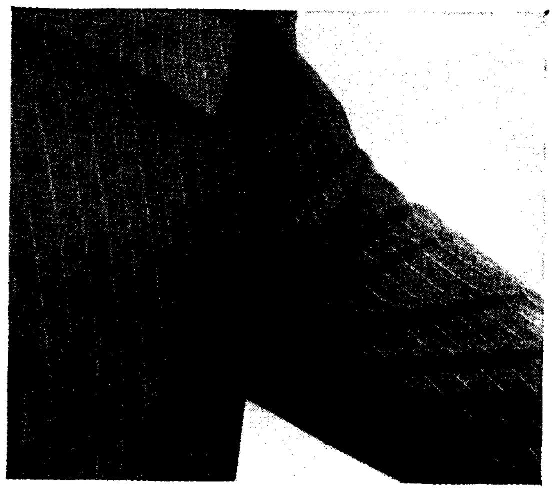
HOOKLESS FASTENER CO., MEADVILLE, PA.

LAZY MEN... With the Talon fastener, there's only *one* thing to fasten instead of *five*. Who isn't "lazy" enough to like this!

BUSY MEN... Once you've enjoyed the speed and simplicity of the Talon slide fastener, you'll be impatient with the old-type fly!



FORMERLY... How often offensive gaps like the above result from the old-fashioned trouser closure!



NOW... Talon slide fastener, made *expressly* for trousers, gives a continuous closing, better fit, wear!

BIG MEN... Just *zip* it. And it stays as neat as a seam. No wonder big men prefer the Talon trouser fastener!

FORGETFUL MEN Talon fastener ends all chance of embarrassment. Nothing to forget. Can't open by accident!

WIVES... No more of this. Talon slide fastener can't break off! Or be harmed by pressing, dry cleaning.

TRY THE **TALON** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*

WANT TO KNOW THE TASTE OF QUALITY?...TRY THIS TOP-RUN BOURBON!

TOP-RUN
HEADS
TAILS

WHAT TOP-RUN MEANS

This diagram shows the curve of quality. It pictures how the peak of whiskey goodness is secured by cutting off the raw, wild "heads" and the heavy "tails"—and taking only the best of the run to make Crab Orchard.

18
"Crab Orchard" Brand
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
ONE QUART
93 PROOF
U.S.A.
DISTILLED BY
The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

This whiskey is 18 months old

WARM and genial as a good friend's greeting, your first sip of golden Crab Orchard will tell you here's a great bourbon. It's all Top-Run—which means it's made like the costliest whiskies. It has the heartening strength of 93 proof. Meet Crab Orchard and you find a friend to both palate and purse.

Crab Orchard

Top-run **KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY**
93 PROOF
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK
YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

Castle Key

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

The Story Thus Far:

PERRY CRANE, a smooth-tongued promoter, inveigles Greg Adams into "investing" three hundred thousand dollars in Castle Key, a Florida real-estate development. After which, he devotes his time to gambling with Greg's money, and losing—and stealing the affections of Greg's beautiful wife, Rita.

By ingenious misrepresentations, he convinces Rita that Greg is madly in love with June Carlisle, a charming girl who has always adored him but whom he regards as a friend, nothing more. Infuriated, jealous, hurt, Rita promptly leaves her home, goes to her father.

The situation affords a conscienceless lawyer—Perry Crane's brother, George—an excellent opportunity to exercise his talents. He informs Greg that he must hand over three hundred thousand dollars or see June Carlisle named in Rita's divorce suit!

Greg's reply is that he has very little capital left; that he can pay only by securing a loan against Castle Key! Knowing that Castle Key is hopeless, an almost total loss, George promises to go to Florida and talk to the bankers. He goes. Arrived, he has a series of interviews with one Pettigrew, a demented old man who has lost the last of a fortune in Castle Key. He succeeds in convincing the old fellow that Greg Adams has stolen Castle Key's funds, ruined the venture. After which, he notifies Greg that he has made arrangements for the loan, and that Greg must come down at once.

But George's operations have not been unobserved. Having followed him to Florida, Bill Keith, Greg's lawyer and closest friend (who has long been in love with June Carlisle) has kept an eye on him; as has June, who is taking a vacation in Florida. Putting two and two together, they evolve the theory that George is plotting to bring about Greg's death by converting Pettigrew into a killer!

Greg arrives. And a few hours later, Rita—who, due to a series of eye-opening episodes, now knows Perry Crane for what he is—puts in an appearance.

Greg goes to the Hotel Southcoast. June attempts to get him on the telephone—she must warn him to avoid Pettigrew and George Crane. Greg cannot be found. Bill rushes over to the hotel to investigate. A few minutes later, he phones June. "He isn't here," he exclaims. "But he has left a note, June. He's gone to Castle Key with George Crane!"

Conclusion

GREG'S wrist watch told him twenty-five to eight. It still would be an hour and a half; an hour and a half and five more lagging minutes even if they met him right on time. He'd showered, shaved and put a white suit on and he was ready now. He'd done it quickly, whistling; he saw his face and stopped and looked at it. His face looked back at him and grinned and then went sober and he thought: "June. June." The years slid through his thoughts and who he was and everything he really was, inside; and all he'd done and all there'd been. He made his eyes look back at him, straight at him, while the years slid by. He could not bring them back to do them over now. No minute of them ever could be altered. He was all of that; those years were who he was but June could love him. He felt very sober; scared and reverent and sober, thinking of the miracle of that. And something in his throat grew to a lump, and grew, and hurt him when he breathed.

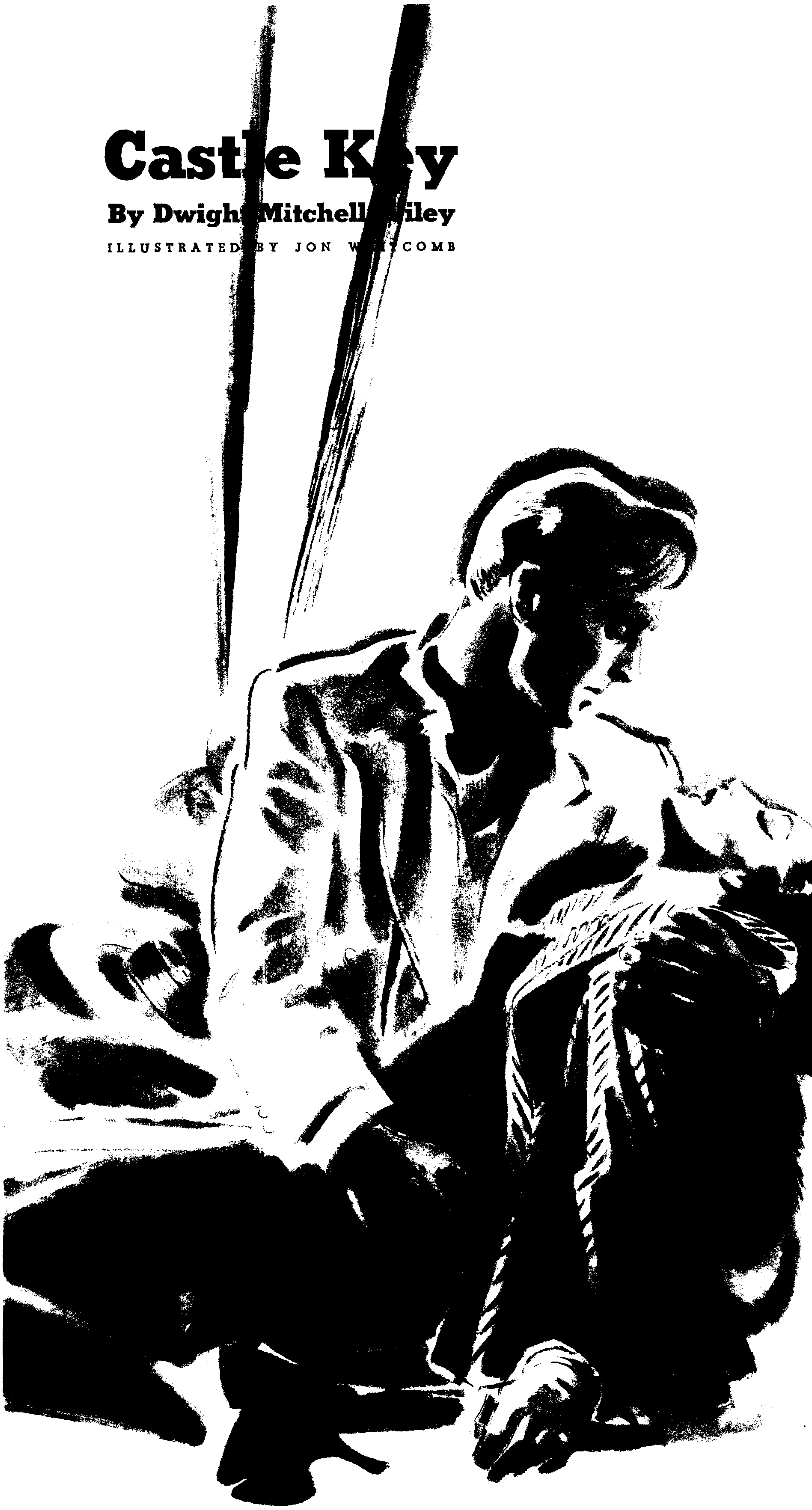
HE TURNED and left the room. Stepping from the elevator into the lobby, starting toward the desk to leave his key, still thinking high thoughts, making promises, he saw George Crane. He saw George Crane and everything came real again and hard and urgent and his past was something more than just a matter for a sentimental, melancholy penitence before a mirror. It called for more than standard, vague regrets that he was not a shining knight. The past was this; George Crane was walking toward him, bringing it, the whole, soiled, miserable mess. He could not even have this evening free from it. Until he'd dealt with it, was free of it, he had no right even to think of June.

The man came toward him casually, without surprise. Greg stopped and George Crane said: "You're here, then."

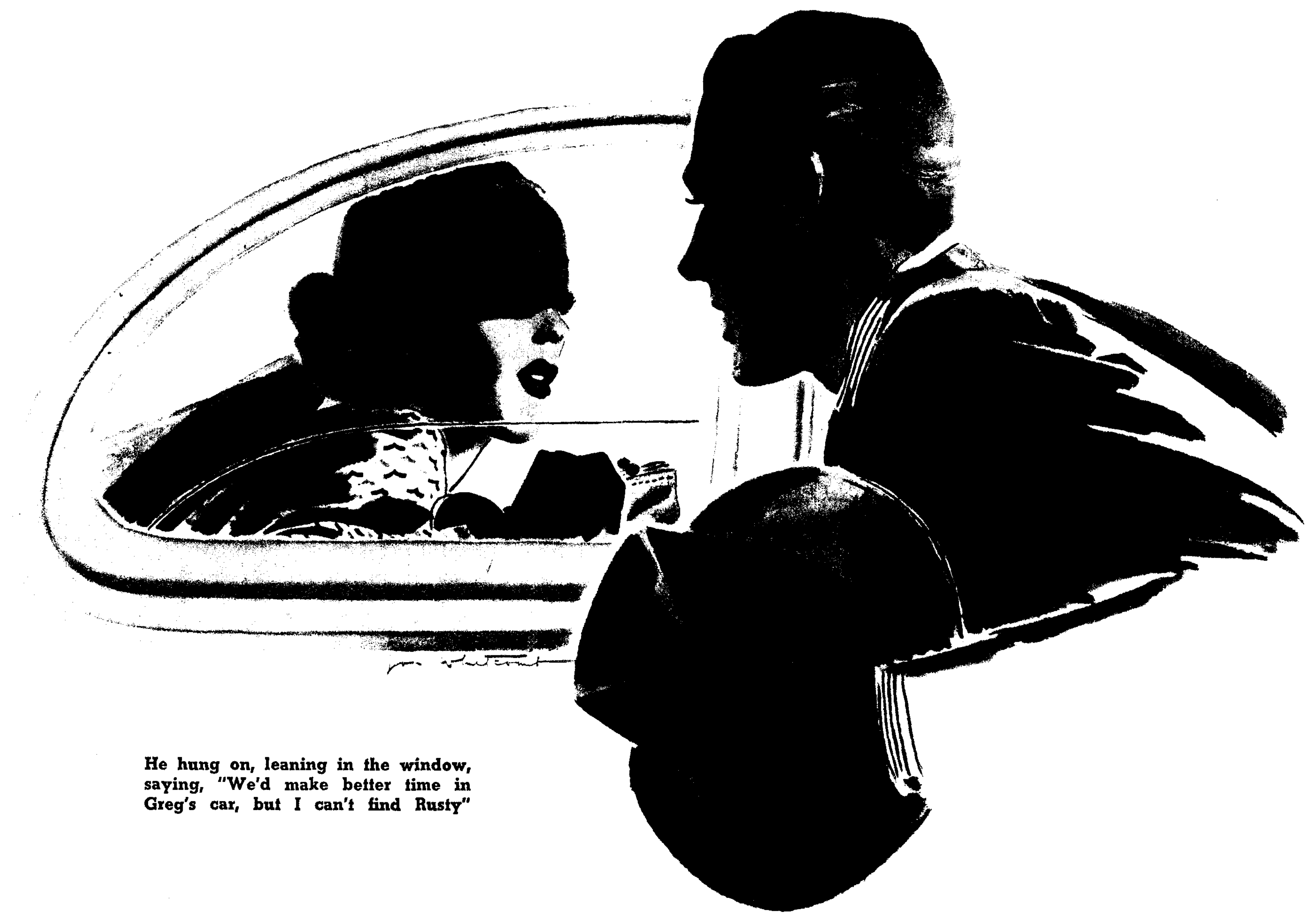
"Yes."

Crane told him: "If you wired me I didn't get it."

"No, I didn't wire you."



She whispered, "I'm sorry, Greg. I didn't mean to do what I did. I've done so many things I didn't mean to, all my life"



He hung on, leaning in the window, saying, "We'd make better time in Greg's car, but I can't find Rusty"

The man said, in a flat voice: "Oh. Surprise?"

Greg thought: "I must be careful what I say, until I've seen Bill." Bill's queer wire: "Don't let George Crane know you're coming." And the feeling he had had, all day, that Bill had something up his sleeve.

Greg tried to laugh. He said: "No. Not surprise, exactly."

He could feel the man's quick, searching glance. The words, the laugh, had sounded foolish and evasive and he must be careful.

Crane said, smoothly, with a faint interrogation: "Mr. Adams, you do not seem very eager to find out what I've arranged."

"Of course. But I've some people dining with me in a little while. Tomorrow, though—"

"Tomorrow? I would think you'd be a trifle more impatient, Mr. Adams, in the circumstances."

The words were silky, but the man's thin laugh was faintly mocking. Greg thought: "And I've got to stand here trying to trade slick words with this little fish-eyed lawyer, now." It would be only words again as it had been every time he'd faced this small, sly man; smooth, plausible, sly, mocking words that never led out into the open; that had only, always, chained him that much tighter to a past that he was through with, that he must be free from now, at once, at any price. And suddenly the whole thing was intolerable; slickness, trickery, evasions, words. The hell with what Bill had found out; the hell with what he would advise. This little slicker was at the bottom of it all.

Greg said, abruptly: "Cut the words out. Cut the horsing. Tell me what you've got to say."

The man said slowly, in his high, clear voice: "I'm not quite certain, Mr. Adams, that I like your tone."

"The hell with what you like."

Greg's eyes bit hard against ice, pale, expressionless, unyielding, and down deep in Greg a quick, bright flame began to burn.

Crane said softly: "So you are a bit impatient, after all? I thought you would be. So you'd really like a quick solution to your troubles, Mr. Adams? All of them?"

THE flame was burning hotly now. Greg said: "And in a damn' few words; or beat it."

"Ah. That's right. You are a man of action, aren't you, Mr. Adams? Well, I have a car outside. I'll say the few words on our way to Castle Key."

"You mean go out there now? Tonight?"

Crane said, deliberately: "Isn't it about time, Mr. Adams? Think now; all these months and all that money and, for all you're really sure of, Castle Key might be—a myth." The words were definitely sneering and there was a subtle implication in his shrug. He said, and shrugged again: "Of course, if you have pressing social obligations. Or—" he paused to let the cool insinuation have its emphasis — "or possibly you think that going with me now would be —incautious?"

Greg stared at him. He said: "Incautious? What the devil do you mean?"

George Crane said: "Why, I might not be a careful driver. Or the shades of evening might hold terror for you. Or—you might not be a man of action, after all."

Greg laughed, staring, and the flame burned brighter and what was this anyway? This funny little high-pitched rooster with the funny little eyes was talking like a third-rate movie menace and what was this, anyway? He laughed again and went up to the desk and wrote a note. He wrote: "June. Bill. Gone to Castle Key with George Crane. Wait for me because I've got to try to get this settled now. Love. Greg." He put Bill's name on it and marked it to be called for. Then he walked out to the car with George Crane, with a small voice trying to be heard above the flame, above a strange, impatient feeling of excitement.

The small, persistent voice was saying: "This is something phony, fool. George Crane is phony. You're a fool to get involved with him until you've talked to Bill."

He stopped beside the car to light a cigarette. The small man said: "Not hesitating, Mr. Adams? When I've promised you a nice solution, all arranged? Why, anyone would think that you—distrusted me!"

He did not even bother to be plausible. He stood there with his thin lips slightly curled, his odd eyes cynical, amused.

Greg said: "Distrust you? Good Lord, yes!"

"And yet you're going," George Crane said. "Well, well, I thought that this would be the proper method to persuade you."

Greg looked down at him. He said: "I'm going all right, Crane," and got into the car.

The small man took the big car through the heavy traffic of the city, driving swiftly with a cool, precise detachment. Watching him, his lineless, pallid face, his half-closed eyes, his long white hands upon the wheel, you felt his strange, unpleasant power. He did not speak until they'd cleared the city and were on the highway leading to the Keys. Greg watched the indicator: sixty, sixty-five; it climbed to seventy, to eighty, eighty-five; and still the man's thin hands upon the wheel seemed negligent, relaxed.

George Crane said: "Mr. Adams, are you armed?"

Greg laughed. The words were unexpected, funny, in that flutey, thin, clear voice. He looked at George Crane, laughing and excited and amused, and felt the man's eyes flick him sideways.

Greg said: "You know, I've been expecting melodrama from the first."

"Of course, I meant you to. I had an idea you would find it irresistible."

Greg laughed again. He said: "Well, what's the plot? Who plays the villain? You?"

"A villain is a bit old-fashioned, don't you think?" George Crane said. "Let's just say that I'm the Master Mind."

Greg looked at him. He said: "You know, I've got an idea that you really think you are."

CRANE smiled but all of this was very queer. You laughed at his amazing words and he smiled back at you, but underneath his smiling there was something creepy, chilly, snaky, and you felt it down inside of you with something very near a shudder and you felt ashamed of it and laughed, to laugh it off. And then, down deeper and beneath that feeling there was still another; something told you, faintly and uncomfortably, that you were thinking, feeling, just exactly what he meant you to; that when you laughed it was because he'd pressed a button; when you felt that little queer, cold chill it was because he'd played that chord upon your spine. You felt it, felt his mind, his personality, at work upon you, subtly, evilly, and if you let yourself— Greg shook his mind and it came back to sanity so quickly that it made him grin. He thought: "Oh, nuts; who does this little shyster think he is; the bogeyman?"

The headlights picked up a roadside sign: "Castle Key, 2 mi."

George Crane said: "Nearly there. I don't believe you answered when I asked if you were armed?"

Greg said: "What do you think I would be armed for? Alligators?"

"No. My little melodrama; that you can't resist. You know I quite admire you. I've always had the small man's bitter little secret admiration for the hero type."

Greg laughed. He said: "Go on about the melodrama."

"Yes, the hero type. You wouldn't turn back, even if you knew."

"Knew what?"

"Why, knew the other member of our little cast had gone completely, dangerously mad."

"You mean old Pettigrew? A little chipped around the edges, that's all, isn't he? So Perry said."

"Perhaps, when Perry saw him. Now he has a homicidal mania, Mr. Adams, and it seems he wishes to confer his delicate attentions upon you."

Greg said: "Well, well. Is that the melodrama? Poor old Pettigrew?" He laughed and said: "But why me? I thought I'd been Santa Claus down here for him at Castle Key."

"We have to have a mystery," Crane said.

The headlights picked up another sign and a warning and the symbol for a sharp left turn. George Crane put on the brakes hard, and the big car slewed around, the rear wheels skidding in the sandy shoulder of the road.

"A dangerous turn," Crane said, without emotion, and they straightened out and went across a narrow, temporary-sounding bridge. There was a flash of still, black water and Crane turned again, sharp, by a huge and looming road machine that seemed to block their path across the bridge.

He told Greg: "Castle Key."

GREG rolled the window farther down and leaned out. They were coming from between the gnarled, moss-hung trees that lined the road into the open, into moonlight. There was one brief glimpse of careful, ordered beauty; white shell paths and formal flowers; calculated royal palms. And then Greg raised his eyes and saw, a hundred yards away, the high, bleached hulk of the hotel, as white as old bones in the moonlight and as dead; with moonlight filtering all through it, and exposing all its hollow desolation; peering through the glassless rows of windows like an eerie phosphorescence in the skull of some incredible, forgotten monster with a half a thousand eyes.

Greg looked and kept his eyes upon it. This was Castle Key. Three hundred thousand dollars of his money had gone into it—he'd thought it had gone into it—on Perry's promises, on Perry's plans. The blueprints and the sketches and the glowing, plausible reports, and Perry's fine, sustained enthusiasm at the final conference, when he had tried to get a hundred thousand more to put the final touches on. The final touches, God! to open in December. A wave of almost nausea, of sick disgust, embarrassment, humiliation went all through Greg. Sucker. Sucker. Just another rich man's sucker son.

George Crane was saying: "Yes, I told you it was time you saw it, Mr. Adams."

He said the words without inflection. Greg could feel the man's eyes shift toward him as the car slowed in the drive. He tried to keep his face expressionless, his mouth shut, while disgust changed into anger, deeper than he'd ever known before. And, playing on the surface of this anger, licking at it like a quick flame, threatening his self-control, there came again the feeling of impatient, hot excitement that had mounted all through this strange ride. Greg kept his mouth shut, beating out this flame, controlling it. He must keep cool; he must be cold as ice; as cold as this man sitting here beside him. All of it, the man's odd words, the subtle undercurrent of a challenge, all this talk of melodrama and of danger and of madmen and the calculated shock of this first sight of Castle Key were subtly-fitting pieces of a plan to knock him off his mental balance. And he must be smart and cool.

THE car stopped and they walked up broad stone steps, not speaking; through a huge and doorless entrance and into a vast, unfinished, ruined room. One dusty and unshaded light bulb burned above a rough worktable, set on horses, near a great carved fireplace. They walked toward it and their feet made gritty echoes on a soiled and beautiful mosaic; but, up above them, there were only the bare bones of girders, with the faint moon coming through; and all about them in the black and massing shadows that pressed in upon the timid circle of the single light were heaps of old debris. They walked toward the light. The echoes and the distances, the damp, the quiet, made you want to walk on tiptoe and Greg grinned and set his feet down hard.

Greg stopped beside the table. He said: "Well, I've seen enough, I guess."

"You're quick at explanations, then?"

"At this one." Greg said grimly: "I have been a fool and Perry's been a thief and damn' if I know which is worse."

"I've always thought it was about a toss-up," George Crane said. He laughed and Greg turned toward him. Greg said: "So I say I've seen enough."

"Not yet."

"No?"

"No. You haven't had the pleasure of our Mr. Pettigrew."

Crane's eyes were going past him, fixed upon the shadows at his back. Greg had a funny feeling in his spine. He took a quick step to the left and turned and there was nothing. It was all a part of it, the stage for George Crane's melodrama: desolation, madmen, gloom.

Crane said: "He's over there."

Beyond the circle of the light Greg's eyes, becoming more accustomed to the dark, could see the rough essentials of a habitation; a cot; some clothes upon a line; a box or two; a small stove. Walking toward it he could see, upon the cot, the figure of a man, sprawled out upon his face; a thin, old white-haired man in soiled white pants and shirt. He looked so shriveled and so still and white Greg thought of death; and then the man's old blue-veined hand twitched in his sleep, and Greg looked down and saw the cracked glass and the bottle by the cot.

He turned away. He had not heard a sound, but George Crane was not there behind him. Crane had moved around the table and the heavy table was between them, and Crane stood behind it, smiling, with his hand inside his coat.

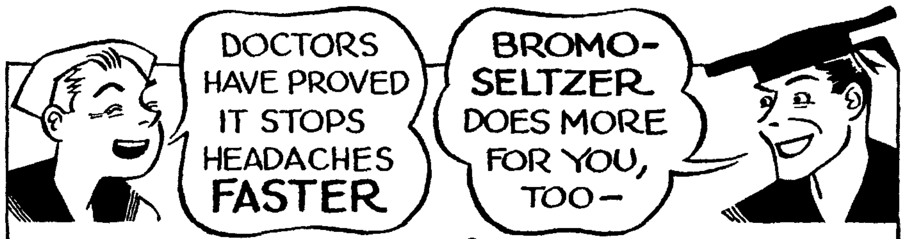
Greg said: "What was the idea, anyway, in all this funny talk about this poor old devil? Did you think I might believe that he was really dangerous? Did you have some fool idea that you could scare me into something?"

"No. I knew you wouldn't scare."

"Well, then what?"

George Crane said: "I had a very pleasant, simple plan, at first. You see, the old man's really crazy. He attributes everything that's happened to the mach-

—SAILING—
SAILING—
OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN—
FINE SAILORS! WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU ARE—ON LEAVE? THE IRONS FOR YOU!
NEXT MORNING···
OH-MY HEAD! WHERE AM I? WHERE'D I GET THIS SAILOR SUIT?
WE WORE THEM AT THE SHIP'S MASQUERADE LAST NIGHT-THAT'S AL I REMEMBER—
HERE THEY ARE, SIR!
THESE AREN'T SEAMEN, MR. JENKS. THEY'RE PASSENGERS! SUFFERING FROM MORNING-AFTER TOO—FETCH BROMO-SELTZER!
—BROMO-SELTZER SURE WORKS FAST—MY HEAD'S CLEARING ALREADY!
—HURRICANE'S GONE OUT OF MY STOMACH—NERVES FEEL BETTER, TOO—
SOON··
—NO HARD FEELINGS, GENTLEMEN? YOU FORGIVE US?
AYE, AYE, SIR! ALL WAS FORGIVEN THE MINUTE YOU GAVE US BROMO-SELTZER!


DOCTORS HAVE PROVED IT STOPS HEADACHES FASTER
BROMO-SELTZER DOES MORE FOR YOU, TOO—

1. DOCTORS' TESTS recently proved that Bromo-Seltzer stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

2. SETTLES STOMACH—relieves upset stomach, nausea and that awful "dark brown taste."

3. SOOTHES NERVES—calms your overtaxed nervous system. Relieves your sense of strain and fatigue.

4. REDUCES EXCESS LACTIC ACID in the blood caused by overindulgence. Helps restore your normal alkaline reserve.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores; soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

inations of some secret enemy." He paused and smiled and said: "I spent three days convincing him the enemy was you." He said it calmly in his cool, high, reasonable voice. He said: "You see, if you were quietly to—discontinue breathing, Mr. Adams—how convenient it would be? And so I had high hopes, at first, that he could be excited into killing you; he threatened readily enough. But I became convinced that, at the last, it would be only words."

You heard the man express his frank, calm disappointment that he hadn't quite been able to arrange to have a madman kill you, and you listened to it with a queer sense of detachment, unreality; almost of fascination. He held you as the star of some strange play on some strange stage might hold you with a marvelous performance; tense and quiet, waiting for the next words.

"But it was not time wasted, Mr. Adams, those four days," Crane said. "Because, you see, the threats were public. Do you see the point? I saw to it that they were public. Why, I even—this was quite a nice touch, Mr. Adams—went to the police department in Miami with my fears. They laughed at me, of course, and told me he was just a harmless crank. But I thought it was most considerate of me to warn them of—eventualities." He paused again. He said: "You'll have to overlook my vanity in giving you these little details, Mr. Adams, since you are the only confidant that I can ever safely have." The man's voice rose. He said: "Because you will be dead. You understand? Because I'm giving you the details of a perfect crime!"

Greg looked at him, and kept his eyes upon the pale eyes blazing in that chalky face and knew that this was not the theater. He told Crane, slowly, steadily: "It isn't any good. The gun you've got there, underneath your coat, won't do you any good, you hear? You pointed one at me before, remember? And I could have taken it away from you and shoved it down your throat. I can again, right now."

CRANE'S voice was calm again, dispassionate. He said, surprisingly: "Yes; you would have an almost even chance, I think. I do not underestimate you, Mr. Adams, physically. If I failed to hit you in a vital spot you would be on me in an instant, beating out my poor brains. Yes, the little automatic would be chancey, wouldn't it?" His left hand moved so quickly that Greg hardly followed it. He saw a burlap sack upon the table twitched aside and, underneath, the shotgun with Crane's hand upon the stock, the barrel pointing toward Greg, centering upon his body. George Crane said: "But this! You think you have a chance with this?"

The man was mad. The cold eyes blazed again. The white mask of his face was breaking into a terrible, distorted grin. He said: "The perfect crime. You see it now? You see the picture as I'll show it to them? With the madman springing toward you from the shadows, blowing you to pieces with his gun? My own shots coming just too late to save you? Just as he had turned the other barrel upon me? You see? No clews. No complications. Not a chance for Sherlock Holmes here. Just a simple double murder, Mr. Adams. Just the perfect crime."

Greg set himself. He eased his body forward, slid his right foot out. The table was twelve feet away. If he could keep Crane talking, gain an inch, a foot— He tried to make his face grin, skeptically. He said: "A good show, Crane."

"You don't think I'll do it, do you? Even now you don't. I promised you a quick solution to your troubles, Mr. Adams, all of them. Well, death solves everything." Another inch, a slow and sliding inch. "You never thought of murder, did you? No, your funny little mind rejects it even now." The man's queer voice was rising and Greg heard a stir behind him and a mumble and the creaking of the cot. He turned toward the sound in spite of anything that he could do. He saw the old man getting out of bed. George Crane called: "Pettigrew!" The old man stood up, swaying stupidly, and George Crane's voice rose to a scream: "A show you said? You wanted realism? Realism? Here!"

The sharp crack of the automatic filled the room with sound. It came again and then again.

JUNE'S taxi whirled into the South-coast drive. She leaned out. Bill was standing on the walk before the hotel by a long, gray roadster and a woman had him by the arm. The car was Greg's car and the woman Rita. June called: "Bill." Before the taxi had quite stopped he'd run out in the drive and jumped upon the running board. He said: "Go on; I'm parked out in the street; go on." He hung on, leaning in the window, saying: "We'd make better time in Greg's car, but I can't find Rusty, damn it, and he has the keys. The car was there when I drove up but I can't find him—hey there! Stop!"

He jumped down, opening the door, and June got out. She had a bill already in her hand and gave it to the driver and they ran across to Bill's car and June scrambled in. She hit her shin hard against something and looked down and saw it was the barrel of a gun that leaned against the seat and she went cold all over, icy, with an icy chill that took her breath, that made her clench her teeth to stop their chattering. The motor banged. Bill threw it into gear so savagely the old car jerked and stopped and he swore, low and growling underneath his breath and started it again.

"But I'm not asking you to spend money. All I'm asking for is a charge account!"

LEONARD DOVE

Bill said: "There isn't any use to bluff. I'm scared. I heard that old man threaten him. Crane took him there on purpose, do you hear?"

He took a turn against the light. The gun slid down across his feet, June stooped and lifted it. Bill said: "I hope to God I get a chance to use it."

She could not see the muscle in his cheek work, tensing, as he jerked the wheel and cut in on the car ahead of them. She thought: "We'll never make it if we lose our heads." She put her hand on Bill's arm, made her hand be firm and steady and her voice be low and steady. "Bill; it's forty miles. We'll never make it if we lose our heads." He didn't answer and she said: "We can't crack up, Bill—in a pinch."

"All right. I'll get us there."

"Two blocks more and then right, Bill."

"All right."

"And then straight out the Key road and a bad turn at the sign—if I forget to tell you."

"Yes."

He turned right. He was driving coolly. He was making better time. But forty miles! But forty miles! June felt herself begin to shake again and stopped it. She must keep cool. She must keep Bill cool. She must not think. She must not think one single thought. Fear was contagious and excitement was contagious and they must be cool.

Bill said: "I've got to stop for gas. I haven't got enough to make it."

"It's all right, Bill. It won't take a minute. It's all right."

Bill said: "I'm all right now. We're both fools, probably. Old Greg will laugh at us when we storm up." He didn't look at her.

She said: "Of course."

They swerved in to the brightly lighted station on the corner. Bill called: "Quick, please. Just five gallons. Just as quick as you can push it in."

June looked up at the long sound of a siren and a gray car slid across the intersection, going fast.

She said: "Bill! That was Greg's car. It was Rita. Driving. I saw Rusty in the front seat."

"Then she found him."

"What's she here for, Bill?"

"God knows."

THEY swung into the road again and, in the thinning traffic, Bill stepped hard upon the gas. They could not see Greg's car.

Bill said: "They'll get there first. There will be Rusty, anyway."

"How long do you think—Greg—had been gone, Bill?"

"I don't know. There was just the note. It couldn't have been long. We might—might even catch them. Sure."

They knew they wouldn't.

"What did Rita say, Bill?"

"I don't know. She asked me where Greg was and—and I told her. I was pretty rough, I guess." He pressed down on the button of the horn and kept it there until a big truck lumbered over from the center of the road. He said: "I told her he had gone to Castle Key with Crane to meet a crazy man who meant to kill him. For a minute, June, I thought she'd faint."

"Oh, Bill."

"I think she's had a row with Perry," Bill said, "I don't know, June. When I told her, she was almost incoherent, crying, begging me to take her with us. I don't know."

June said: "I'm—sorry for her, Bill."

"You would be!"

"Maybe she—she never realized; and it was just excitement, Bill, and Perry, and not knowing—how—to live."

"I don't know."

"I'm sorry for her, Bill."

They came around a curve onto a long white empty stretch of road. They felt the miles slide under them. A sign: Nine Miles to Citrus Center. Seven Miles to Citrus Center. Five. Two. Citrus Center sliding by them and their headlights eating up the road ahead, the endless road ahead, Bill trying not to think and trying to think only that there'd be a tomorrow and you'd talk about it, all of you, and Greg, and Greg would laugh about how scared you'd been and you'd be there together, touching him; with nothing, ever, all your life to be afraid about again.

Their headlights picked up the sign: "Castle Key, 2 mi."

THE old man coughed. He took a stumbling step and coughed again and crumpled up on the floor and did not move. Greg heard his own voice but he did not know what he had said. He found that he was moving; slowly, queerly crouched, toward George Crane. He must have stepped back with the shots, toward the old man, and there was a queer, faint recollection that he'd reached out, tried to catch the old man as he fell. At any rate the table, now,

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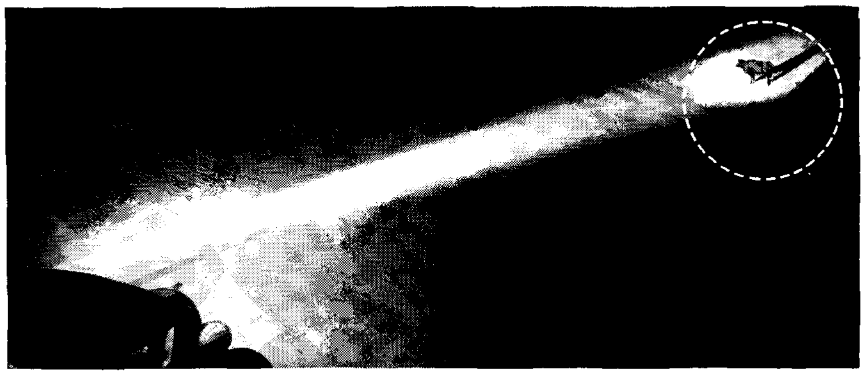

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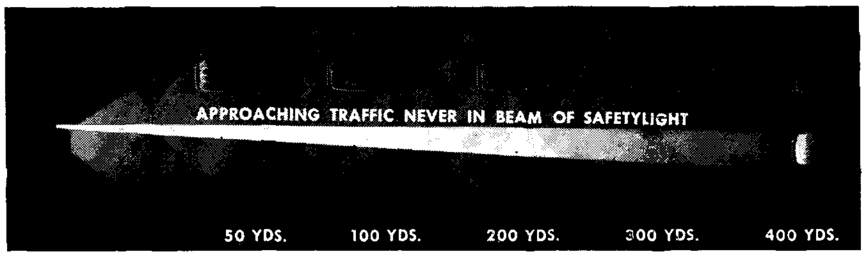

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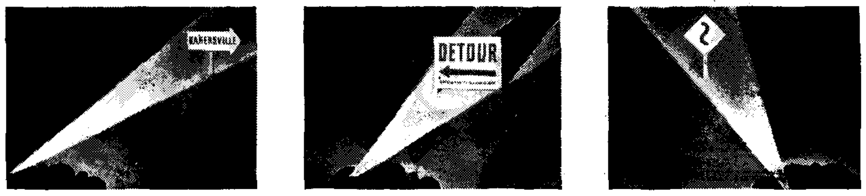

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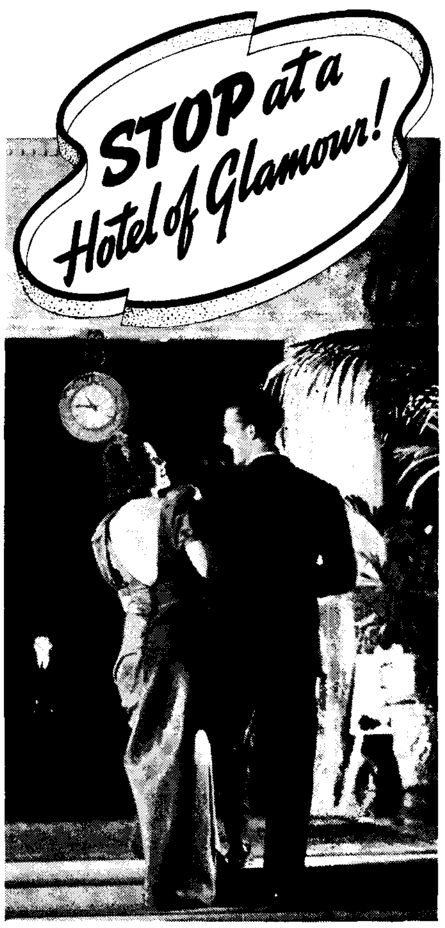
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was farther off than it had been before, but he was moving toward it.

George Crane said: "You're in a hurry for it, Mr. Adams?"

The voice was cold again, unhurried and controlled. It penetrated through the shock.

Crane said: "I think I can allow you, safely, three more steps. And then I hope you'll stop and visit for a moment. It is going to be dull when you are gone."

Greg took the three steps slowly while his mind snapped back to normal. Everything at once was sharp and clear. George Crane had dropped the automatic. He was standing there, behind the long, wide table, with the shotgun, ready, in his hands.

Crane said: "I've thought of killing someone all my life. I've thought and thought how it must feel and, strangely, there is almost no sensation after it is over. Except power. Power. That's it. Here we stand and you are twice as big as I am. Twice as strong. An athlete. Bold. Courageous. But you could not kill. Your little mind rejects that simple old solution. You are horrified. And so you stand there helpless and await my pleasure."

His voice was rising higher and Greg thought: "He's got to build himself up to it; build up to a climax like he did before. If there's a chance it's just before he starts to scream. For just a hundredth of a second, if I time it, he'll be wrapped up in his words—"

George Crane said: "Listen!"

Far away there was the long wail of a siren and Greg heard it; then the faint, high drumming of a motor, driven at high speed. The siren came again. It sounded like his own. It was his own. He lost his concentration for a moment, and his face must have revealed his thoughts, for George Crane laughed.

Crane said: "While there is life, there's hope. You think so even now! You left a note. You told someone where you were going and you think someone is coming to your rescue. Bravo, the Marines!" He laughed again. The motor sounded louder, louder, and George Crane's voice rose to match the sound. He said: "Too late. Too late." His face was working, cracking up into that horrible, white leer. He said: "The perfect crime! And so—"

HIS words were drowned out by an agonizing scream of brakes, a rending, splitting crash. George Crane's head jerked, instinctively, toward the sound, and Greg dove sideways for the corner of the table.

The shotgun roared as Greg lit, doubled up and rolling. He felt the touch of white-hot finger tips along his leg and rolled again and he was underneath the table, jammed against the wooden horse. Outside there was a shrill, heart-rending scream and words: "Run, Rusty, run." He saw George Crane's legs moving backward and he got his own beneath him, somehow, in a clumsy, sprawling dive and they went down together and the shotgun roared again and everything was arms and legs and, outside, still another terrible, thin scream. Then George Crane's white, strained face was there in front of him and he had smashed it, full, with everything he had, and he could feel the man grow limp and it was over and he got up dizzily.

He could hear labored, pounding, dragging footsteps and a gasping voice call: "Mistah Greg!" and Rusty came in, running with a funny, crablike, sideways run; with one leg buckling at every step and blood all down his face and coat but plunging heavily ahead toward the place where he had heard the shots.

He said: "Oh, God. Oh, God. You is alive!" He stumbled and Greg caught him.

"Who screamed, Rusty? Who was in the car?"

"Miss Rita. Oh, God, Mistah Greg, she wouldn't let me drive. We hit that big thing by the bridge and I was threw out and she screamed. She screamed: 'Run, Rusty.' And I heard the shooting and I ran—but, oh, God, Mistah Greg, I—I'se afraid."

Greg said: "You've got to watch this guy. He killed that poor old man." He picked the automatic up and handed it to Rusty. He said: "Can you? Are you able?"

"I'm all right."

"Watch him, then."

Greg ran out, down the white shell path toward the bridge. One headlight of the car was burning still. It had been twisted till it threw its straight, bright beam directly upward, toward the sky. There was no sound, but he could see the gray car twisted, crumpled, by the huge bulk of the road machine. He sprinted.

HE FOUND her in the road beside the car. The broken door was under her and there was glass but he could see no blood. He stooped to lift her. He had got his arm beneath her when she screamed. Before that, even, when his arm had reached beneath her he had known, somehow. He sat down on the ground beside her, working slowly, slowly, till her head was in his lap. Her eyes were open; wide, enormous in the moonlight. She said: "Don't — don't move me—any more."

"I won't. Is this all right?"

"There's something — happened — to me—Greg."

"You'll be all right."

"No—no."

"There's someone coming now. I think I see the lights. We'll get you somewhere, honey — you'll — you'll be all right."

"It's Bill and—June. But—but I got here first, Greg. Didn't I?"

"You saved my life, I guess."

"I got here first. I was—first—anyway."

"Don't talk."

"I didn't know. I didn't know what—they were doing. I—"

"Hush, honey. It's all right. Please."

She whispered: "I—I'm sorry, Greg. I didn't mean to—to—do what—I did. I've done so—many things—I didn't—mean to; all—my life—I guess—but—I was always—sorry."

Her voice was very faint but she was smiling and he bent down closer, held her closer; trying to smile back.

She whispered: "Don't—don't cry—for me. I always—went—too fast. I guess I wasn't—meant—to stop—for red lights—even—Perry."

He sat there for a long time and this still white figure in his arms was Rita. He felt exhausted, sick. The night had drained him of emotion till he thought that he could never feel again.

He heard Bill's car. He heard June call: "Greg! Greg!"

He did not lift his head but with her voice there came a sudden sure knowledge that all this would sometime be the past. You didn't think it could. You thought that you could never feel again. But everything became the past; so this would, slowly, slowly, with tomorrow and tomorrow and a week, a month, a year. And everything about this, then, would be the past, and over. George Crane would have gone to justice. Perry? No; for Perry was not guilty, not of murder: Perry Crane could go, if he went quickly, far; his punishment would be himself. And Castle Key? Greg only wanted not to see it, ever; for him, the place was cursed.

He heard Bill's car stop. He could hear June running toward him, sobbing. She was kneeling in the road beside him, sobbing, and he raised his head and looked into her eyes.

THE END

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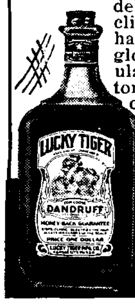

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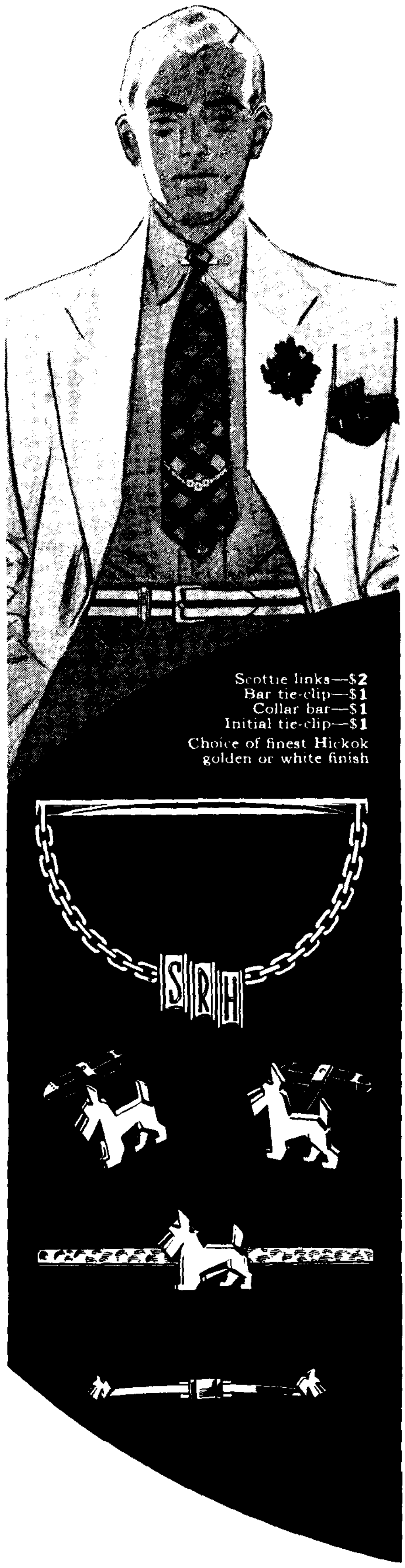

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Glory Buttons

Continued from page 11

to Richmond and, a little beyond Lafoon Meredith's place, they turned off through a wide trail in the woods.

That trail led right up to a clearing in front of Happy's shack. The Yankees didn't exactly creep up on the shack, but they didn't make any noise either. They broke out into the clearing before Happy knew they were anywhere near. He was hoeing out behind the house when he saw them and they saw him. He gaped at them for a second or so and then he dropped his hoe and lumbered toward the woods.

The rooster yelled to him to halt and when Happy didn't he ordered his soldiers to fire. Nary bullet came within a foot of him. He ducked into the woods and the captain ordered his men forward as skirmishers. As they ran forward, the house was between them and Happy for a minute or so. When they popped around the house, they didn't see him. While they were looking into the woods, there was a sharp crack and a bullet thumped into the wall of the shack. The soldiers raised their rifles, and then they heard the captain squealing.

The Yanks looked at him and he was standing there shaking, white as a sheet, and holding his ear. There wasn't anything wrong with his ear except that it was a little bullet-burned, but the button that had been on his cap was gone. The soldiers didn't know what to do. They looked back toward the pine woods, when out of them came one of those wild screams that turn a man's blood to ice. It was the Rebel yell. Right on top of it came Happy's voice.

"When you-all can git my buttons like that, come ahaid. If'n you can't, you-all had bettuh stay wheah you are!"

The captain took his hand away from the ear and looked at the soldiers. This was war. He must have decided he didn't have the authority to start another war, for he marched the soldiers back and reported to Colonel Hollis. From what we heard, the colonel told him he had done right not to risk his men's lives for Happy, but, he said, Happy had to be captured—alive if possible. By that "alive," he explained, the soldiers mustn't kill Happy except in self-defense.

FROM then on, Reconstruction hit us like a real war. They sent out reconnaissance parties; they made frontal attacks like General Grant; they divided their forces like General Lee and tried to take him in flank. Happy was too sharp. Also, it has since been suspected that he had scouts of his own. They were the colored boys that hung around the Merediths', and they were most likely put up to it by Miss Evie.

Happy never had any peace. The Yankee soldiers at first thought it was fun chasing Happy, but now he'd made them look so foolish they determined to get him. Besides, the rooster had never forgotten his mud bath and he made the soldiers' lives miserable with his nagging at them. All this we knew, but what nobody knew was that it was interfering with Happy's courting. Fact is, we didn't even know Happy was doing any courting until after what happened. Then we learned it from Lafoon Meredith, though he himself only figured it out when it was all over.

Seems like while the Yankees were after Happy, he spent a lot of time at the Merediths' with his horse. Lafoon Meredith wanted for Happy to enter him in the fall race meeting. He was coaching a colored boy for to ride him, and he aimed to lay a few bets. Every time Happy was there, Miss Evie came out and studied the horse, too.

It was a long time afterward that he remembered Happy and Miss Evie were always talking to each other. Once he asked her whatever did she have to say to Happy, and she had a strange look on her when she answered him, softlike:

"Papa," she said, "there's more to that man than you think. The right woman could make something out of Happy."

Naturally Lafoon Meredith didn't pay any attention to this. Like he said, all her life she'd liked the cats that wouldn't fight the rats in the barn, the pointers that wouldn't point, and the hounds that, instead of following a scent, just bayed louder than the rest of the pack.

THEN there was another thing that he remembered only later. When the Yanks started closing in on Happy, and everybody knew it was just a matter of time before they would bag him, Mr. Lafoon gave up hope of racing the beautiful chestnut. About this time, Happy began to get a hunted look about him, and so Lafoon Meredith said to him one day:

"Happy, I'm afraid things are getting too hot for you around here. Why don't you leave town for a while?"

"I aim foh to do that se'f-same thing," Happy replied. "I'm aimin' foh to go out theah in the West. Only I'm waitin' foh something befoh I go."

Mr. Lafoon rubbed his hand sadly over the soft muzzle of the horse that was soon to go away and asked, "What you waiting for, Happy?"

"Jes' something that I ain't goin' without."

Mr. Lafoon sighed and turned away from the horse and, as he did so, he saw Happy looking at Miss Evie and his daughter looking at Happy. At the time, he was thinking of the horse. It wasn't until afterward that he remembered Miss Evie had looked sort of scared and at the same time her eyes had been as bright as Happy's buttons.

This all came back to him later, after he had found a note. The note was between two loose bricks in the chimney of Miss Evie's room, and they found it when they were building a new fireplace. By then the paper was so faded and sooted they could hardly read the note. What they made out was this:

"Dear Miss Evie:—I have been studying over what you told me about not haveing a chance in this town on account of the Yanks being down on me and anyway my farm is so sorry that out West I could get somewheres. So I have decided for to go out there but before I go I want to ask you something; Miss Evie since I seen you so much on account of your father likeing my horse I think you are as pretty as a picture and I set more store by you than anything in my life I reckon. I cannot go away to the West unless you will be my wife and go to the West with me. Do you think you will like that? I hope the spelling in this letter is better than what it was in the other letter what I wrote because I have copyed every word out of the Speller that you gave me. Sincerely yours, Lieutenant Mace."

At the time Happy wrote this note, nobody knew anything about it. But since we've known about it, the boys on Tibe's porch have spent many hours speculating as to what Miss Evie would have done about going out there in the West with Happy if what did happen hadn't happened.

It can all be traced back to the rooster and his mud bath. No matter how tired

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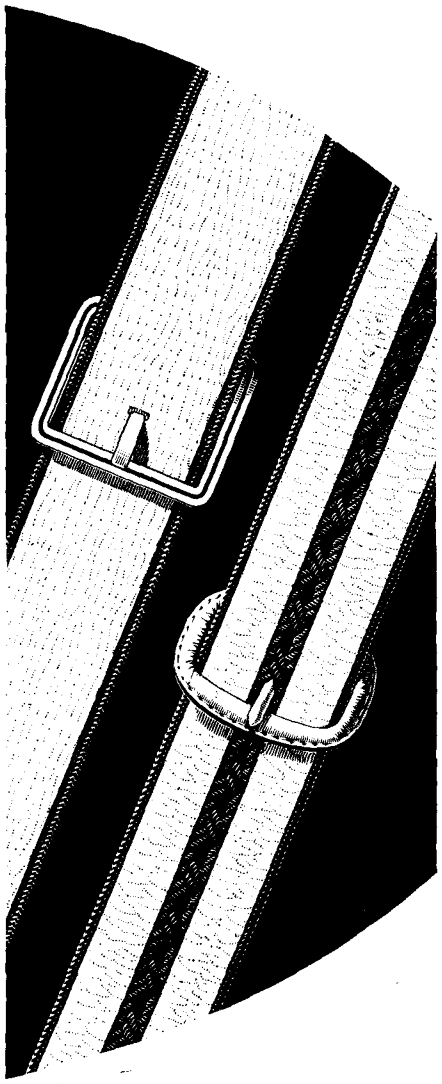

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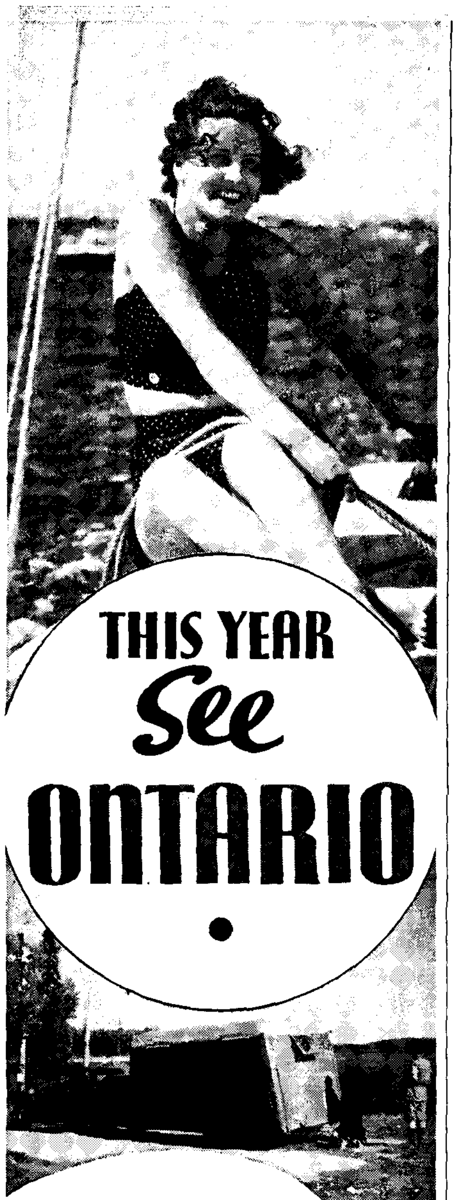

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the soldiers got of chasing Happy, the captain never let up. It seems the rooster got the idea that Happy's horse was the key to the whole situation, so he took to looking for Happy's different hiding places of his horse. On one ill-fated day, he found the horse. He let out a chortle and grabbed the horse by the halter. The horse whinnied something terrible and reared and plunged, but the captain hung on and called for some of the soldiers to help him. Between them all, they brought the horse into town. Right down the center of the street they walked him, with the rooster as proud as he used to be.

All the boys on Tibe's porch saw them parading by and they were some scared, because the rooster had done a very serious thing. If it's one thing in our county the folks can't abide—it's horse stealing. One of the boys ran off right away to get Lafoon Meredith to talk to Colonel Hollis, and explain to him what his captain had done. Mr. Lafoon came tearing into town and went right straight to Colonel Hollis.

He told Colonel Hollis that he had treated the town fairly and we all liked him, and hoped he would catch Happy, but horse stealing was something else. The colonel, it seems like, didn't like Lafoon Meredith's tone and first thing you know Mr. Lafoon had been ushered out of Judge Brandon's house by the Yankee guards. Before sundown, the whole county knew it and the town started filling up like it was court day.

Like I said, Colonel Hollis was a very fine man and he didn't want any trouble. But, like he said, the dignity of the United States Army had been hurt some and he couldn't back down. Most likely he figured the only way to keep things as peaceful as they had been was for to capture Happy quick, at all costs, get him to sign the oath and then give him back his horse. He must have figured like that, because next morning, bright and early, every Yankee in town went out except the sentry and two of the colonel's aides, one of whom acted as a guard to his office.

WHEN the Yanks went out after Happy, there were more people in town even than the day before; more, I reckon, than any day since Secession. The Yanks looked businesslike as they marched out and beyond town they spread out in line of skirmishers and started to form a big circle. Everybody in town watched, but nobody said a word. The boys were packed on Tibe's porch, and all the big planters were on the courthouse steps, and in the square were all the folks from out of town, milling around and churning up the red-clay dust. Every once in a while we looked up toward Judge Brandon's house, where the colonel was, but there wasn't ary sign of anybody except the sentry walking back and forth behind the iron gate.

There was the awful quiet like before a battle when you hear all manner of things that you don't rightly hear. Everybody was waiting for those shots to break loose out by Happy's. It seems like the men were so busy listening that nobody was looking. Anyway, there's not a man alive who can swear he saw Happy before there he was in the middle of the street. You could almost hear the men draw in their breaths, but except for that there wasn't a sound. Nobody said a word. They just watched Happy.

He didn't have the Yankee rifles, and his big hands were swinging by his sides, like a soldier at route step when he's got a long way to go. He didn't have on his beautiful coat either, but he had a blanket roll swung across one shoulder and tied together by his hip, the way we used to wear them. His coat was in that. Over the other shoulder was a cord that came down to his right hip, and off the end of that cord hung a canteen. Looking at him in his old uniform, with his blanket roll and canteen, and seeing the little eddies of red-clay dust his scruffed shoes kicked up, somehow made all those imaginary sounds louder.

It seemed like the woods echoed with the high, dry crackle of muskets, that the hills to the west muffled the thunder of distant guns, that the wooden bridge rumbled under a galloping caisson, that an unseen bugle blew sweet and long, that Old Jack's voice came cold out of his beard, "Close up, men; close up," and Jeb Stuart's golden voice was singing beyond the crest in the road. All at once, while the boys watched Happy shuffle toward the colonel's house, it didn't seem so far away when they all had shuffled together over dusty roads, following the Ole Marse, and they cocked their heads listening for a Rebel yell.

HAPPY walked right up to the gate and the sentry stopped pacing and turned toward Happy with the bayonet stuck right at him. If anything was said, nobody knows, for Happy knocked the rifle aside with his left hand and reached over the gate with his right fist raised like a club. He brought it down like he was felling an ox, and the sentry sagged down at the foot of the steps. Happy opened the gate, picked up the rifle, and marched straight into the house. There was nothing for the boys to do but wait, and there never was an order to charge harder to wait for than waiting to see what was going to happen in the colonel's house.

After it was all over, we heard about what happened from the colonel himself. He said the first thing he knew was that Happy was standing in his doorway, with a rifle covering him and his two aides.

"Boys, I don't want no trouble with you-all, and if'n you don' want no trouble with me, jest drop them muskits." He spoke in a slow voice, but the colonel was mighty glad when his men dropped their rifles. You could tell, he said, when a man was dangerous and they were looking at a very dangerous man then. He tried to be calm about it and spoke quietly to Happy.

"Well, Lieutenant, I guess you haven't come in to sign the oath."

"No, suh, Colonel," Happy replied, just as dignified as the colonel had been, "I ain't never go' sign no oath, nor take my buttons off'n my coat neither. But that ain't what I come heah to talk about. I come hear aftuh my hawss what one of yoh men stole."

"Now, Lieutenant, stealing is a bad word to use—"

"Yeh, but stealin' a man's hawss is a bad thing foh to do. I don't want to give you no trouble, but if'n you don' give him back to me theah's sho go' be trouble befoh I leave heah."

"Well, Lieutenant, we've been trying not to have any trouble in this town, and for that reason I'll give you your horse. But you must realize you can't keep on like this indefinitely. It's nothing against you personally, you know, it's just the law of your country."

"I don't know about the law, and I ain't got nothin' puhsonal agin you, but we don' take kindly to hawss stealin' in these yere parts. So, if you'll jest give me my hawss, I'll leave these parts foh good, befoh the boys in town get too riled up."

"Oh, you're planning to leave town?" The colonel admitted he was stalling for time.

"I'm goin' out theah in the West. I was aimin' foh to go anyways, only I was waitin' foh something, but now I reckon I bettuh go on account I don' want the boys to have no trouble ovuh me. If'n you'll jest lead the way to the stable, with yoh men heah, I'll be obliged."

The colonel saw there was no use in trying to talk any more to Happy, so he

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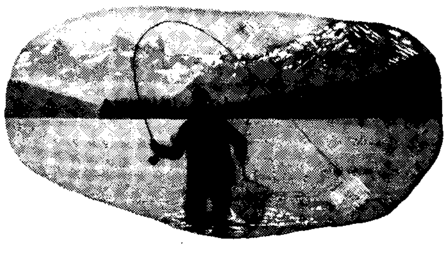

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led the way outside with his two guards behind him. He said he felt a little funny when he saw his sentry leaning against the gate post with his hand holding his jaw, but he felt even funnier when he saw all the boys in town lined up on both sides of the street. The way they were drawn up, in their old uniforms, gave the colonel some memories, too, and suddenly to him it didn't seem so far away when he'd seen ragged gray lines like those sweeping forward with red flags billowing in the smoke and their wild voices lifted in a yell. It was right then, the colonel said later, he decided to quit stalling and to get Happy out of town as quick as he could.

Happy had helped the sentry to his feet and said to him, "You'll have to move along with the rest, bub. You ain't hurt bad, I vow."

Colonel Hollis hurried his three men around to the old stable in the back of the house. The colonel had him saddle the big chestnut as fast as he could. Then Happy swung up, holding the rifle on the Yanks like it was a pistol.

"I aim to leave this yere rifle down the road a piece, and the other two what I got off'n you-all are in my house. You go' see the last of me now, and I sho hope you don't have no trouble with the boys on account of yoh man stealin' my hawss."

He clucked to the horse, which stepped away from there so proud that it seems like he must've known Happy had taken him away from the Yankees. No sooner had Happy turned the corner of the house than the soldiers bolted for the back steps to get their rifles.

"Stop!" Colonel Hollis hollered after them. "Let him go. He's leaving town and—" the colonel thought better of explaining to the men that they might start trouble with the townspeople, so he just finished off by saying, "—and if his buttons mean so much to him, let him keep them."

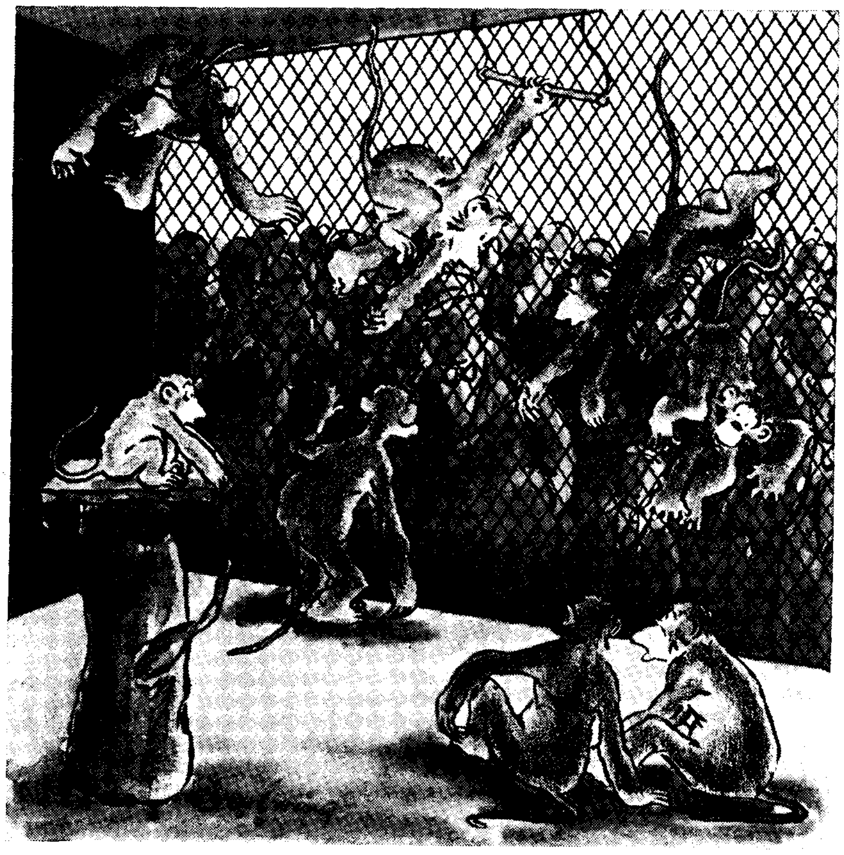
While all this was going on, the fellows didn't know what was happening. First thing they saw was Happy marching the colonel and his aides around to the back, and the next thing was Happy riding out all by himself. Between the time that Happy marched them around to the back and then came out, who should come in Tibe Lafferty's store but Miss Evie Meredith.

She was wearing a pretty dress and a new bonnet, which she must have made herself, with some real flowers on it. She never did look prettier nor more like a little girl, but for once the boys didn't notice her much because they were waiting to see what was going to happen. Tibe had to go in the store with her, as she wanted some bacon and tea and peppermint lozenges. She was carrying a silk shawl folded over into a bundle and when she opened it to drop in her purchases, Tibe saw what looked like some clothes with three corn pones and pieces of fried chicken on top. About then, he heard what sounded like a sighing wind outside, and he forgot Miss Evie and came running out on the porch.

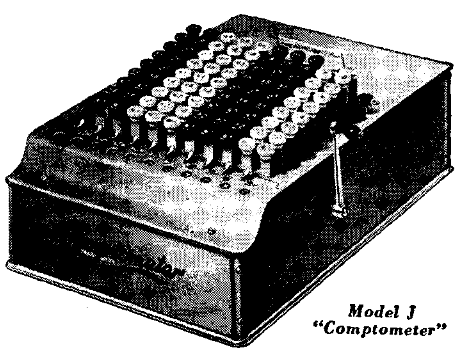
THE sighing wind was the sound the fellows made when they saw Happy come out alone and come on down the street with his beautiful horse at a slow and stately trot. We waited. No sound came from the house. Across the square the gentlemen looked like they were drawn up in line of battle. Finally Happy was almost in front of the porch. Just as the boys had reached the point where they'd pop if something didn't happen, they heard a soft little voice call, "Oh, Lieutenant!"

They all jumped and Happy's horse came to a dead stop and there was Miss Evie tripping down the steps with her bundle swaying. She crossed the boardwalk with her dainty little steps and walked straight up to Happy, sitting there in the saddle like he'd been turned to stone. She held up her bundle to him and, sort of gaping, he took it and put it in front of him. Then she held up her arms to him. A slow grin came over Happy's face and he reached down and lifted her like she was a little child he was scared he might hurt. He set her behind him. She wrapped her arms around the big barrel of him and the horse trotted on again.

"So long, boys," Happy called, but nobody could answer. We just sat there and watched them until they were out of sight down the road. That was the last we saw of Happy and Miss Evie, and the last of Reconstruction, too.



"Tsk! Tsk! That Jocko! Always counting the house!" JAY IRVING



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A Night in the Trenches

Continued from page 19

plains for the night. Their war lord, having removed the fingernails of the richest merchants and allowed his bodyguard to dishonor their wives, dug out the buried silver and spent the night amusing himself in the singsong houses. Out on the plain, tentless, women-hungry men sometimes went mad. Others took desperate chances.

"Wing says there was a black-haired girl with silver leaves in her hair in Lu-shan," says Lieutenant Lee. "He tramped five miles from his camp to see her and got shot at by the sentries. Afterward he was caught and beaten with split bamboo."

As the years passed and the battling went on, Wing became proficient in handling guns and his services were much in demand. In '26 there was the northward sweep of the Nationalist armies from Canton, where the revolutions start. In '27 he fought through Nantao with Chiang Kai-shek and helped loot and burn it later—much to the excitement of the foreigners in Shanghai, next door. In '28 and on through the years, Wing fought against Communist armies and rebel regiments; he was with the Nineteenth Route Army in the Kiangwan trenches against the Japanese in '32.

Less Upkeep Than a Pony

Everybody wanted Wing. He was a machine hand by now, swinging an old Browning gun, keeping two cargo coolies busy toting him belts of shells. He produced corpses to anyone's order, understanding little of the political moves, loyal to anyone who paid him a few dollars a month and saw him fed and clothed. At odd times, he was forced to go to crude barracks-schools, where he painfully learned to trace a few characters of the language.

The Communist army under old General Mau Tse-Tung fought wordily for Wing's services against the Kuomintang forces "and other imperialist destroyers of China." Chiang Kai-shek wanted him, first to fight the Reds and then—at some vague future date when China would be ready—to attend to Japan.

Once, Wing had fought for the Communist army around Lei-yang in southeastern Hunan. He had been at his work with the gun—it was a German one at the time—with a bandit-suppression outfit, when Chu Teh, the Red leader, swooped down and captured him and 15,000 more like him. So he became a Red Guard, with a star in his cap and the hammer-and-sickle flag waving over him, and learned to cheer for the Su-Vai-Ai—the Soviet—and sing hoarsely a few bars of the Kuo-Chi-Ko, which is the Internationale.

As the red revolt was crushed into a shambles of blood and steel and shattered cities and tortured, shell-holed farms, Wing came again to the Kuomintang armies, with few questions asked. He was a good machine hand, did what he was told and required rather less upkeep than a transport pony. So what did it matter what he believed—or if he believed anything?

He came into the Kuomintang armies along with his division commander, who had seen which way the bloody tide was flowing and had announced his abandonment of the communistic heresy and his adherence to the People's Principles in a 4,000-word circular telegram—a favorite device of Chinese generals and politicians. There was, too, a small item of $50,000 in cash, paid by the government for delivery of the division and its equipment. The Nanking government hailed the event with another 3,000-word telegram to all newspapers and then sent down a politician from the war department to count the returned prodigal's army to discover how much of a contribution the taxpayers would have to make each month for its pay and expenses.

Wing's repentant war lord received the Nanking politician in style, with feasts and stone jars of wine and a round dozen of the city's dancing girls, Nos. One to Twelve. Afterward, he whisked the army-counter past his troops, drawn up in parade formation, in an imported limousine he had bought one lush summer when the pickin's were good.

Private Wing, on parade with the rest, was a bit puzzled to note every available coolie in the territory lined up in the rear ranks with the seven thousand men of the division. He was told later by his sergeant that the coolies were just there to be counted and that there were about three thousand of them. At $10 a head a month, this would mean $30,000 the war lord would collect each month from Nanking. As the coolies would be back shoving barrows and plowing land, this would be all clear profit.

As Wing himself won promotion to a lance-corporal and started to draw $12 Mex a month—which he actually got—he thought little about it. For a few months there was little to do, until his commander, an old scoundrel named Hsu Ting-Fang, was detailed to the north. Up there, General Hsu again got delusions of grandeur and called himself boss of the Autonomous Righteous Christian Anti-Communist Pacification Army.

Wing worked at his trade sixteen *li* from Hsu's capital, with 124 other laborers and machine hands and five Browning rattlers. While he was out there mowing down coolies on the other side of the valley, his autonomous righteous general looted the provincial bank of most of its currency, which he thoughtfully changed into American dollars and British pounds in Shanghai and Hong Kong. He then removed the bank collateral—several tons of silver bullion—and distributed most of it among his troops. Corporal Wing's share was $17 Mex. That was his summer's wages for corpse-production.

When they heard of this outrage, the British and American and Chinese and Baghdad Jewish bankers in Shanghai, stuck with $200,000,000 worth of worthless currency, urged Chiang Kai-shek to get busy and eliminate General Hsu, Lance-Corporal Wing and the rest of them from the world.

His Message to the Soong Dynasty

By this time, however, the general was comfortably settled in the best suite of a fast steamer, headed for Marseilles and Paris. From a villa at Mentone he recently wrote friends in Canton, asking if the omens were propitious for his return. He was, he pointed out, really a patriot. Many Chinese, he said, had talked about restoring some of China's expropriated lands to Chinese ownership—but he was the only one who had actually done anything about it.

As evidence, he called attention to his purchase, for cash, of four business blocks in Shanghai's International Settlement—which paid handsome dividends.

"We are an inventive and ingenious race," commented Lieutenant Lee solemnly.

After their war lord had gone to Europe, Wing's army broke up into small factions. They roved the province, looting and fighting. Sometimes a Buddhist

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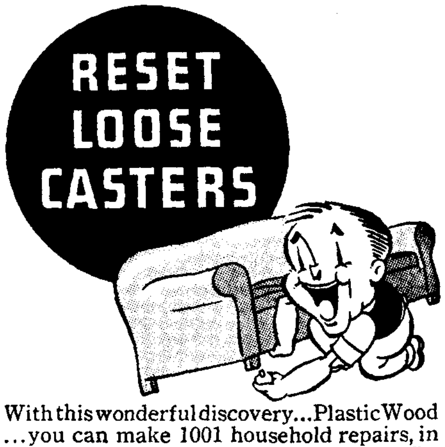

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temple yielded a feast. They killed and ate the goats, sheep, geese and pigs penned around in the courtyard. The priests, who ate no meat, told the peasants that the souls of the coolies' ancestors resided in the livestock, and collected heavily. But Wing and his fellow hellbenders paid little heed to that. Hunger now was worse than hell hereafter.

The fortunes of war handed him a Browning machine gun, and he swept up from the south with Chiang Kai-shek in 1927. The Browning chattered out its message to the Soong dynasty and the Baghdad Jew bankers along Shanghai's Bund that Chiang was the man for their money. In the years that followed the Browning was replaced by a Japanese air-cooled rattler and an odd, old-style Maxim that stuttered and jammed at its corpse-production work.

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In the early spring of '32 Wing came north again with the Nineteenth Route Army—a hardbitten, devil-may-care outfit of tough, wiry fighters—and went into the trenches around Kiangwan, from which you could hear the old guns bellowing at the Japanese warships in the Whangpoo and the Yangtze.

"He says it was a ferocious fight," translates Lieutenant Lee, taking a quick look out over the valley. "The Japanese took captured Chinese, bound them with electric light cord, poured kerosene over them and burned them alive. So the Chinese did the same thing to the Japanese marines they caught."

Corporal Wing, you gather, didn't like it. As a machine hand, with a record for efficient corpse-making, the combustion process was needlessly wasteful, he thought.

Often, for three days and nights at a time, he fought in a muddy notch of the Kiangwan trenches—fought the Japanese to a standstill. He and his fellow hands fought so well, indeed, that the taipans and millionaires along the Bund began to fret. If Wing won in the trenches, he might decide to see what he could do along the Kiukiang Road and up on Bubbling Well Road in the International Settlement. It would not do to have Kiron Watanabe, another uniformed coolie, from a Japanese cruiser, win either. So after Corporal Wing and Private Watanabe had tried for a long time to destroy each other, a truce was arranged.

"Since then he has been fighting all over," says Lieutenant Lee. "It is the same story, over and over again. . . ."

Today Corporal Wing wears the gray quilted uniform of the Kuomintang armies and its white-star-on-blue-ground badge. He gets $4.20 a month, gold. His food costs him about one third of that. On this, he'll march forty miles a day in straw sandals, packing two bandoliers with a couple of hundred rounds of ammunition in addition to his rifle and its short, sharp Austrian bayonet.

German officers, many of them with World War records, are training Wing, even down to the goose step. The Kuomintang is trying to educate him.

"What is the chief city of Mei-kua?" asks Lieutenant Lee. Corporal Wing screws up his bronzed face and says: "Chiu-ching-shan."

"That means 'Old Gold Mountain'—it is our name for San Francisco," says the little officer. To the soldier again: "Who is the generalissimo of Mei-kua?"

"Lo-shih-fu Tsung-tung," responds Wing. That's right. "Lo-shih-fu" is not far from Roosevelt. The other part is the title.

Although Wing probably never will get out, the army's leaders are trying to get him to save $1 a month. Then, at the end of seven or eight years, he'll have perhaps $100—less than $30 gold—"to start life anew." China knows her army is too big; she wants to reduce it. But turning penniless ex-soldiers loose in the provinces would be dangerous.

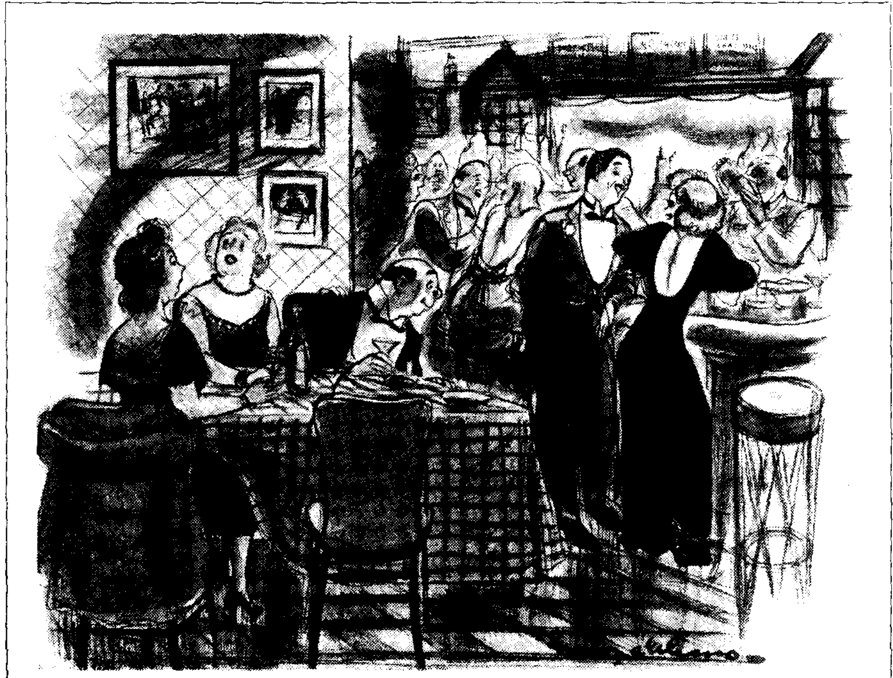
"I do not think much of the saving idea," says Lieutenant Lee, watching the dawn start to pale the eastern sky. "It will make the soldiers careful of their lives. They will be always thinking about their future and their money and they will not be such good fighters."

And now you must crouch down and get away, out of eyesight of the machine hands in the town down in the valley. . . . Now you can stand up, stretch your cramped legs, and walk; the ridge is between you and danger. The dawn wind is fresh in your face and the east is purple and pink. The moon has gone and there is a pre-dawn silence. Even the leaves seem still, up there above the grave mounds.

Suddenly there is a metallic chattering from beyond the ridge. The trench mortar barks again and you can hear the muffled crash of the explosion far away in the valley. The rattle of the Hotchkiss comes in short, harsh bursts.

Snug behind his little grave mound, Corporal Wing Tuck-sing, the machine hand, is back at work. Just one of three million Chinese and Japanese engaged in the Orient's No. 1 industry.

Making corpses out of coolies.



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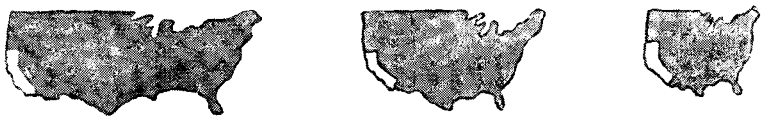

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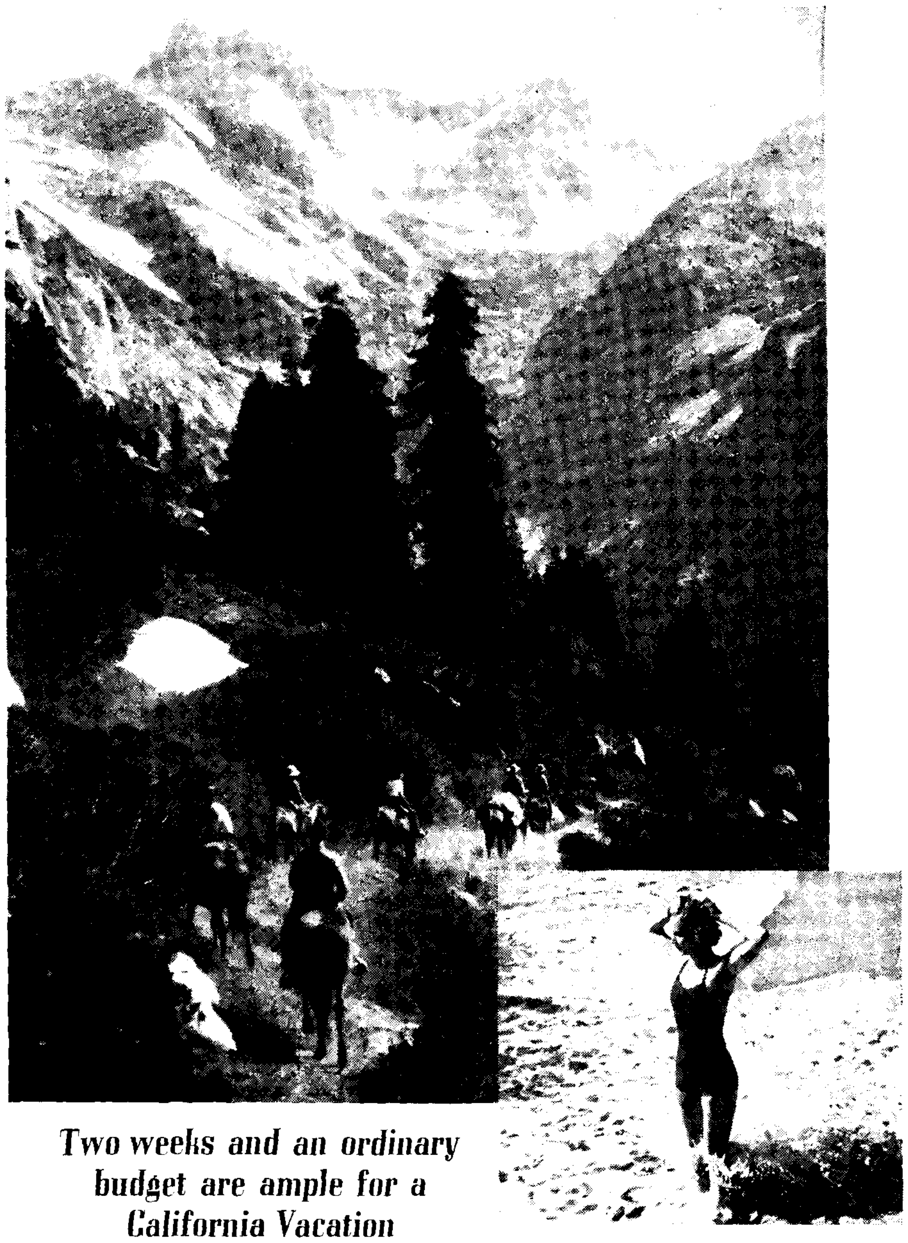

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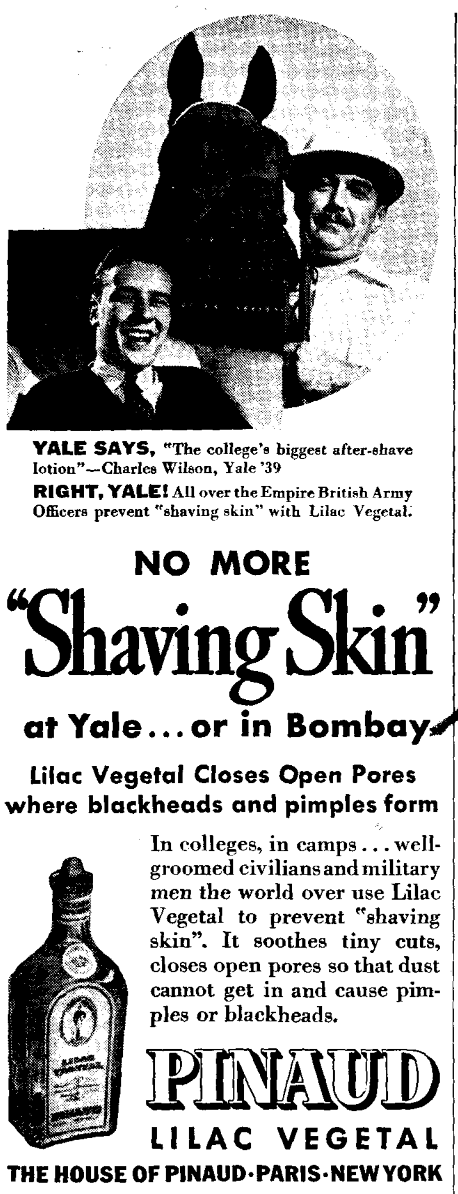

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New Evidence

Continued from page 17

The sound of Martin's flat, methodical voice was a chill finger laid against her brain. He was calling from his house, he told her. There had been an accident.

"Polly?" she said.

"No. Not Polly. Alice." She could hear him pause for breath. "We came back here from the club for a nightcap. Alice and Polly and Charley Sebastian—and the Joe Duncans. We'd finished the drink. Alice fainted."

"Dr. Evans—" she began. "Did you—?"

"He's here," Martin told her. "He says death must have been almost instantaneous."

He seemed to wait then for her to speak again. "Thank you, Martin," she said, and wondered how her voice could be as even as it was. "Thank you for calling. Tell Polly to wait. I'll come for her. Tell her to wait."

MARTIN was standing in the doorway of the silent, brightly lighted house as she drove up. The others had gone, he said. He and Polly were alone. In the dimness of the entry, his stolid face seemed as composed as ever. Not till he came into the glare of the living room with her did she notice the shakiness of his hands lighting a cigarette. His breath came in short, reaching gasps, like that of a man who had run a race, but there was no change in his impassive eyes.

She needed a moment, though, to recognize the hard-faced girl staring at her from the sofa. She had been afraid she would find Polly crying, but there was no trace of tears on her daughter's pale cheeks. It would have been better, she thought, if there had been. This bitter, watchful girl was someone she had never seen before.

"Alice is on the couch in the study," she heard Martin saying. He went on across the room toward the study door. Watching her daughter's eyes, she shuddered. They stayed fixed on Martin as he moved, with a horrible sort of alertness in them.

But later, driving home through the deserted streets of the town, Polly said nothing of what must have been burning in her mind. Her mother had stopped the big car in the driveway beside the house before she spoke.

"Listen, Mother," she said slowly. "When Dr. Evans left, I went out to his car with him. Alice had been in to see him last week. He says there was nothing wrong with her heart then—nothing whatever. He says he can't understand it."

"Things happen," Mrs. Reading told her.

Polly's eyes were set on the dashboard clock. "I asked him," she went on, "—this will sound crazy to you, but I had to—I asked him if it could have been poison."

"What did he say?"

"That it didn't seem possible. If it was poison, he said, an autopsy would show it, but he couldn't believe such a thing was possible."

Mrs. Reading felt suddenly relieved. "Well?" she said.

"You remember Martin's brother? The one who's a research chemist in New York? Only a month ago—it was at the Duncans'—we were talking about poison—someone asked Martin about it—he said he didn't know much about it, but, that if we wanted to order any, his brother would be glad to make it up for us. And Martin stands to get all Alice's money. Martin made the drinks tonight. And he and Alice drank them in the living room. Alone."

"You're mad, Polly," Mrs. Reading told her. "Doesn't he always? It's preposterous."

The girl made no answer. In the silence, Mrs. Reading could hear Ned Reynolds' rambling voice on the terrace that summer evening:

"A little queer at times, of course—most of the fellows at the club are still a little leery of him. . . . He works over Alice's money as though it were his own." And Alice laughing and saying, "He's really terribly shrewd." Alice, who had never had a sick day since she was a child.

She shook her head to clear away the words. This was just anger at Martin because he didn't—couldn't—show the grief he must be feeling. She had only to remember herself in the time after Harry Reading had slammed his automobile through the rail of the old bridge over the Mohawk, the days with her mind twisting in inconsolable, desolated pain and no tears to ease the sorrow. It was, she tried to think, the same with Martin—a way that some people were made.

She looked around at Polly. The girl had a cigarette pushed between her lips. The faint glow of the dashboard lights showed her face taut with misery, like that of a child trying not to cry.

"You'd better go in, Polly," Mrs. Reading told her gently. "It's been an awful night. I'll put the car away."

When she came upstairs, there was no sound in Polly's room, but walking down the hall to her own door, she could hear the sobbing inside the girls' old playroom. It brought an ache of helplessness to her throat. There was nothing she could do. She knew that much. The girls had always been almost too close as children, preoccupied with a life of their own as secret and impenetrable to her as the heedless happiness she shared with Harry must have seemed to them.

All through the later years, there had been that private, childishly possessive affection between them. Now Alice was dead, and Polly, sobbing alone in the darkened room, had lost the one she knew best in the world. In all her life she would never know another as well. Only her own tears could take away the bitterness of that.

MRS. READING was waiting now in her quiet drawing room for Archie Somers to come. She had authorized the investigation, although she gave the word reluctantly. Martin, surprisingly, had made no objection when she told him of it. Rather, he said, he was grateful to her for making the decision. He was more than ever a stranger in Readington now, and anything he did was sure to be criticized. He knew that he could trust her judgment.

She was standing at the window as Ned Reynolds' roadster came up the drive. She watched Archie Somers jump out, and the two men come around together toward the steps. She knew, by the casualness of their walk, before they were even in the house, what they had to tell her.

The toxicologist had reported no evidence of poison in the body.

"Before this," Archie Somers said, "we might have gone ahead. This is your town, Mrs. Reading, and I guess you know I'd have been your man, as far as you wanted me to go."

Mrs. Reading shook her head. "I never wanted it, Archie," she told him. "It was just that we had to be sure."

"If we could be," Ned Reynolds grumbled, "it wouldn't be so bad." He tapped the report. "This toxicologist fellow

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here says there have been cases of nicotine poisoning where the effect was pretty much the same—sudden cardiac failure, with no previous history. He thinks we may have waited too long for the autopsy. There was a very faint trace of nicotine left, but not enough to stand up as evidence of murder in a courtroom. It isn't likely, he says, that a layman, such as Martin, would have had access to the stuff. But all he really says is, he can't tell definitely, one way or the other."

That, Archie Somers pointed out, was all he had to say. A man couldn't be held for murder without evidence to support the charge. It was true that Martin Dugan would inherit Alice's money, and that there were people in Readington, such as young Polly Reading, who didn't like him or trust him, but they couldn't very well send a man to the chair for being unpopular with his sister-in-law.

NED REYNOLDS nodded absently. "What about that brother of his?" he asked. "The one who's a research chemist in New York?"

"We checked on him," the prosecutor told him. "There's nothing there. There are people working with nicotine in his laboratory, but he has nothing to do with it. We couldn't make that stick. It looks like we'll just have to forget about it being murder."

He sighed. "If there's anything more you'd want me to do, Mrs. Reading—" he began.

"No," Mrs. Reading said. "There's nothing more, Archie. I think we can consider the matter closed now." She smiled at him. "We can consider it ended," she said, and knew as she spoke the words that for her it had just begun.

They buried Alice Dugan in the family cemetery on North Hill, with Martin left by the others to stand alone beside her open grave till Mrs. Reading went over to him. She made a point of asking him to ride back to town with her when the services were finished.

If it meant having to do without Polly's company on the way, that could not be helped. There were matters she needed to discuss with Martin and he was leaving on the night train for New York. She was almost glad to see Polly turning away to join the Duncans as she and Martin walked down to the cars.

"You will be going away now, Martin," she said. "No one could blame you for being glad to leave. But I should not like to think you weren't coming back. You'd made a fine start here before this happened. If you come back, there will be the same place waiting for you."

It was the first time she had ever seen him show surprise. "It's wonderful of you," he mumbled. "To stand by me so—I never thought—but I'm afraid I couldn't accept."

"I'd like you to think it over," she told him. "I'd feel easier in my mind if I knew you were here—here to take Ned Reynolds' place when the time comes. I'm getting old, Martin. If you were here to help me—"

He swallowed. "It would be a big thing," he said slowly, deliberately. "I had made other plans. But they could be changed. If you asked me to come back, I couldn't refuse. Not after all your kindnesses to me."

"It's hardly fair, Martin. But I do ask you."

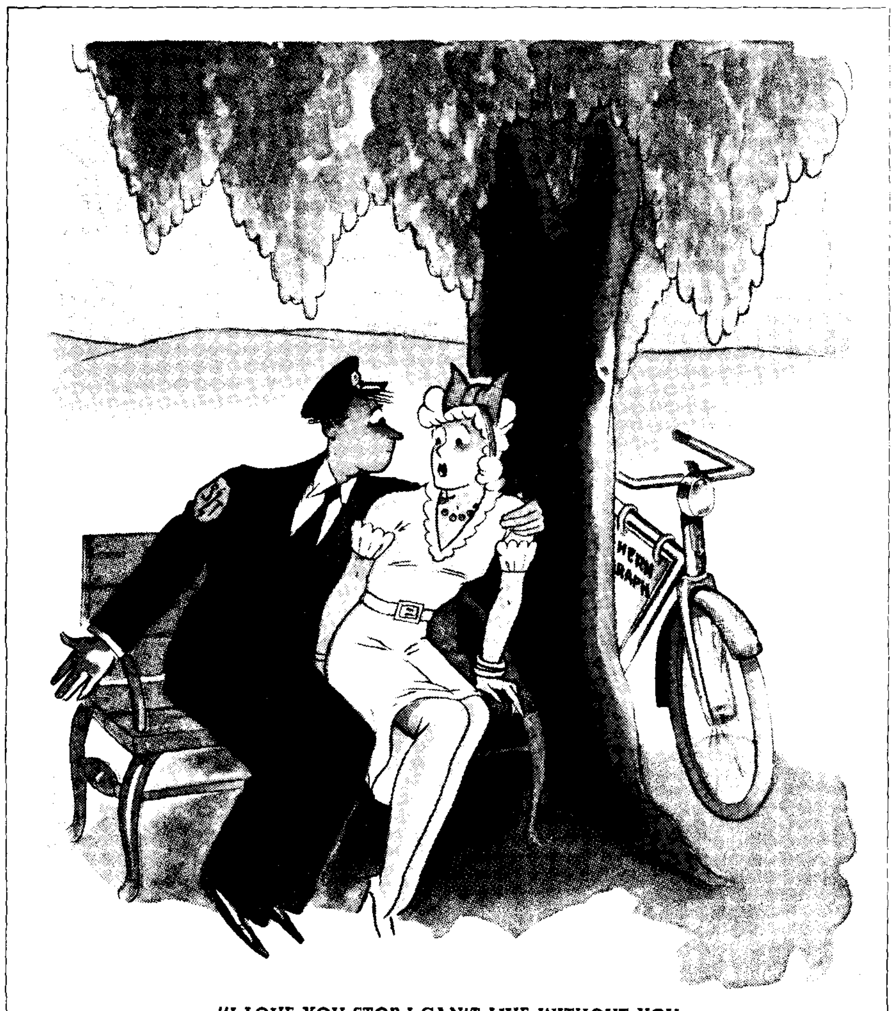
"Then I'll come back."

She paused before her next words, thinking what they would mean between her and Polly, but they had to be spoken.

"When you do," she said, "there'll be a place for you in my house if you wish it. You would find the other lonely without Alice."

He nodded his acceptance. When she dropped him outside the Reading Building downtown, he ducked his head back inside the car to say goodby. "I don't know how to thank you," he told her simply, and walked away.

Watching him go, she knew it was fantastic, the mad idea of a grief-



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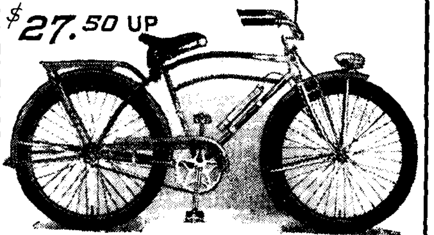

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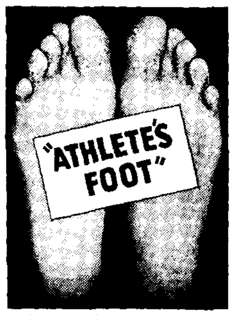

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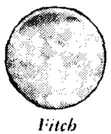

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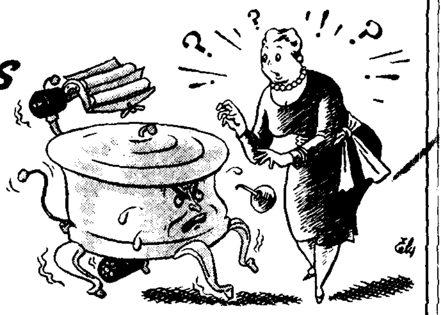

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stricken girl, to think that he was a murderer, a man who could kill for money the girl who loved him and then face it out this way with her mother. But somehow she could not be sure of him. Until she could be, she knew it was vain to hope for ease of mind. As Harry Reading's widow, as Alice Reading's mother, there was no other life for her till she had worked this out to the end.

All her purpose hardly supported her, though, when it came time to tell Polly of her brother-in-law's coming. The unbelieving bewilderment in the girl's eyes that faded, as she watched, into bitterness, was as much as she could bear.

"I realize how you feel about Martin, Polly," she made herself say. "But you've misjudged him terribly. You must try to be fair."

"It's for you to choose," her daughter told her. "If he comes into this house to live, he won't find me in it. It's for you to choose, Mother."

Mrs. Reading shook her head wearily. "I'm sorry, Polly," she said. "I had hoped—but that was foolish of me. This is an invitation I do not intend to withdraw."

The girl shrugged. "If you want it that way—"

Months later, Mrs. Reading could hear herself saying the words that had to do for their parting. "Maybe—maybe it would be the best way."

SHE and Martin led a pleasantly sedate life alone in the big house. She gave him a suite of rooms in the east wing. That way, they saw not too much of each other, meeting seldom except at dinner, which they ate quietly together four evenings in the week. Week ends, Martin drove down to New York to visit his friends there.

Louise did not begrudge him that. It was, she said, little enough relaxation after the painstaking work he did managing the estate, now that Ned Reynolds had more or less retired. Even the story Ned passed on to her, that Martin had been seen at Benny Reardon's, the flossiest gambling house in New York, shoving his bets across the hundred-dollar table, did not too much disturb her.

"After all," she said, "Martin's no longer a boy. I think we can trust to his discretion. People are always suspecting him of the worst. You must remember he has money of his own."

"He won't have it long if he keeps at that business," Ned told her. "I don't like it. I was looking at the office phone bills the other day. He must spend an hour a day talking to his brokers in New York. He pays for it, of course, but I don't like it. Anyone who's that crazy for money—"

"I can remember a time," said Mrs. Reading, "and not so long ago, when you had some of the same trouble yourself."

"I give you my word, Louise. I haven't been in the market in five years."

She laughed and pointed to his hand, as he meant her to. "I'd like it better," she told him, "if you didn't have your fingers crossed."

She had almost forgotten, in the calm routine of her life with Martin, the suspicion that had been the start of it. Each month, in passing, made her mistrust of him seem more unfounded. Then Ned Reynolds stopped in to see her one day, his usually untroubled face thin with worry, and the old doubts came crowding back to mind with her first glimpse of him.

No, he said, he didn't feel very much like a drink. She watched him put a cigarette between his lips and take it away again, unlit.

"I don't know how to begin this, Louise," he stammered. "It's an almost incredible thing—and yet we should have seen it coming. That Dugread holding company you formed last year for Martin to manage—old Sanders keeps the books on it—he came out to my house last night to see me." The lawyer stared at the cigarette he held. "He says Martin's been turning your securities into cash and drawing out the money. He thought someone ought to know. It's up to almost $40,000."

"Who knows about this, Ned?" she asked him.

"You and I," he said. "And Sanders. And Martin. No one else. But the accountants come in on the fifteenth. That's only ten days off. You would have found out then, anyway. But I didn't want it to come to you that way."

"Thank you, Ned," she said absently. "Thank you for that." She looked up at him. "It may not be as serious as you think. It may be a little irregular—but nothing worse. Nothing serious."

"I thought—" he began uncertainly. "If you wanted me to speak to him—if it would be easier for you that way—"

She shook her head. Now she was standing before a door she knew must be the last, a door that no one but herself could open. The answer, whichever one it was, was hidden there beyond.

"That won't be necessary, Ned," she told him. "I'll speak to him myself. I know Martin well enough for that."

Martin was late getting down for dinner that night. Settled in her customary chair before the fireplace, Mrs. Reading could hear the scuffle of his feet on the floor of his room above as he wrestled himself into his dinner coat. His dressing would delay things a bit. She had figured on that when she set back dinner to a quarter of eight. Even so, they would have ample time. Bridge at the Wolfes', which was the occasion for Martin's dressing, never began before nine.

It pleased her to have an evening so neatly worked out, just as it pleased her to look through the thin smoke of her cigarette at the girandole mirror over the mantel and see the neatness of the room reflected in it. The wide curve of the convex glass showed her all that portion of the room behind her, from the high doorway into the hall to the table over by the dining-room doors where Martin would presently stand to mix the cocktails. She could see the bottles and shaker gleaming ready for him there.

That was one of the pleasures, she sometimes told Martin, of having a man in the house. In all the years after Harry's death, she had never found a maid who could make a drinkable cocktail. And Martin, who was methodical in all he did, had never made a bad one.

TONIGHT, she waited till he set the little tray down on the coffee table before her before she began the words she had planned. There were, as always, the two filled glasses and the shaker with Martin's second one cooling in it. She picked hers up.

"Well," said Martin, with his thin imitation smile, "here we are."

She nodded and watched him drink. There was something, she said, something she wanted to speak to him about. Something she had heard that affected them both.

He looked up at her anxiously. "I had George Evans examine me earlier in the week," she went on. "He told me—what I had more or less suspected—that there's a chance I may not have very long to live. My heart has never been too strong, Martin. Now it seems to be wearing out. I've been making certain changes since I heard that. I wanted you to know about them. Ned Reynolds was here today—I've made you my heir, Martin. I wanted you to know."

She watched him again, wondering if he could tell she was lying.

"But Polly?" he said. "What about Polly?"

"Her father made ample provision for Polly," she told him, with a calmness she hoped might pass for bitterness. "She has more than enough. Polly chose to go her own way, against my wishes. When she did—"

"But all this—to me—" Martin stammered. "It doesn't seem fair."

She smiled at him. "Why not?" she said. "You've served my interests as faithfully as anyone could, from the very start. You sacrificed a life of your own to do it, because I asked you. Who else deserves it more, Martin?"

He made no answer. She looked at him. He was chewing at his lower lip and there was the old secret thoughtfulness in his pale eyes. Then he laughed suddenly, almost with an effort. "But after all," he said, "you can't really be in any danger. These doctors are all alarmists. I expect you will be here to bury me. There'll be plenty of time for you to find out how little I'd deserve it."

THEY went into dinner together, laughing at that. It was the beginning of a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Reading could not remember when Martin had been such sprightly company.

Next day was Friday and he drove down to New York for his customary week end. It was late Monday afternoon when he came back to Readington, and evening before Mrs. Reading saw him. For a man with a $40,000 shortage to make up within the week, Mrs. Reading found herself thinking, he hardly showed the strain. He had more the contented expression of someone who had just come into money. Only his trembling hands betrayed his nervousness.

Watching him slit-eyed in the mirror as he went about mixing the evening's cocktails, she could see the way the brown rum splashed against the side of the shaker as he poured it in, the uncertainty with which he dropped in the ice cubes. Then he turned, and she could see nothing in the glass but the back of his neatly-tailored suit. He seemed to be fumbling for something in a waistcoat pocket. She waited, pulling at a cigarette. After a moment, his shoulders straightened. He seemed to have found whatever it was.

"You're being an unearthly time, Martin," she said over her shoulder. "It should be one of your best after all this."

It must have been the sudden sound of her voice in the aching silence that did it. She saw his right elbow jerk down convulsively, but he was too late. There was no mistaking the dull clink of glass on the tray. It was such a sound as a vial would make. He laughed, to cover it, and turned his head. All he saw in the mirror was Mrs. Reading leaning forward to mash out a cigarette in the ash tray on the coffee table. Her eyes were fixed on what she was doing. They could not have seen him. And there was only this week left before she would hear of the shortage, only this week before she would be changing her mind about the will.

"I'm afraid," he said easily, and picked up the vial, "I'm afraid it may be a little disappointing."

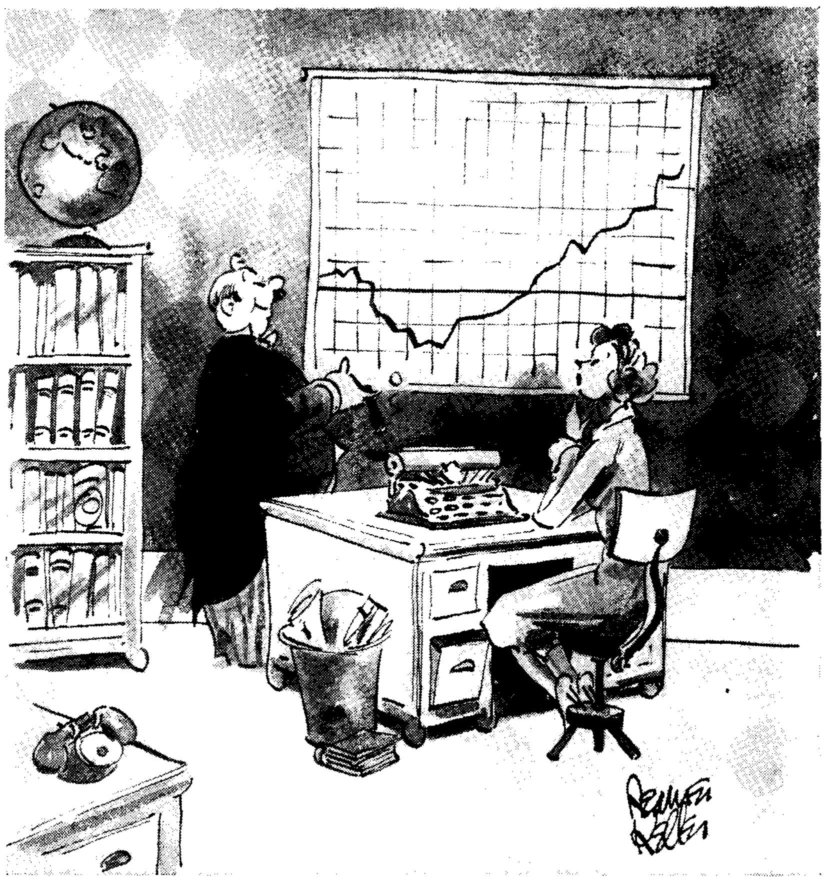
His eyes were as politely expressionless as ever when he brought over the little tray. The shaker, with his dividend soaking in the ice, sat in the middle of it. At either side, there was a cocktail.

Mrs. Reading stared at the glasses for a moment, saying over to herself, so this was the end of it, so this was the way that Alice had died. Now that she could be sure at last, the certainty was no relief, and the thought of what she must do in the next few seconds was like cold mercury reaching through her veins.

"Martin," she said, "would you mind?" She pointed to the logs laid in the fireplace. "There seems to be a slight chill in the room tonight."

He glanced at her, but there was nothing to worry him in her gentle, apologetic eyes. He knelt to light the kindling. He was stuffing the sticks back under the andirons as Mrs. Reading reversed the glasses on the tray. The noise he made doing it was more than she really needed. Watching him straighten up again from the flickering fire, she noticed the fold of fat coming in above his collar, his puffy breathing.

She lifted her glass. Martin picked his up. "Well," he said, with his little smile, "here we are."



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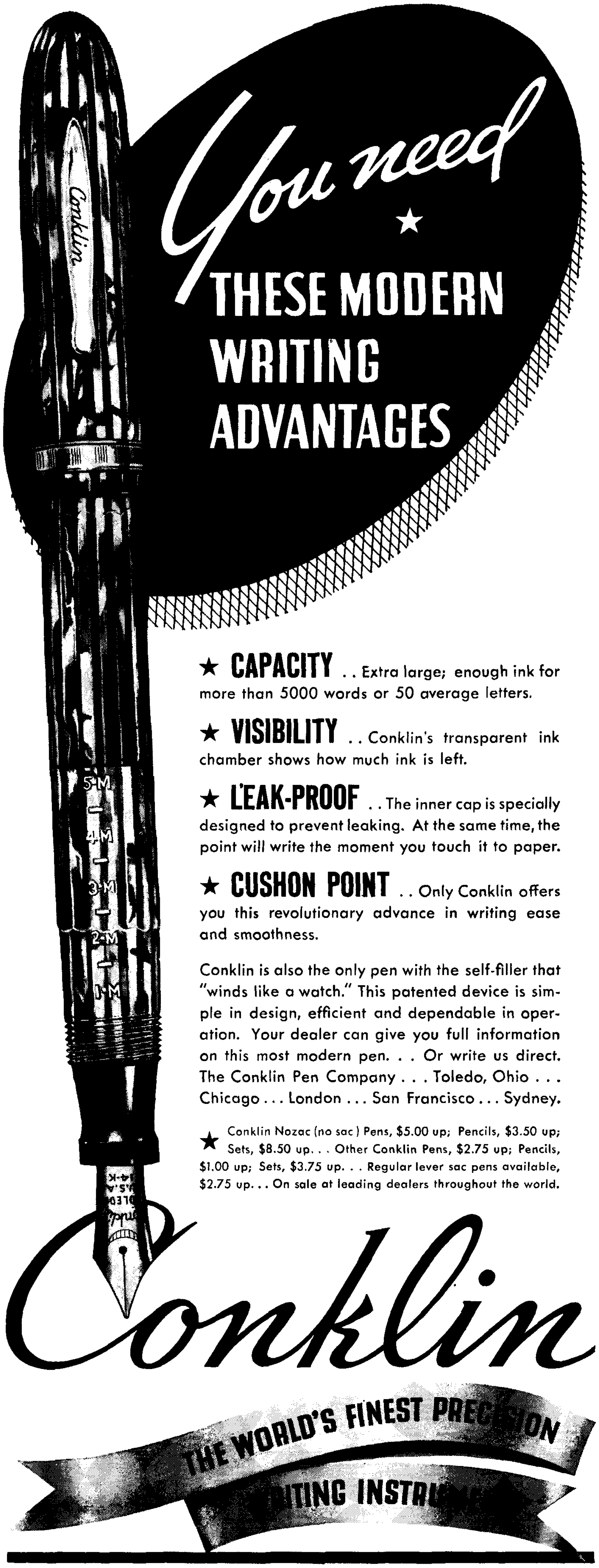

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THE WORLD'S FINEST PRECISION WRITING INSTRUMENTS

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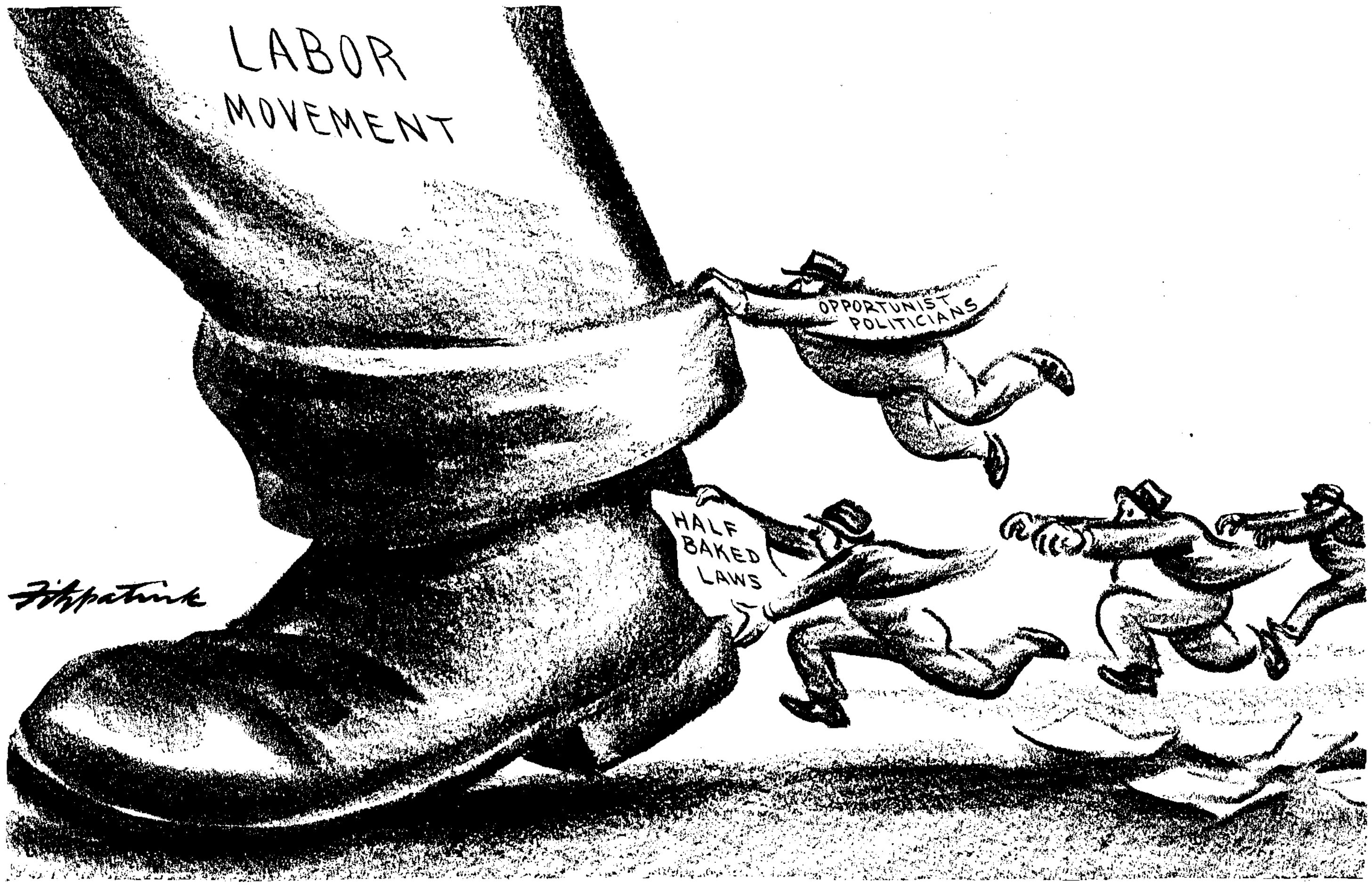


Use Your Head

LIBERALS don't have to be fools to prove their liberalism. If you examine the crop of bills introduced in some of the legislatures this year, it is hard to avoid the impression that in 1937 at any rate many well-intentioned people are somewhat soft about the head. Distinguished liberals seem to be so afraid someone may suspect the purity of their purposes that they refuse to think.

Pennsylvania provides an extreme example. Labor is in the saddle in Pennsylvania's legislature and Governor Earle, a politically ambitious son of a wealthy father, has shown little capacity to say "no" to anything labeled "liberal" or "labor," regardless of the merits or the nature of the proposal.

For example, the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor and the Non-Partisan League demanded a state labor relations act. So the legislature whooped one up. It is a dandy. Beside it, the Wagner Act looks like a brain child of the old-time standpatters.

It provides for compulsory collective bargaining and compulsory union recognition. It has drastic provisions aimed at outlawing company unions. Under this act employers' books and records would be subject to constant inspection. Almost any corporate practice could be ordered changed.

Unions, on the other hand, could violate contracts, call strikes without hindrance and in effect do as they pleased. The employer would have no recourse under this bill.

Another Pennsylvania bill is the anti-injunction proposal which has already been approved by the Senate. It forbids courts to interfere in strikes even where the walkout is in violation of a contract. By this measure a minority could call a strike, or "sit-down," and neither the employer nor a recognized union majority could appeal to the courts.

A third measure prohibits the use of the National Guard in labor disputes except upon the joint petition of the county commissioners, the sheriff and the district attorney, and then at the discretion of the governor. One negative vote could bar the use of the militia. An ardent partisan in office could produce chaos.

Indiana's legislature has passed a bill giving the State Labor Commission extreme inquisitorial powers. By this measure the labor commissioner, or his agents, could go into any plant and examine every record, including personal correspondence. Like the Pennsylvania proposals, this is a thoroughly one-sided venture.

This sort of lawmaking is shortsighted and silly. Laws which favor one group of citizens at the expense of other groups are inherently unjust and unstable. Unfair legislation brings the whole structure of law into contempt.

These are changing times but in the long run Americans cherish justice and freedom. During long centuries our ancestors fought and sacrificed to create a government of laws and not a rule of classes or of men. Our civilization has advanced as laws were created which dealt equally with all kinds and conditions of men. The fundamental ideas of justice, of equality, of freedom, of safe and peaceful living under the law, are not going to be abandoned.

Extremes beget extremes. The weak, muddleheaded, so-called progressives and liberals who advocate these and similar partisan measures are poor friends of labor and worse servants of the republic.

Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, was no friend of the workingman when she said: "The legality of the sit-down strike is yet to be determined." Governor Frank Murphy was no friend of labor when he refused to permit sit-down strikers to be ejected from the factories they had violently seized. On the other hand, Governor Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut was a good friend of labor and a fearless liberal when he told strikers and C. I. O. organizers, "There'll be no sit-down strikes in Connecticut."

For property is not a class possession in the United States. On the contrary, the two unions which are most conspicuous in the C. I. O. wing of labor are themselves the possessors of very large properties.

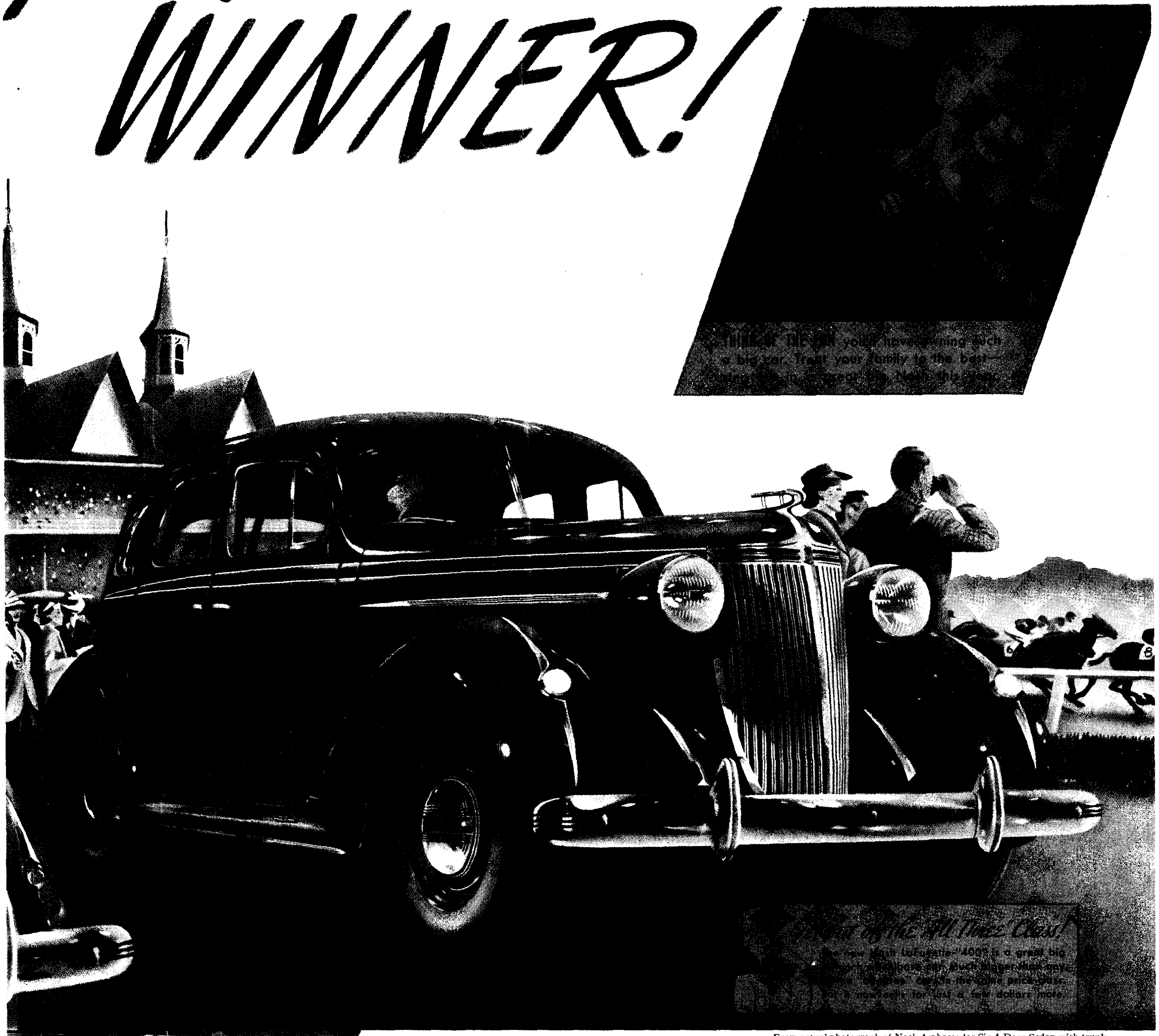
John L. Lewis, chairman of the C. I. O. and president of the United Mine Workers, bought the old University Club Building in Washington, D. C., as headquarters for his organization. The United Mine Workers organization is rich enough to have made by far the largest contributions to last fall's political campaign.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which through their president, Sidney Hillman, are next in power in the C. I. O., are the legal owners of immense properties. Banks and apartment houses valued in the millions are owned by the clothing workers.

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hillman are as keenly interested in having the extensive properties which they administer justly protected by the law as any employer. Workingmen have the same fundamental interest in the enforcement of laws which safeguard their rights and their liberties as any other class.

Honest liberals and wise friends of labor had best begin to use their heads. America is not Russia and America is not communist. Americans are not a timid nor an impotent people. It would be tragic to lose by extravagance and folly the substantial gains which have been made.

PUT YOUR MONEY ON A WINNER!


THINK OF THE FUN you'll have owning such a big car. Treat your family to the best— in a great big Nash this year.
Get out of the "All Three" Class!
The new Nash LaFayette-"400" is a great big wheelbase car. Much bigger than any "all three" cars in the same price class. for just a few dollars more.

From actual photograph of Nash Ambassador Six 4-Door Sedan with trunk

Nash sales spurt ahead in cities and towns all over the country . . . . . as the Public Sees the Astonishing value Nash is offering this year!

Why stay in the "small car" class. The new Nash LaFayette-"400" is a great big six cylinder 117-inch wheelbase car. It's much bigger than the "all three" cars in the same price class. Compare delivered prices on 4-door sedans with trunk —*you'll* be astonished to learn that this great big Nash costs just a *FEW* dollars more than the "all three" cars in the same price class.

The Nash Ambassador Six is even bigger than cars priced $200 higher at the factory. The Nash Ambassador Eight compares in size with cars costing $100 and $200 more.

Nash gives you more for your money. Seats are extra wide. Plenty of headroom and legroom. Larger hydraulic brakes. Stronger steel bodies. Automatic Cruising Gear available on all Nash models at slight extra cost. Ask your Nash dealer about the low rates available through Nash C.I.T. Budget Plan. See Nash first.

NASH MOTORS
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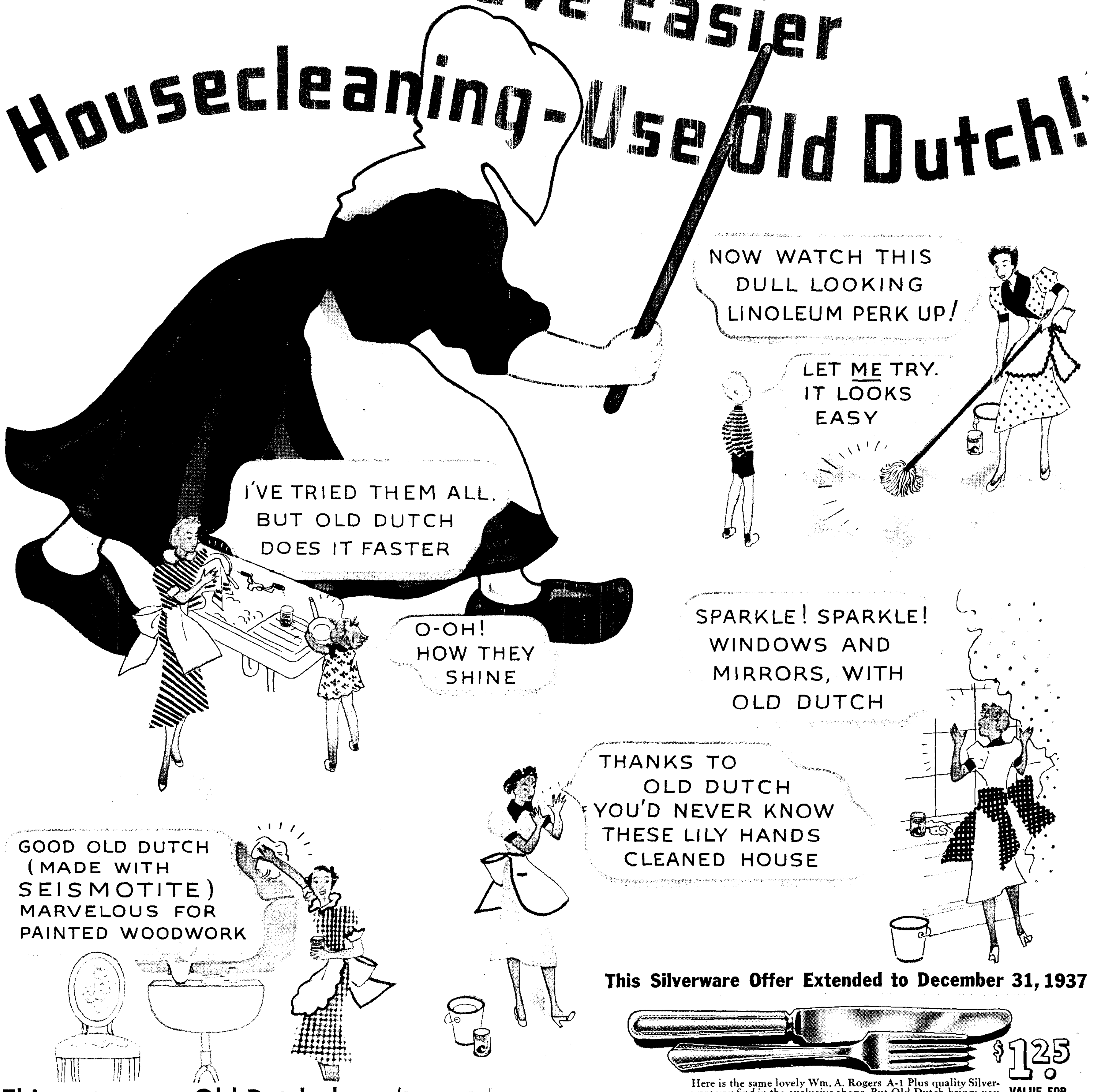
NASH

FOR AS LITTLE AS $1 OR $2 A MONTH EXTRA YOU CAN GET OUT OF THE "ALL THREE" CLASS—A check-up in ten representative cities shows the Nash LaFayette-"400" 4-Door Sedan with trunk DELIVERS for just a FEW dollars more than similarly equipped 4-Door sedans of the "All Three" cars in the same price class. Often, the SLIGHT price difference is just $1 or $2 a month extra on your payments.

• • •

HEAR GRACE MOORE! New radio program starring lovely Grace Moore, Vincent Lopez Orchestra, Chorus. Soloists. C.B.S. stations coast to coast every Saturday, 9 P. M. EDST. Tune in.

Let's Have Easier Housecleaning—Use Old Dutch!


NOW WATCH THIS DULL LOOKING LINOLEUM PERK UP!
LET ME TRY. IT LOOKS EASY
I'VE TRIED THEM ALL, BUT OLD DUTCH DOES IT FASTER
O-OH! HOW THEY SHINE
SPARKLE! SPARKLE! WINDOWS AND MIRRORS, WITH OLD DUTCH
THANKS TO OLD DUTCH YOU'D NEVER KNOW THESE LILY HANDS CLEANED HOUSE
GOOD OLD DUTCH (MADE WITH SEISMOTITE) MARVELOUS FOR PAINTED WOODWORK
This Silverware Offer Extended to December 31, 1937
$1.25 VALUE FOR 50¢

This test proves Old Dutch doesn't scratch ... it's made with SEISMOTITE

No destructive scratching when you use Old Dutch

Every year millions of housewives *do* have *easier housecleaning* because they use Old Dutch—the quick-acting, scratchless cleanser made with Seismotite. Ordinary cleansers are draggy and slow. They contain harsh, scratchy grit that makes things dull and hard to clean. The coin test shows the difference between Old Dutch and these cleansers. Sprinkle a little ordinary cleanser on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll hear harsh grating and grinding sounds from its scratchy, gritty particles. Then make the test with Old Dutch. You'll hear no destructive scratching because Old Dutch is made with safe and saving Seismotite. Save time—Save surfaces—Save work. Use Old Dutch the year 'round.

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK and SPAN"

Here is the same lovely Wm. A. Rogers A-1 Plus quality Silverware you find in the exclusive shops. But Old Dutch brings you this handsome "Croydon" pattern Dinner Knife and Fork, regular $1.25 value, for only 50c and three Old Dutch labels. Every piece is made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. S319, 221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing______windmill panels from Old Dutch labels (or complete labels) and______c for which please send me

☐ 6 Teaspoons
☐ 3 Butter Spreaders
☐ 1 Gravy Ladle
☐ 3 Oyster Forks
☐ 3 Oval Soup Spoons
☐ 3 Iced Drink Spoons
☐ 1 Dinner Knife and Fork
☐ 1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon
☐ 3 Tablespoons
☐ 1 Cold Meat Fork
☐ 3 Salad Forks

You may order any one of these units or as many as you like. Remember, each unit requires 50c and 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels (or complete labels). Offer good only in the United States and Canada and expires December 31, 1937.

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Address____________________

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